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SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. XL.—(Continued.)

The inertness of the French since their rupture with Algiers, had induced Hussein to treat their threats with contempt, and he by no means anticipated the extreme measures to which they were about to resort. The certainty of their intentions to attack him, however, effected no change in his resolve to maintain the position which he had assumed; all offers of mediation or intercession were rejected, and the approach of the storm only rendered him the more determined to brave its violence. He was left to meet it alone. The mission of Tahir Pasha was the only effort made by the Sultan in his behalf; Great Britain had in vain offered its mediation to both Parties, and did not appear disposed to interfere farther between them; the other European Powers remained neutral. The Sovereigns of Tripoli and Tunis were summoned to aid in defending the common cause of Islamism; but the appeal was in both instances vain; Yusuf dreaded the vengeance of the French, on account of the support which he had unwillingly afforded to the accusations against their Consul, and was by no means inclined to give them additional cause for enmity, or to involve himself in expenses from which he could anticipate no immediate benefit. The Bey of Tunis had long been devoted to the interests of France; far from aiding the Dey, he had agreed to furnish his enemies with provisions, and even if required to make a diversion in their favor, by invading the Algerine Province of Constantina which lay contiguous to his own dominions.

Hussein was thus reduced entirely to his own resources; an examination of the means at his disposal will show that he was unable to make any effectual resistance, and that without the interposition of some occurrence beyond the control of man, "*the well defended city*" must have fallen into the hands of the French.

The Algerine territory extends in length on the Mediterranean, about six hundred miles; its breadth or the distance between that Sea and the Desert no where exceeds one hundred miles, and is generally much less. Shaler gives sixty as the average breadth, which would make the superficial extent of the country about thirty-six thousand square miles. A considerable portion of this territory consists of rugged and almost inaccessible mountains, many of which are covered with eternal snow; there are however vast tracts of the finest land, which with proper attention would be rendered very productive, and even the rude and careless mode of cultivation pursued by the inhabitants enabled them frequently to export great quantities of wheat to Europe. One of these tracts in the immediate vicinity of Algiers called the plain of Metija is said to be of unparalleled fertility; it is not less than a thousand square miles in extent, and is covered with springs which by a judicious direction of their waters, might be made the sources of

health and plenty, instead of producing as they now do only useless and insalubrious marshes.

The country was divided into three provinces, separated by lines drawn from points on the coast southwardly to the Desert; each of these divisions was governed by a Bey who though appointed from Algiers, was almost absolute within his own territories. The Eastern province bordering on Tunis was the largest and the most populous; it took its name from its capital Constantina, the ancient Cirta, a strong town situated about sixty miles from the Sea, and said to have more inhabitants than Algiers. The principal ports of this district are Bugia and Bona; upon its coast near Bona were the *African Concessions* which in part led to the difficulties with France. Tittery the middle province is the smallest, its surface not being more than sixty miles square; it however contains the capital, and is more populous in proportion to its extent, than any other part of the Regency. The Western province lying contiguous to Morocco has been called Oran, Tlemsen and Mascara, accordingly as its Bey resided in either of the principal cities which bear those names. In 1830 the seat of government was Oran or more properly Waran, a seaport town near the frontiers of Morocco which possesses a fine harbor and may be rendered very strong; the other ports of this province Arzew, Mostaganem and Shershell though nearly deserted, are well situated both for commerce and defence. Indeed the western territories of Algiers are considered the most delightful and the richest of Northern Africa; in addition to their grain, fruits and mines, they are also famous for the beauty and spirit of their horses which are sent in great numbers to the East, as well as to Spain and the South of France. The population appears likewise to be of a better character than that of other parts of the Regency; there are fewer Arabs or Kabyles, and a great portion of the inhabitants are the descendants of that noble race of Moors, who were expelled from Spain in the fifteenth and two succeeding centuries.

It is difficult to form any estimate of the number of inhabitants in the Algerine territories. Shaler in 1824 considered it less than a million; from the results of the latest inquiries made by the French it amounted in 1830 to seven hundred and eighty thousand, who were thus classed.

Moors, the industrious and most civilized class, inhabiting the cities or engaged in agriculture, 400,000

Kabyles or Berbers who probably descend from the aboriginals of the country; they are still a wild and intractable race, living in the mountains and frequently plundering or levying contributions on the industrious part of the population,

200,000

Arabs who live in tents, on the borders of the Desert from the produce of their flocks and herds, or are employed in transporting goods through the country,

120,000

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<i>Turkish Soldiers</i> , generally from the coasts and islands of the Archipelago,	8,000
<i>Koul-ogleis</i> or children of Turks by native women.	32,000
	<hr/> 780,000

Assuming this estimate as correct, it will be found by comparison with the tables of population of other countries, that the Algerine Dominions did not probably contain more than a hundred and twenty thousand men capable of bearing arms; and when it is considered that these are spread over an extensive territory, which is mountainous and almost destitute of roads, it would be unreasonable to expect that more than half that number could be collected at any one point, even supposing the existence of universal patriotism and devotion to the Government. Such feelings may have operated on the Moors, but they could scarcely have produced much effect on the Kabyles and Arabs, who according to the estimate form more than two-fifths of the population; and although promises of high pay and the prospect of plunder might induce many from each of those classes and from among the wanderers of the Great Desert, to aid in the defence of the country, yet little dependance could be placed upon these irregular bands, when opposed to the disciplined troops of France.

Hussein's experience may probably have led him to some such conclusions, but every act of his reign served to shew that they would have been ineffectual towards inducing him to make concessions, even were it not too late. After the rejection of the overture which had been wrung from him by his friend Halil, nothing less than an immense pecuniary sacrifice on his part would have contented the French; and policy as well as pride forbade this sacrifice, for he was well aware that a peace purchased on such terms would have cost him his life. Moreover he was evidently a thorough fatalist; two expeditions against Algiers had already failed completely, although taking into consideration its defences at the several periods, the chances of its fall were in both those cases greater than under the existing circumstances. "God is great and good, and the Sea is uncertain and dangerous," was his observation to the Captain of the British frigate *Rattlesnake*; a storm such as occurs on that coast in every month of the year, might in a few hours have dissipated the forces of his enemies, or have thrown so large a number of them into his hands as prisoners, that their restoration would have been deemed an equivalent for peace.

On the 14th of May an incident took place which was calculated to confirm the Dey in such expectations. During a violent gale from the northeast, the *Aventure* and the *Silène* two brigs which formed part of the blockading squadron were on that night driven ashore near Cape Bengut, about sixty miles east of Algiers. The officers and crews of these vessels in number about two hundred persons, finding escape impossible, and conceiving that any attempt at defence would only insure their destruction, determined to march along the coast towards Algiers, and to surrender themselves as prisoners of war to the first party with which they might meet. They were soon observed and surrounded by a troop of Kabyles whom they however induced to believe that they were English, and that a large sum

would be paid for their safe delivery at Algiers. Under this persuasion the Barbarians were conducting them towards the city, when their course was arrested by the sudden rise of a river which it was necessary to cross; during the delay thus occasioned, it was discovered that they were French, and the greater part of them were immediately sacrificed to the fury of the Kabyles. The heads of one hundred and nine of these unfortunate persons were brought into Algiers on the 20th of May, which having been purchased by the Dey at the regular price, were exposed on the walls of the Casaubas; they were however afterwards surrendered for burial. The survivors, eighty-nine in number, were confined in the dungeons of the castle; they were in other respects treated by Hussein with as much lenity as the circumstances would permit, and they received the kindest attentions from the Consuls of Foreign Powers who remained in the place.

Hussein did not however trust entirely to Providence for the safety of his capital; on the contrary he made every preparation in his power for its defence. In the city and its environs every man was enrolled, and the slightest expression indicative of fear or mistrust as to the result of the contest, was punished by death. From the Provinces, the Beys were ordered to bring to Algiers all whom they could enlist or force into the service, and immense sums from the public treasury were placed at their disposal for the purpose. By these means he speedily assembled a very large force, the exact amount of which it is impossible to ascertain; the French historians state it to have been seventy-two thousand; other accounts perhaps equally worthy of credit make it much less. The number of what may be termed regular troops appears to have been precisely twenty-two thousand, viz. five thousand Turks or Janissaries, seven thousand Koul-ogleis, and ten thousand Moors; to these the French accounts add ten thousand Kabyles, and forty thousand others, principally Arab horsemen. Major Lee the Consul of the United States, who made very particular observations and inquiries on the subject, and whose statements appear to be entirely free from prejudice, does not consider that the irregular forces exceeded thirty thousand. Whatever may have been the fact with regard to the whole number of the Algerine troops, it is certain that a large and important portion were never brought into action in the open field, having been necessarily retained to garrison the city and the fortifications in its immediate vicinity.

When the preparations of the French had removed all doubts as to their views with regard to Algiers, apprehensions were entertained by the Governments of Christian nations for the safety of their Consuls and citizens in the country, who, it was feared, might in a moment of excitement be sacrificed to the fury of the inhabitants. Ships were accordingly sent by several Powers for the purpose of bringing away their respective agents and others who might be thus endangered; but the commander of the blockading squadron having been strictly ordered to allow no communication with Algiers prevented several of these vessels from entering the harbor. An Austrian frigate and a Spanish brig were thus ordered off, and the latter afterwards shewing some disposition to enter was fired on. A Sardinian frigate was permitted to send a boat on shore, to bring off the family of the Consul who had protected

the interests of France during the difficulties between the two countries, and several other vessels contrived to enter and leave the port unnoticed. Commodore Biddle who commanded the squadron of the United States in the Mediterranean, sent the sloop of war Ontario to Algiers to bring off the American Consul General and his family, in case they should be inclined to go. The Ontario appeared at the entrance of the bay on the 4th of April, accompanied by the frigate Constellation whose captain it is said was ordered to engage any French ship which should attempt to oppose their entrance. As no such attempt was made, it is needless to inquire whether these instructions were really given, or to examine whether they would have been in concordance with the received usages of national intercourse. Major Henry Lee the American Consul General, with his family and the Vice Consul, determined to remain; the ladies of the Neapolitan and Spanish Consuls were however at his request received on board the Ontario and carried to Mahon.

Before the departure of the American ships the British frigate Rattlesnake arrived, bringing despatches to the Consul Mr. St. John, who had been ordered by his Government to remain; on leaving the harbor she was spoken by one of the blockading ships and her captain was informed that he would not be permitted again to enter. This fact having been communicated to the Consul, the Rattlesnake sailed for Malta whence she soon returned bearing a letter from Admiral Malcolm to the French Commander, in consequence of which she was allowed to enter Algiers on condition however that her stay should be limited to a week.

The Consuls who remained in Algiers found it necessary to adopt measures for their own safety. The representative of Great Britain having a large country house at a short distance from the city, out of the probable line of operations, determined merely to retire to it on the approach of the conflict: those of the United States, Denmark, Spain and Naples agreed to establish themselves together at a villa situated on a height overlooking the place, and capable of being rendered sufficiently strong, to resist such attacks as might have been expected. The Dey afforded them every facility in his power, for the fortification and defence of their residence; they were allowed to enlist some Janissaries, and the other Christians with some Jews of the town having joined them, they mustered nearly two hundred men who were tolerably well supplied with arms and ammunition. They accordingly removed on the 26th of May to the *Castle* as it was termed, on which the flag of the United States was immediately hoisted, Major Lee having by unanimous vote, been elected Commander-in-Chief.

On the 3d of June a part of the fleet which conveyed the French army of invasion was seen off the coast near Algiers. An immediate attack was anticipated, and the Dey prepared to resist it, although not more than half the troops which he expected had then arrived. The fortifications on the bay were well provided and manned, so that the place might be considered secure on that side; the batteries of the Mole were directed by the younger Ibrahim the Minister of the Marine, and the charge of the Emperor's Castle had been committed to the Hasnaggee or Treasurer in whom Hussein placed the utmost confidence. The Dey remained

secluded within the walls of the Casauba, from which his messengers were seen constantly flying in every direction. As it was anticipated that the landing would be attempted on the shore west of Algiers, the Aga Ibrahim marched out with a part of his forces and encamped on a plain near the sea, distant about ten miles in that direction. A violent gale from the eastward however dispersed the French ships, and nothing more was seen of them for some days; at length information was brought from a certain source that the whole fleet had retired to Palma.

On the 9th, Achmet Bey of Constantina who had been anxiously expected, made his appearance with his troops principally Arabs and Kabyles; the contingents of Oran and Tittery did not however arrive until some days afterwards, and the whole force at that time under Ibrahim's immediate command probably amounted to twenty thousand, of whom at least one half were Arab horsemen.

On the morning of the 13th the sea near Algiers was again covered with ships under the white flag of France. The sky was cloudless, a fresh breeze from the northeast permitted the vessels to move at pleasure along the coast, and as they passed majestically almost within gun shot of the batteries, the Algerines felt that the day of trial was come.

In order to understand the operations of the French against Algiers, some knowledge of the surrounding country and of the relative bearings and distances of important points, is necessary. It is however difficult to convey such information without the aid of maps; our geographical language is limited, and wants precision, and even where it may be sufficient for the purpose, few readers are disposed to study the details with the care requisite to comprehend them fully.

In the account of Lord Exmouth's attack upon Algiers in 1816, the city was described as standing on the western shore, and near the entrance of a bay about fifteen miles in diameter; it must now be considered as situated on the north-eastern side, and near the extremity of a tongue of land, which projects from the African continent northwardly into the Mediterranean. This tongue is about twelve miles in its greatest breadth, where it joins the continent, and ten in length from north to south; the surface of its northern portion is irregular, and in some places rugged, traversed by ridges and ravines, and rising in the centre into a lofty peak, called Jibbel Boujereah; southward from this mountain the inequalities gradually disappear, and the extensive plain of the Metijah succeeds.

The northernmost point or termination of the tongue is a bold promontory called Ras Acconnatter, or Cape Caxine, which is four miles west by north of Algiers; following the shore nine miles south-west from this cape, we find a small peninsula, rather more than a mile in length, and less than a mile in breadth, extending westwardly into the sea. This peninsula is high and rocky at its extremity, but low and sandy at the neck which unites it to the main land; the sea around it affords safe anchorage for vessels, and its shores as well as those in its vicinity, present a clear beach, free from rocks or other impediments to approach. On its highest point stood a small fort, called by the Spanish traders *Torreta Chica*, or *the little tower*, on which were mounted or rather placed, four light pieces of cannon

more curious from their antiquity than useful. Against the tower was built a Marabout or chapel, containing the tomb of Sidi Ferruch, a saint held in great veneration by the Algerines, and from whom the peninsula takes its name. A battery of stone with twelve embrasures had been also erected on the shore near the end of the peninsula, in order to prevent hostile vessels from anchoring, but on the approach of the expedition it was dismantled and abandoned.

Eastwardly from Sidi Ferruch the land rises almost imperceptibly for three miles, presenting a sandy plain partially covered with aloes, cactus, and evergreen shrubs, at the termination of which is an irregular plateau called Staweli, where the shepherds of the country were in the habit of encamping. Farther on a valley called Backshé-dere separated this plateau from the south-western side of Jibbel Boujereah, along which a road originally formed by the Romans conducted to the walls of the Emperor's castle, within a mile of Algiers. The whole distance by this way from Sidi Ferruch to the city is twelve miles, over a country "gently undulating and perfectly practicable for artillery or any species of carriage," which is also abundantly supplied with fresh water from numerous springs.

These and other circumstances had induced Shaler* in 1825 to recommend Sidi Ferruch as the most advantageous point for the disembarkation of a force destined to act against Algiers; and although the intentions of

* *Sketches of Algiers, political, historical, and civil, &c. by William Shaler, American Consul General at Algiers. Boston: 1826.*

Our country has produced few works displaying greater originality and soundness of views than this; its subject has caused it to be overlooked in the United States, but in France when circumstances gave value to all information relative to Algiers, its merits were soon recognized, and it was translated by order of the Government for the benefit of the officers engaged in the expedition. His remarks on the power, resources, and policy of the Algerine Government, or rather upon its weakness, its want of means, and the absurdity of its system, were calculated to dispel many of the illusions with regard to it which the mutual jealousy of the great European nations had so long contributed to maintain; and it is impossible to examine his observations as to the proper disposition of a force destined to act against the city, in conjunction with the statement of the plans pursued by the French, without conceiving that in all probability those plans were the result of his suggestions. At page 51 he says:

"The several expeditions against Algiers, in which land forces have been employed, have landed in the bay eastward of the city; this is evidently an error, and discovers unpardonable ignorance of the coast and topography of the country, for all the means of defence are concentrated there. But it is obvious that any force whatever might be landed in the fine bay of Sidi Ferruch without opposition; thence by a single march they might arrive upon the heights commanding the Emperor's castle, the walls of which, as nothing could prevent an approach to them, might be scaled or breached by a mine in a short time. This position being mastered, batteries might be established on a height commanding the Casaba, which is indicated by the ruins of two wind-mills, and of a fort called the Star, which the jealous fears of this Government caused to be destroyed for the reason here alleged, that it commanded the citadel and consequently the city. The fleet which had landed the troops would by this time appear in the bay, to distract the attention of the besieged, when Algiers must either surrender at discretion or be taken by storm."

Many other passages might be quoted in illustration of Mr. Shaler's sagacity; so many of his speculations respecting the future destinies of Barbary have been already confirmed, that we are warranted in entertaining hopes of the fulfilment of his prediction, that it will again be inhabited by a civilized and industrious race.

the Commander in Chief of the French expedition were kept profoundly secret, yet it was generally supposed, even before his departure from Toulon, that he would attempt a landing there.

The French ships after their dispersion by the storms of the first days of June retreated to Palma where they remained until the 10th. On that day the first and second divisions of the fleet again sailed for the African coast; the third division composed almost entirely of merchant vessels, containing the battering artillery, provisions and materials which would not be needed until the disembarkation had been effected, was to have sailed on the 12th, but it was detained until the 18th by adverse winds.

As the distance between Palma and Algiers is only two hundred miles, and the wind was favorable at an early hour on the 13th of June, the first divisions of the armament, with all the troops on board, were collected in front of the city, and every eye was fixed on the Admiral's ship, in anxious expectation of the signal which was to indicate the scene of the first operations. The Algerines, although they expected that their enemies would land at some point westward from the city, yet did not choose to subject themselves to the hazard of a surprise, by leaving the place undefended; the batteries which lined the bay were therefore all manned, and the greater part of the moveable forces were disposed in their vicinity, so as to resist any sudden attack. At eight o'clock, the signal was given by the French Admiral, and his ships were soon under full sail towards the west; they rounded Cape Caxine, and then changing their course to the southward, no doubt was left respecting the intention of the commander to attempt a landing at Sidi Ferruch.

As the fleet drew near the spot which had been selected for the disembarkation of the troops, preparations were made for immediate action in case it should be necessary. The heavy armed ships advanced in front, slowly and in order of battle, ready to pour a destructive fire upon any forces or works of their opponents as soon as discovered within its reach. At ten o'clock, they were opposite the extremity of the peninsula, and it became evident that no precautions had been taken by the Algerines, which were likely to prove effectual in preventing the descent. No fortifications had been erected on Sidi Ferruch, in addition to the shore battery near the point, and the turret on the hill, both of which were deserted; indeed nothing less than the strongest works and the most scientific defence could have rendered it tenable, when surrounded by such a fleet. On the main land, a division of the Algerine army, supposed to consist of twelve thousand men, were encamped near a spring of water about two miles from the neck of the peninsula; between them and the sea were erected two batteries,* armed with nine pieces of cannon

* Any fortification defended by artillery, and even the spot occupied by artillery, is called a *battery*. These temporary defences are formed by throwing up earth to the height of three or four feet, so as to form a wall or *parapet* for the protection of the cannon and men; where this cannot be done, logs, barrels or sacks filled with earth, &c. are employed. At New Orleans the American lines of batteries were principally formed of bales of cotton.

In order to protect an army from sudden attacks, *entrenchments* are made on the side on which they are apprehended; they consist of ditches, the earth from which is thrown up within.

and two howitzers, which had been removed from the fort on Sidi Ferruch. Arab horsemen enveloped in their white cloaks were seen collected in groups on the beach, or galloping among the bushes on the plain between it and the encampment. Nothing however betokened any disposition on the part of the Africans, to meet the invaders at the water's edge.

Nevertheless Bourmont displayed here his determination to leave nothing to chance, the success of which could be assured by caution in the previous arrangements. The largest ships with the first and second divisions of troops on board, passed around the extremity of the peninsula, and anchored opposite its southwestern side on which it had been resolved that the first descent should be made; a steamer and some brigs entered the bay east of Sidi Ferruch, and took positions so as to command the shore and the neck of the peninsula, over which they could pour a raking fire, in case an attack should be made by the Algerine forces at the moment of disembarkation. Some rounds of grape shot from the steamer dispersed the Arabs who were collected on the shore of the bay; the fire was returned from the batteries; but it had no other effect than to wound a sailor on board the Breslau, and it ceased after a few broadsides from the brigs.

By sunset the vessels were all anchored at their appointed positions, and preparations were instantly commenced for the disembarkation. The broad flat bottomed boats destined to carry the troops to the shore were hoisted out; each was numbered, and to each was assigned a particular part of the force, so arranged that the men might on landing, instantly assume their relative positions in the order of battle.

All things being ready, at three o'clock on the morning of the 14th of June, the first brigade of the first division under General Berthezéne, consisting of six thousand men, with eight pieces of artillery were on their way to the shore, in boats towed by three steamers. They were soon perceived by the Algerines, who commenced a fire on them from their batteries; it however produced little or no effect, and was soon silenced by the heavier shot from the steamers and brigs in the eastern bay. At four the whole brigade was safely landed, and drawn up on the south side of the peninsula near the shore battery, which was instantly seized. In a few minutes more, the white flag of France floated over the *Turreta Chica*; a guard was however placed at the door of the Marabout, in order to show from the commencement, that the religion of the inhabitants would be respected by the invaders.

By six o'clock the whole of the first and second divisions were landed together with all the field artillery, and the Commander-in-chief of the expedition was established in his head quarters near the Marabout, from

In besieging a fortress, the object is to erect batteries on particular points as near as possible to the place, and to render the communications to and between them safe. For these purposes, a ditch is commenced at a distance from the fortress, and is carried on in a slanting direction towards it, the laborers being protected by the earth thrown up on the side next the place. When these *approaches* have been carried as near as requisite, another ditch called a *parallel* is dug in front or even around the fortress, batteries being constructed on its line where necessary. Sometimes another parallel is made within the outer one. Along these ditches the cannon, ammunition, troops, &c. are conveyed in comparative safety to the different batteries.

which he could overlook the scene of operations. General Valazé had already traced a line of works across the neck of the peninsula, and the men were laboring at the entrenchments; they were however occasionally annoyed by shots from the batteries, and it was determined immediately to commence the offensive. General Poret de Morvan accordingly advanced from the peninsula at the head of the first brigade, and having without difficulty turned the left of the batteries, their defenders were driven from them at the point of the bayonet; they were then pursued towards the encampment, which was also after a short struggle abandoned, the whole African force retreating in disorder towards the city.

This success cost the French about sixty men in killed and wounded; two or three of their soldiers had been taken prisoners, but they were found headless and horribly mutilated near the field of battle. The loss of the Algerines is unknown, as those who fell were according to the custom of the Arab warfare carried off. Nine pieces of artillery and two small howitzers by which the batteries were defended, being merely fixed on frames without wheels, remained in the hands of the invaders.

While the first brigade was thus employed, the disembarkation of the troops was prosecuted with increased activity, and as no farther interruption was offered, the whole army and a considerable portion of the artillery, ammunition and provisions were conveyed on shore before night. It was not however the intention of the commanding general immediately to advance upon Algiers; his object was to take the city, and he was not disposed to lose the advantage of the extraordinary preparations, which had been made in order to insure its accomplishment. The third division of the fleet containing the horses and heavy artillery had not arrived; unprotected by cavalry his men would have been on their march exposed at each moment to the sudden and impetuous attacks of the Arabs, and it would have been needless to present himself before the fortresses which surround the city, while unprovided with the means of reducing them. He therefore determined to await the arrival of the vessels from Palma, and in the mean time to devote all his efforts to the fortification of the peninsula, so that it might serve as the depository of his *materiel* during the advance of the army, and as a place of retreat in case of unforeseen disaster. The first and second divisions under Berthezéne and Loverdo were accordingly stationed on the heights in front of the neck of the peninsula, from which the Algerines had been expelled in the morning; in this position they were secured by temporary batteries and by *chevaux de frise* of a peculiar construction, capable of being easily transported and speedily arranged for use. The third division under the Duke D'Escars remained as a corps of reserve at Sidi Ferruch, where the engineers, the general staff and the greater part of the non-combatants of the expedition were also established. Some difficulties were at first experienced from the limited supply of water, but they were soon removed as it was found in abundance at the depth of a few feet below the surface.

On the 15th, it was perceived that the Algerines had established their camp about three miles in front of the advanced positions of the French, at a place designated by the guides of the expedition as Sidi Khalef; between

the two armies lay an uninhabited tract, crossed by small ravines, and overgrown with bushes, under cover of which the Africans were enabled to approach the outposts of the invaders, and thus to annoy them by desultory attacks. Each Arab horseman brought behind him a foot soldier, armed with a long gun, in the use of which those troops had been rendered very dexterous by constant exercise; when they came near to the French lines, the sharp shooter jumped from the horse and stationed himself behind some bush, where he quietly awaited the opportunity of exercising his skill upon the first unfortunate sentinel or straggler who should appear within reach of his shot. In this manner a number of the French were wounded, often mortally by their unseen foes; those who left the lines in search of water or from other motives were frequently found by their companions, without their heads and shockingly mangled. As the Arabs were well acquainted with the paths, pursuit would have been vain as well as dangerous, and the only effectual means of checking their audacity was by a liberal employment of the artillery.

The labors of the French were interrupted on the morning of the 16th, by a most violent gale of wind from the northwest, accompanied by heavy rain. The waves soon rose to an alarming height, threatening at every moment to overwhelm the vessels, which lay wedged together in the bays; several of them were also struck by lightning, and had one been set on fire nothing could have prevented the destruction of the whole fleet. Fortunately at about eleven o'clock, the wind shifted to the east and became more moderate; the waves rapidly subsided, and it was found that only trifling injuries had been sustained by the shipping. Admiral Duperré however did not neglect the warning, and he immediately issued orders that each transport vessel should sail for France as soon as she had delivered her cargo; the greater part of the ships of war, were at the same time commanded to put to sea, and to cruise at a safe distance from the coast, leaving only such as were required to protect the peninsula.

On the 17th and 18th, some of the vessels arrived from Palma bringing a few horses and pieces of heavy artillery, but not enough to warrant an advance of the army. On the 18th, four Arab Scheicks appeared at the outposts, and having been conducted to the commander of the expedition, they informed him that the Algerines had received large reinforcements, and were about to attack him on the succeeding day. Bourmont however paid no attention to their declarations, and gave no orders in consequence of them, although it was evident from the increase in the number of their tents that a considerable addition had been made to the force of his enemies.

On the day after the French had effected their landing, all the Algerine troops except those which were necessary to guard the city and the fortifications in its vicinity, were collected under the Aga's immediate command, at his camp of Sidi Khalef; on the morning of the 18th, the contingent of Oran also arrived, accompanied by a number of Arabs who had joined them on the way. Thus strengthened, and encouraged by the inactivity of the French, which he attributed probably to want of resolution, Ibrahim determined to make a desperate attack upon their lines, calculating that if he could suc-

ceed in throwing them into confusion, it would afterwards be easy to destroy them in detail. For this purpose he divided his army into two columns, which are supposed to have consisted of about twenty thousand men each; the right column under Achmet Bey of Constantina was destined to attack Loverdo's division, which occupied the left or northern side of the French position; the other column was to be led by Ibrahim in person, with Abderrahman Bey of Tittery as his lieutenant, against the right division of the invaders, under Berthezéne.

At day break on the morning of the 19th, the Algerines appeared before the lines of the French, who were however found drawn up, and ready to receive them; the attack was commenced by the Arab cavalry and Moorish regular troops intermingled, who rushed forward rending the air with their cries, and endeavored to throw down the *chevaux de frise*. The French reserved their fire, until the assailants were near, and then opening their batteries poured forth a shower of grape shot, which made great havoc in the ranks of the Algerines. Nothing daunted however, the Moors and Arabs continued to pull up, and break down the *chevaux de frise*, until they had gained entrances within the lines; the action was then continued hand to hand, the keen sabre of the African opposed to the rigid bayonet of the European. In this situation there was less inequality between the parties engaged, and the issue of the combat became doubtful. Berthezéne's division however repulsed its assailants, and kept them at bay; that of Loverdo was wavering when Bourmont appeared on the ground, followed by a part of the reserved corps. He soon restored order in the ranks, and having formed Loverdo's division together with the reserve into a close column, he ordered them to advance against their opponents. Achmet's forces were immediately driven into a ravine where the artillery of the French having been brought to bear upon them, they were after a few ineffectual attempts to regain the height, thrown into disorder. Ibrahim's men seeing this also lost their courage, and the route of the Africans became general. The French had on the field only seventeen horses which were attached to the artillery; as the Algerines could not therefore be pursued very closely they were enabled to form again in front of their camp at Sidi Khalef; but they were likewise driven from this position, and followed for some distance beyond it, where the ground being less favorable for cavalry, great numbers of their men fell into the power of the invaders. Bourmont had issued orders to spare the prisoners, but his troops irritated at the barbarities which had been so frequently committed on their companions, disregarded the injunction and put to death nearly every Algerine whom they could reach. A few Arabs who were made prisoners, on being asked respecting the forces and intentions of their General, haughtily bade the French to kill and not to question them. The number of French slain in this engagement according to the official reports, amounted to fifty-seven, and of wounded to four hundred and sixty-three; but little reliance can be placed on the exactness of Bourmont's published accounts, and there is good reason for supposing that his loss was much more serious. The destruction of life among the Algerines was very great; they also left their camp of four hundred tents, together

with a large supply of ammunition, sheep and camels, in the hands of their enemies.

The results of this action were highly important to the French, and indeed it rendered their success certain. The Arabs began to disappear, and the Turkish and Moorish soldiers retreated to the city, from which it was not easy to bring them again to the field; symptoms of insurrection among the populace also manifested themselves. In this situation, it has been considered possible that had Bourmont advanced immediately upon Algiers, the Dey would have found it necessary to capitulate; there was however no reason to believe that the disaffection would extend to the garrisons of the fortresses, and the city could not have been reduced while they held out.

On the 23d the vessels from Palma began to come in; the horses were immediately landed, and two small corps of cavalry were added to the troops encamped at Sidi Khalef. The fortifications of the peninsula were also by this time completed, a line of works fifteen hundred yards in length, having been drawn across the neck, and armed with twenty-four pieces of cannon; by this means the whole of the land forces were rendered disposable, as two thousand men principally taken from the *equipage de ligne** of the fleet, were considered sufficient for the security of the place. The provisions, &c. were all landed, and placed within the lines, in temporary buildings which had been brought in detached pieces from France; comfortable hospitals were likewise established there, together with bakeries, butcheries, and even a printing office, from which the *Estafette d'Alger*, a semi-official newspaper, was regularly issued. The communications between Sidi Ferruch and the camp, were facilitated by the construction of a military road, defended by redoubts and block-houses placed at short intervals on the way.

The Algerines encouraged by the delay of the French, rallied and made another attack upon them at Sidi Khalef early on the morning of the 24th. On this occasion but few Arabs and Kabyles appeared, and the action was sustained on the side of the Algerines, almost entirely by the Turks, the Moorish regulars, and the militia of the city, who had been at length induced to leave its walls. The assailants were spread out on a very extended line, which was immediately broken by the advance of the first division of the French army, with a part of the second in close column. A few discharges of artillery increased the confusion; the Algerines soon began to fly, and were pursued to the foot of the last range of hills which separated them from the city. On the summit of one of these heights, were the ruins of the Star Fort, which had been some years before destroyed, "because it commanded the Casaubas, and consequently the city;" it was however used as a powder magazine, and the Africans on their retreat, fearing lest it should fall into the hands of the French, blew it up. The loss of men in this affair was trifling on each side. The only French officer danger-

ously wounded was Captain Amédée de Bourmont, the second of four sons of the General who accompanied him on the expedition; he received a ball in the head, while leading his company of Grenadiers to drive a body of Turks from a garden in which they had established themselves, and died on the 7th of July.

While this combat was going on, the remainder of the vessels from Palma, nearly three hundred in number, entered the bay of Sidi Ferruch. Their arrival determined Bourmont not to retire to his camp at Sidi Khalef, but to establish his first and second divisions five miles in advance of that spot, in the valley of Backshédere, so that the road might be completed, and the heavy artillery be brought as soon as landed to the immediate vicinity of the position on which it was to be employed. The third division was distributed between the main body and Sidi Ferruch, in order to protect the communications. This advantage was however dearly purchased; for during the four days passed in this situation, the French suffered greatly from the Algerine sharpshooters, posted above them on the heights, and from two batteries which had been established on a point commanding the camp. In this way Bourmont acknowledges that seven hundred of his men were rendered unfit for duty within that period; he does not say how many were killed.

The necessary arrangements having been completed, and several battering pieces brought up to the rear of the French camp, Bourmont put his forces in motion before day on the 29th of June. Two brigades of d'Escar's division which had hitherto been little employed, were ordered to advance to the left and turn the positions of the Algerines on that side; on the right the same duty was to be performed by a part of Berthezéne's division, while Loverdo was to attack the enemy in the centre. They proceeded in silence, and having gained the summits of the first eminences unperceived, directed a terrible fire of artillery upon the Algerines, who having only small arms to oppose to it were soon thrown into confusion and put to flight. The Moors and Turks took refuge in the city and the surrounding fortifications, while the Arabs and Kabyles escaped along the seashore on the southeast, towards the interior of the country.

The French had now only to choose their positions from investing Algiers, which with all its defences lay before them. Besides the Casaubas and batteries of the city, they had to encounter four fortresses. On the southeastern side near the sea, half a mile from the walls was Fort Babazon, westward of which, and one mile southward from the Casaubas, was the Emperor's castle, presenting the most formidable impediment to the approach of the invaders. This castle was a mass of irregular brick buildings, disposed nearly in a square, the circumference of which was about five hundred yards. From the unevenness of the ground on which it was built, its walls were in some places sixty feet high, in others not more than twenty; they were six feet in thickness, and flanked by towers at the angles, but unprotected by a ditch or any outworks, except a few batteries which had been hastily thrown up on the side next the enemy. In the centre rose a large round tower of great height and strength, forming the keep or citadel, under which were the vaults containing the powder. On its ramparts were mounted

* A certain number of young men are annually chosen by lot in France, for the supply of the army and navy, in which they are required to serve eight years. Those intended for the navy, are sent to the dockyards, where they are drilled as soldiers, and instructed in marine exercises for some time before they are sent to sea. The crew of each public vessel must contain a certain proportion of those soldier sailors, who are termed the *equipage de ligne*.

one hundred and twenty large cannon, besides mortars and howitzers, and it was defended by fifteen hundred Turks well acquainted with the use of artillery, under the command of the Hasnagée or Treasurer who had promised to die rather than surrender. As it overlooked the Casauba and the whole city, it was clear that an enemy in possession of this spot and provided with artillery, could soon reduce the place to dust; but it was itself commanded in a like manner, by several heights within the distance of a thousand yards, which were in the hands of the French. The next fortress was the Sittit Akoleit or *Fort of twenty-four hours*, half a mile north of the city; and lastly a work called the English fort was erected on the seashore near Point Pescada, a headland about one-third of the way between Algiers and Cape Caxine. The object of the French was to reduce the Emperor's castle as soon as possible, and in the mean time to confine the Algerines within their walls as well as to prevent them from receiving succors. For the latter purposes, it was necessary to extend their lines much more than would have been compatible with safety, in presence of a foe well acquainted with military science; trusting however to the ignorance and fears of his enemies, Bourmont did not hesitate to spread out his forces, even at the risk of having one of his wings cut off by a sudden sortie. Loverdo in consequence established his division on a height within five hundred yards of the Emperor's castle; Berthezéne changed his position from the right to the centre, occupying the sides of mount Boujareah the heights immediately west of the city; while d'Escars on the extreme left, overlooked the Sittit Akoleit, and the English fort. These positions were all taken before two o'clock in the day.

On the right of Berthezéne's corps, was the country house in which the foreign consuls were assembled under the flag of the United States. As its situation gave it importance, General Achard who commanded the second brigade determined to occupy it, and even to erect a battery in front of it. Major Lee the *Commander in Chief* of the consular garrison, formally protested against his doing either, maintaining that the flag which waved over the spot rendered it neutral ground. The French General did not seem much inclined to yield to this reasoning; but when it was also alleged that the erection of the battery would draw the fire of the Algerine forts upon the house, in which a number of females were collected, as well as the representatives of several nations friendly to France, he agreed to dispense with the execution of that part of his order, but his soldiers were quartered on the premises, and his officers received at the table of the consuls. The latter were, as might have been expected, polished and gallant men; the soldiers were very unruly, and by no means merited the praises which have been bestowed on their moderation and good conduct, in the despatches of their commander and the accounts of the historians.

The night of the 29th passed without any attack on the lines of the French. Before morning the engineers under Valazé had opened a trench within five hundred yards of the Emperor's castle, and various country houses situated in the vicinity of that fortress, were armed with heavy pieces and converted into batteries. As soon as this was perceived from the castle, a fire

was opened upon the laborers; but they were already too well protected by the works which had been thrown up, and few of the balls took effect. A sortie was next made by the garrison, and for a moment they succeeded in occupying the house of the Swedish Consul, in which a French corps had been stationed; they were however immediately driven out, and forced to retire to their own walls.

In order to divert the attention of the Algerines during the progress of the works, false attacks were made on their marine defences by the ships of the French squadron. On the 1st of July Admiral Rosamel, with a portion of the naval force, passed across the entrance of the bay, and opened a fire on the batteries, which after some time was returned. Not the slightest damage appears to have been received by either party, the French keeping, as the Admiral says, "*à grande portée de canon*," that is to say, *nearly* out of the reach of the fire of the batteries; one bomb is stated to have fallen in the vicinity of Rosamel's ship. The effect of this movement not answering the expectations of the French, as it did not induce the Algerines to suspend their fires on the investing force, it was determined that a more formidable display should be made. Accordingly on the 3d, Admiral Duperré made his appearance before the place, with seven sail of the line, fifteen frigates, six bomb vessels, and two steamers. The frigate Bellone which led the way, approached the batteries and fired on them, as she passed with much gallantry; the other ships kept farther off, and as they came opposite the Mole, retired beyond the reach of the guns, where they continued for some hours, during which each party poured tons of shot harmless into the sea. As the Admiral states in his despatch, "none of his ships suffered any apparent damage, or notable loss of men," except from the usual "bursting of a gun on board the *Provence*, by which ten were killed and fifteen wounded."

The high character for courage and skill which Admiral Duperré has acquired by his long and distinguished services, precludes the possibility of imagining that there could have been any want of either of those qualities on his part in this affair. Indeed he would have been most blameable had he exposed his ships and men to the fire of the fortresses which extend in front of Algiers, at a period when the success of the expedition was certain. The "moral effect" of which the Admiral speaks in his despatch, might have been produced to an equal or greater extent, by the mere display of the forces in the bay; the only physical result of the cannonade, was the abandonment of some batteries, on Point Pescada, which were in consequence occupied by d'Escars's forces. The whole attack if it may be so termed, was probably only intended to repress any feelings of jealousy which may have arisen in the minds of the naval officers and men, by thus affording them at least an ostensible right to share with the army the glory of reducing Algiers.

BAL.

Bai was the Egyptian term for the branch of the Palm-tree. Homer says that one of Diomedes's horses, Phoenix, was of a palm-color, which is a bright red. It is therefore not improbable that our word *bay* as applied to the color of horses, may boast as remote an origin as the Egyptian Bai.

THE CLASSICS.

Amid the signs of the times in the present age—fruitful in change if not of improvement,—we have observed with pain not only a growing neglect of classical literature, but continued attempts on the part of many who hold the public ear to cast contempt on those studies which were once considered essential to the scholar and the gentleman, which formed such minds as Bacon's and Milton's, and which afforded the most delightful of occupations to the leisure of a Newton and a Leibnitz. In every age there has been a class of men who from a depravity of taste, or else a passion for singularity, have maligned all that is ancient or venerable. And sometimes with a strange perversity of purpose, we see men wasting their opportunities in a mischievous ridicule of useful pursuits which they might have advanced and illustrated to the benefit of themselves and mankind. Thus the seventeenth century, deeply imbued as it was with the spirit of classical inquiry and the love of ancient literature, gave birth to a Scarron and a Cotton, of whom the latter particularly was fitted for higher pursuits, and the former perhaps worthy of a better fate. But if in a spirit of indulgence for misguided genius we pardon the offence of their jest for its wit, and feel that in so doing we are involuntarily paying that tribute which is due to talent even when misapplied, let us beware of extending the same indulgence to those who from ignorance undervalue pursuits which they cannot appreciate, or to those who condemn like the fox in the fable, objects which they have vainly sought to obtain, or worse than all, to those who have no better motive for their censure than the wish to pilfer without detection, from the rich stores of those whom they have banished from the public eye, and driven from their rightful abodes in public recollection by a course of systematised slander. It would perhaps be unjust to say that the opposers of the ancient and learned universities of England, who have chiefly wrought the evil influence upon English literature to which we have been alluding, belong all of them to one of these three classes, but that many of them may be ranked with the last we cannot doubt, when we see what things they often send forth to the world as *their own*, and this too with an air of the greatest pretension. That some of these persons were actuated by better motives we must admit, when we trace to its origin the history of this partially successful war against classical studies. The two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, those ancient abodes of learning, to a certain degree undoubtedly deserved the reproach of lagging behind the march of mind, in denying to modern literature the share of attention to which it was justly entitled. Absorbed in explorations of the past, and wedded to the love of antiquity in all their associations, they sought literature in her earliest haunts, and delighted most in their olden walks, which they loved for the very frequency with which they had trodden them. The system of study which had trained so many of their sons to eminence, seemed to them the best, and they were too slow in moulding its forms to the progress of science. It was endeared to them not only from the nature of its pursuits, but from past success, and it was no mean ambition which stimulated their sons to tread in the paths which a Bacon or a Clarendon, a Newton or a Locke, had trodden before

them. And yet a little reflection should have taught them that if these glorious models of human excellence had left science where they found it, their reputations had never existed. A fierce opposition at length sprung up to a system of study so narrow and exclusive,—the growing wants of education demanded a university in London, which project was opposed by many of the friends of the old institutions. The elements of a party thus formed, were soon combined, and as the controversy waxed warmer, they attacked not only the venerable temples of learning, but the very study of the ancient languages itself, at first, perhaps, because the most celebrated abodes of this species of literature were to be found in the universities to which they had become inimical. Like every other literary controversy for some time past in England, this question connected itself with the party politics of the day, and thus many changed sides on the literary, that they might be together on the political question. Strange as it may seem, it has been for some time a reproach against the English that the Tories would not encourage the Whig literature, and vice versa. No reader of the British periodicals for the last twenty years can have failed to remark this fact, which serves to account for the progress of the literary heresy which has already done so much to degrade English literature and to deprave the tastes of those who read only the English language. We shall not pause to inquire further into the effects produced by this illicit connexion between politics and literature in England, although it presents a highly interesting subject of inquiry, and one which must deeply occupy much of the attention of the historian who may hope hereafter to give an accurate account either of the political or literary condition of that country for many years past. Neither is it our purpose to arraign at the bar of public opinion those who have dragged the sacred "*peplon*" itself in the vile mire of party politics, although we sincerely believe that they will have a heavy account to settle with posterity for this unhallowed connexion. We merely allude to it by way of pointing out one of the causes of the heresy which we mean to combat, from the belief that it is mischievous, and the more especially as it diverts public attention from the particular want of American literature. Unhappily our reading in this country is chiefly confined to the English novelists and the periodicals of the day, from which we derive a contempt for the lofty and venerable learning of antiquity, and a belief that instead of too little, we bestow too much attention upon classical literature in America! That the novelists and trash manufacturers of the reviews should foster this opinion is not at all surprising, for they find their account in it. And yet it stirs the bile within us when we see a paltry novelist who cannot frame his tale without borrowing his plot, or conduct his dialogue without theft, affect to despise the study of those authors whom he robs without any other restraint than the fear of detection; or when we hear them offer to substitute their lucubrations for the writings of the great masters of antiquity—men who put forth opinions upon the most difficult questions in moral or physical science, and support them only by a dogmatism which would look down all opposition and frown upon any inquiry into the grounds of their doctrines, who, like Falstaff, will give no reasons for their moral or political opinions, and yet insinuate by their

air of pretension that they are "plenty as blackberries"—sciolist novelists who doubt what is believed by all the most intelligent of their race, and believe what no other persons but themselves can be brought to believe—men who insinuate their superiority over the great models of the human race by affecting to despise whatever they have offered to the public view and modestly intimating their reliance upon their own superior resources. Problems in morals and politics which have filled with doubts and difficulties the minds of Bacon or Locke, of Montesquieu or Grotius, are now settled at a stroke of the pen by our novelist philosophers. Nothing is more common than to see the solution of some one of them by the dandy hero of some fashionable novel, who, sauntering from the dance to the coterie of philosophers in blue, solves the difficulty *en passant*, and fearing that this trifling occupation of so mighty a genius may attract attention, then hastens to divert public observation from his sage aphorism and impromptu philosophy by flirting with his friend's wife or playing with his poodle. The conception of a costume is the only occupation worthy of his fancy, and the composition of a dish the only subject which he would have the world to think capable of tasking his powers of attention and reflection; and yet all the learning of all the schools is shamed by the display of this literary *faineant* who acquired his knowledge without study, whilst inspiration only can account for the wisdom with which he is instinct. A nation has groaned through long centuries of almost hopeless bondage—the clank of a people in chains is heard from the Emerald isle—a cry of distress fills the air—a mighty orator, an O'Connell, arises before them, filling the public mind with agitation and pointing the way to revenge. In the energy of despair a portion of the captives have broken their manacles—they rush to liberate their fellows—the air is full of their cry for revenge—the conclave of Europe's wisest statesmen is at fault—a king trembles on his throne—and what, gentle reader, do you suppose is to be the result of these mighty throes and convulsions? why, just nothing, literally nothing at all. A Countess of Blessington surveys the scene from afar; reclining on an Ottoman, beneath a cloud of aromatic odors, she recollects the subject of conversation at her last "soiree;" the idea flits across her brain with a gentle pang as it flies, that the energy of O'Connell is becoming exceedingly vulgar, and that the convulsions of a revolution so near her would be extremely trying to her nerves, not to mention those of Messrs. Bulwer and D'Israeli. Her resolution is taken, and at spare intervals between morning visits and soirees, she writes the "*Repealers*," which is at once to settle the agitations of a kingdom, and annihilate O'Connell himself. She has no sooner finished, than washing her hands "forty times in soap and forty in alkali," she despatches the production to Mr. Bulwer, who looking upon the work pronounces it good; and lo! the succeeding number of the New Monthly shall teach you the wonderful virtues of the moral medicaments which come from the Countess of Blessington's specific against Irish agitation. But who is Mr. Bulwer himself? for in this age so wonderful for accomplishing great ends by little means, it has become necessary to know him. Why a literary magician, a sprite of Endor, who by the potency of his charm conjures up the spirits of the mighty dead. Evoked by him the departed

prophets arise. A Peter the Great, and a Bolingbroke, a Pope and a Swift, not to mention others of somewhat lesser note, come forth and speak at his command as once they spoke. The departed oracles of English literature are no longer mute. But the visits of the dead are of necessity short. They have no time now for such chit-chat as some may suspect they have hazarded whilst living. They come on a mission of importance which they have barely time to accomplish. The hidden secrets of policy are to be revealed, mighty oracles in philosophy and criticism are to be declared. Truths fall like hailstones, and wit descends in showers. But lo! what figure is that which stalks across the scene and comes to take his part in this play of phantasmagoria with which we have just been entertained. Does he belong to the land of shadows or the world of reality? "Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die." It is an impersonation of the mental and moral qualities of Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer himself, not a prophet—but more than a prophet. The "most wonderful wonder of wonders." Pope and Swift are overpowered by his wit. The star of Bolingbroke pales before the superior effulgence of this luminary, and Peter the Great, mute in astonishment, stands "*erectis auribus*" to catch the oracles of government which flow from the godlike man. The scene changes—whither doth he go? He seizes the reins of government, he retrieves the affairs of a mighty empire by way of recreating a mind exhausted with the play of its mighty passions, and then wearied with the amusement, he turns in quest of other pursuits. The rule of an empire and the affairs of this world are objects too petty for the employment of his mind; he looks for some higher subject, and finds it in himself—the only subject in creation vast enough to fill the capacity of his spirit. He communes with the stars—he talks to the "TOEN," and the "TO EN" replies to him, and finally, big with his mighty purpose he achieves the task of writing "his confessions." And as my lord Peter concocted a dish containing the essence of all things good to eat, so this book is full of something that is exquisite from every department of thought. Such are the books which have displaced the writings of the masters of antiquity and the old household books of the English tongue. You may not take up a review or periodical now-a-days, but it shall teach you the folly of bestowing your time upon the study of the ancients, now that their writings afford so much that is more worthy of attention. Alas! that such should be the priesthood who administer the rites in the temple of English literature—the money changer has indeed entered the temple, when those who write for money come in to expel all who have written for fame. How often does it happen now-a-days that the writer of a bawdy novel, derives reputation enough from that circumstance, to assume the chair of criticism, and exposing a front of hardened libertinism to the scorn of the good and the contempt of the wise, avails himself of his situation to frown down every attempt to resuscitate our decaying literature, by the introduction of better models, and to restore health to the public taste, which this very censor has contributed to deprave? There is no more common occupation with such a man than the correction of the errors of the most illustrious statesmen and philosophers in magazine articles of some six or eight pages; the French revolution is the favo-

rite theme of his lofty speculations, and Napoleon's the only character which he will exert himself to draw. With how much of the lofty contempt of a superior spirit does he speak of the labors of a Bentley, a Porson, a Parr, or an Elmsley; of a Gessner, a Brunck, a Heyne, a Schweihäuser or a Wolffe. The anxious labors, for years, of such men as these go for nothing with him—they serve only to excite his scorn, or else afford him the favorite subjects of his ridicule. With the ingratitude of a malignant spirit, or the coarseness of ignorance, he reviles the self-denying students who may be truly said to have renounced the world in their enthusiastic search after the buried lore of antiquity—men who have paled before the midnight lamp in their ceaseless efforts to penetrate the obscurity of the past—lonely eremites, who feed the lamps that cast their dim light on the votive offerings which antiquity has laid upon the altar of knowledge—men who have dwelt apart from their race and denied themselves the common pleasures of life, that they might without distraction restore the decaying temple of ancient literature, and recover for the use of their own and future generations, treasures which else had been buried and forgotten; who have lived in the past until they have imbibed its spirit, and return like travellers full of the wisdom of unknown lands, and rich with the accumulated experience of past ages to shower their treasures and their blessings upon the ungrateful many who despise them for their labors and taunt them for their gifts, that they too may learn what a thing it is to cast pearls before swine; and who, superior to the unmerited scorn of this world, and to all the temptations of its grovelling pleasures, meekly bear their ill treatment with no other emotion than the fear that the benefits thus painfully acquired and freely bestowed, may turn out to be coals of fire which they have been heaping upon unthankful heads. And are men who labor for such objects as these to be ridiculed as looking to things too small, because they sojourned so long in the gloom of past ages, that their optics have been enlarged to discern not only the mouldering monument, but the smallest eft that crawls upon it? Shall they be taunted because they have learned to live in mute companionship with their books, and like the lonely prisoner, love objects which to others may seem inconsiderable, but are endeared to them by all the force of a long association, whose chain is interwoven link by link with the memory of their past? And if, like Old Mortality, they love to restore each mouldering monument, and retrace every time-worn inscription that may serve to renew their silent communion with the hallowed and dreamy past, surely the occupation may be pardoned, if not for its uses to others, at least for the quiet affection and sweet enthusiasm of the dream which it serves to awaken in the mind which is busy in the employment. But the utilitarian spirit of the present age is ever ready to measure the value of these pursuits by that pecuniary standard which alone it uses. What are their fruits? Will they move spinning jennies or propel boats? are they known on 'Change? how do they stand in the prices current, and in what way will they put money in the purse? Strangely as this may sound in the ears of those who love knowledge for itself and its spiritual uses, and absurd as these things would have appeared to the literary world a century ago, we much fear that we must return answers to them

satisfactory, in part, at least, before we can even obtain an attentive hearing to what we shall say of their higher excellences. It is true that classical attainments are in few instances the objects of pecuniary speculation, nor is it our purpose to hold out temptations to literary simony to those who, insensible of the peace which the love of knowledge sheds abroad in the human heart, would hope to sell or purchase that precious gift, for mere money. If this were the only end which the student had in view, we should regret to see him perverting to unworthy purposes the sacred means to higher ends. To such a man learning has no temptations to offer, for its best rewards he can never obtain without a change of heart. We can no more unite the love of knowledge and of Mammon than serve the two masters spoken of in Scripture. It is the rare excellency of this holy taste that it releases us from servitude to the unworthy desires which are too apt to fill the minds of those who have never known what it was to thirst after the waters of truth. It is indeed the redeeming spirit of the human mind, which casts out the evil passions by which it had been possessed and torn. But there is a class of students burning for distinction and ambitious of eminence rather than wisdom, to whom we would appeal under the hope that in the pursuit of their own lesser ends they will cultivate tastes which may serve to awaken them to the more precious uses of knowledge. If then we can show these that the study of the ancient languages affords not only an admirable, but perhaps the best exercise for training tender minds into healthful habits of thought and reflection, that in looking to an economy of the time which measures the little span of human life, it is the pursuit in which the youthful mind can do most in acquiring human knowledge, we shall at least hold out strong temptations to these studies, even to those hasty and incautious inquirers who reject every thing for which they have no present use. But if we go farther, and demonstrate that the man who would thoroughly understand modern literature, must seek its foundations in that of the ancients,—that the poet and philosopher, the orator and statesman, who would train his mind to a successful pursuit of his favorite object, must look to the great masters of antiquity for the best models of his art, surely we shall persuade him to apply the means which a knowledge of the dead languages affords him, to the study of the literature which they embody. And shall he pause here in his career? is it to be supposed that he will still look to knowledge only for the earthly honors which it will enable him to obtain when he has in view the higher rewards which the love of truth has within itself? Will he be content with the narrow horizon which first bounded his prospect when he has taken a more elevated view of creation? Feeling that every sensible addition which his knowledge makes to his wisdom is another link by which he mounts in the chain of spiritual existence, he will lose the original ends for which he was laboring in the nobler objects which unfold themselves to his mind. He learns to disregard what men may say of him, sustained by the proud consciousness of what he is. And like the mariner who has become weary of coasting adventures, he boldly puts forth to sea in quest of that unknown land which his spirit has seen in its dreams. These are the higher uses of the pursuit of knowledge, and although we are far from asserting that classical

studies are the only pursuits that are thus rewarded, yet we will hazard the assertion, that there are none more eminently fitted for strengthening the human mind and elevating its character.

But to return to the first position which we have taken as to the peculiar fitness of this pursuit for the early employment of the human mind. It is something in its favor, that for centuries past, until of late, there has been nearly a common assent amongst literary men that the study of the ancient languages affords the best exercise for the youthful mind,—an opinion so old and so prevalent, must have had at least some foundation in truth. Indeed, when we come to look at the nature of the system of training necessary for the youthful mind, we cannot long doubt the fitness of these pursuits for that end. There is no period, but boyhood, of a man's life at which he would submit to the drudgery necessary for training his memory in the exercises by which it is most strengthened. It would be difficult to induce him to submit to such tasks when he had arrived at a more advanced period of life, and taken even a superficial view of the more agreeable walks of knowledge. With a boy who stands upon the threshold of science, it is far different. Taught that the end in view is worthy of all his pains, and that his commencement of the pursuit of knowledge must of necessity be difficult, he is as willing to seek science through that pass as any other, and the more especially as he perceives that the exercises are not beyond his strength. In the study of the ancient languages, (the Greek especially, because it is more regular than any other) he not only finds an improvement in the powers of simple suggestion or mere memory, but he is insensibly led to processes of generalization from the great saving of labor which he discovers in classification, thus burthening his memory with a rule only, instead of the mass of facts which the rule serves to recall and connect—an advantage which the study of none of the modern languages will afford to the same extent. In the difficulties of translation, which occasionally present themselves, he is not only forced to reason upon the rules which regulated their forms of construction, but often finds it necessary, by an examination of the context and subject matter, to ascertain the meaning of the author; and thus early learns to consider the logical arrangement of propositions and sentences. How often do we find boys thus eagerly and earnestly engaged, in inquiring into the customs and history of the people whose language they are studying, and reasoning upon the motives of action and the characters of men, without being conscious of the high nature of their speculations, or that they are doing more than translating the meaning of a difficult sentence—thus without weariness gradually storing their minds with a knowledge of allusions necessary for their future reading, and which in the mass would never be acquired by the youthful intellect from the fatiguing nature of a study directed to them exclusively. How often do we find a lad profitably engaged in metaphysical inquiries and nice calculations of human motives at a time when works exclusively devoted to these subjects would only serve to weary and disgust him. The youthful mind is thus trained to the capacity of undergoing the severest processes of thought and reasoning by a system of occasional and gentle exercise which amuses without wearying or breaking its spirit. There are certain advantages

peculiar to the study of that most wonderful of all languages, the Greek, in the culture of the youthful mind. They are to be found in the regular forms of compounding their words, and in the almost invariable applicability of rules to its modes of expression. In tracing a compound word to its root, the mind is insensibly forced to trace the compound emotions of the human mind to their source through the seemingly hidden links of the chain of association which are almost pointed out one by one in the varying terminations of the radical as it branches out into its many different shades of signification. What boy of tolerable capacity could turn to a root in Scapula's Lexicon, with a view of its various compounds, without tracing (often unconsciously it is true) the simple to the compound emotions of the human mind through that chain of association which may be deemed necessary and invariable, since not only the simple, but also the compound emotions and perceptions are to be found in every human mind? How could he fail to acquire a knowledge of the cognate ideas of the mind with this ocular reference to their connexion before him? He thus learns the kindred ideas which the expression of certain given ideas will call up, he begins to know how to marshal the host under their leader, he perceives the true force of expression which belongs to words, and traces much of the progress of human thought by means of the land-marks which this regularly formed language indicates to the inquirer. He perceives the modes by which the ancient masters of style in this language learned to express with precision the most abstract of ideas, and as it were, to transfer to paper almost every shadow which flits through the human mind. Penetrating to the truth, through the metaphysical and logical construction of this language, that style consists more in the arrangement of ideas than words, he acquires rules which he may transfer to his own language, and thus increase its capacities of expression, at the same time that he may often improve the beauty of its form without impairing its strength. No man ever acquired a thorough knowledge of the Greek without having in the course of his progress penetrated often and far into the walks of philology and metaphysics. As no philologist has ever arrived at eminence without an attentive study of this language, so perhaps it will not be going too far to say that without it, none ever will. They were thus trained—the great masters of the English language who have improved its construction and added so much to its beauty and strength. The greatest and most sudden improvement which has ever been wrought at any one period in the English language, certainly took place in the reign of Elizabeth, and yet every page, nay, almost every line of the great authors of that day, betrays a constant and studied reference to the models of antiquity. Next to them, and pre-eminent as a reformer in our language, stands Milton, who was trained in the same studies, and whose marvellous power over language has never been sufficiently considered in the attention which is bestowed upon his genius. Perhaps no other man ever effected such a change in the construction of a language, or did so much to reform it. It has been well said that his construction was essentially Greek. He only possessed the wonderful power of transferring the construction of one language to another, dissimilar in its origin and forms, and of transfusing as

it were an old spirit into a new body. Profoundly versed in written and spoken languages, he was yet more a master of the language of thought and feeling, and was thus able to improve the arrangement of the groupes and to touch with a more natural coloring and living expression the forms by which we had sought to embody our ideas. And what was the chosen model of that mighty genius, whose language may be said to mirror thought, if that of any other English author can be said to paint it? The Greek! the immortal Greek! which surviving the institutions and national existence of its people, stands forth like the Parthenon itself, and defies the genius of all other nations in all succeeding ages to produce a structure which shall equal its combinations of strength and elegance—a language which even yet justifies the proud boast of its creators, that in comparison with them, all other nations are barbarous. It is evident from the whole spirit of the writings of this immortal man, that he believes in no other Helicon but the Greek. If we were called upon to recommend to the reader of English literature only the writings which would afford him the best substitute for the study of the classics in the improvement of his style, we should undoubtedly recommend him to the works of Milton. There are several authors since his day, who, trained in the same studies, have labored with less effect, it is true, for the same end; and indeed it would be difficult to point out a single author who has improved the strength and beauty of the English language, without a knowledge of the structure and literature of the Greek. There have been many who, without this knowledge, have well used the language as they found it. But Temple, Tillotson, Addison, Bolingbroke, Warburton and Johnson, who have all contributed sensible additions and changes to its structure, formed their styles upon ancient models.

We have already adverted to the knowledge of the allusions to the ancient mythology acquired by the study of the Greek and Latin authors, a knowledge which can only be fully acquired in this mode, and which is of inestimable use to the student, not only in understanding the writings even of modern times, but in learning to write himself. The ardent imagination of the East has produced nothing more beautiful than the splendid mythology of the Greeks—a mythology which abounds in powerful imagery and poetic conception. Perhaps there is nothing so little various as fiction, notwithstanding the numerous and repeated efforts at such creations. Indeed it would be curious to ascertain how much of the fiction now in possession of the human race is of ancient origin, and thus to perceive how little would be left if we were to abstract the creations of the mythic ages of ancient Greece. Nothing could illustrate more strongly the fact that the history of the human heart is always the same. We find powerfully portrayed even in the fictions of that early day, the intrigues of love and ambition, the vanity of earthly hopes, and the warfare of contending passions. There is scarcely a feeling which is not pictured in some poetic personification which develops its tendencies and nature, and there is not a moral of general use in the conduct of life which is not illustrated by some well designed and beautiful allegory. It seems to have been an early practice with the eastern sages to address the reasons of their people through the medium of their ardent and susceptible fan-

cies. The Hebrew, the Egyptian and Grecian lawgivers and sages, all resorted to it, and truth presented in this attractive form has never failed to take a lasting hold upon the public mind. Addressing itself in this form most powerfully to the young, because their fancies are most susceptible, it cannot fail to make an impression at that age when it sinks most deeply in the human mind. It is thus that principles of action are instilled into the human mind at an age when reason is scarcely yet capable of eliminating the true from the false, and the youthful imagination receives an early and wholesome excitement from the contemplations of poetic conceptions whose simplicity fits them to be received, and whose beauty commends them to be loved, by the youthful mind. The most powerful, the most beautiful and concise modes of expressing much of human feeling and passion, are to be found in the Grecian mythology. The true value of an image consists in the conciseness with which it expresses the idea that it represents. An image is misplaced and useless, no matter how beautiful in itself, if it presents your idea in a more tedious and cumbrous form than that in which a few simple words would have explained your meaning as well. It is then obviously unnecessary, and presents itself to the reader as a mere attempt at beauty, which at once recalls him from the subject to the author,—an effect which is always unfortunate for the latter. Good imagery, on the contrary, offers a glowing picture which at once makes a vivid impression upon the mind, accurately representing your meaning, and calling up ideas through the force of a necessary and natural association, which would not have been otherwise awakened except by the use of many more words. Such in an eminent degree is the imagery of the mythology of which we have been speaking. Where is the course of power without knowledge to guide it, so briefly yet so forcibly depicted as in the mad career of Phaeton misguiding the steeds of the sun? And what picture so descriptive of the writhings of disappointed ambition as that of Prometheus on his rock with the vulture at his liver? Tantalus in the stream is an ever living fiction, because it borrows the form of Truth when it points to the punishment of him who rashly essays to satisfy his thirst for happiness by the gratification of unhallowed lusts; and Sisyphus toiling at his stone, is the faithful picture of man who vainly confident in his unassisted strength seeks to roll the ball of fortune up the slippery eminence. What can be more beautiful than that picture of fraternal affection which we find in the fable of the sons of Leda—a union of spirit so pure that it was typified in the two bright stars which still maintain alternate sway in heaven as an everlasting memorial of that undying love which married the mortal to the immortal in one common destiny. In what other language could Byron have described fallen Rome, "the Niobe of nations," than that which he used, the language of truth and feeling which is now common to the whole of the civilized world, and must be as universally used as known, since it embodies the pictured thought and feeling of the human heart. The man who neglects this mythic and most beautiful of languages, must be content to see himself excelled by those who have studied it, both in strength and beauty of expression. Perhaps we do not hazard too much in asserting that a knowledge of this mythic language

alone (if we may call it so,)—a knowledge only to be obtained by reading the Greek and Latin authors—would compensate the student for the labor bestowed in acquiring those languages. So far we have looked only to the advantages to be derived from a mere study of these languages, without any reference to the literature which they embody. And if we have shown so far that these studies of themselves afford a reward for our labors, how much more important will they seem when we consider the learning which we shall find in them. But it may be said that we promised to show that these studies were not only profitable, but the most profitable in which the youthful mind could be engaged; and so far we have not redeemed the pledge. To this we reply, that the study of natural philosophy by which we comprehend physics and morals, and that of languages, afford the only subjects to which the mind is directed in books. Now, in relation to the first, we assume in common with most of the best thinkers on the subject of education, that such studies would serve to weaken the youthful mind by its premature exertions under a load as yet beyond its capacity; and with regard to the study of other languages than the Greek and Latin, that all the advantages to be derived from the mere study of language, which the others afford, are also to be had by the classical student, whilst the more regular formation and peculiar structure of these two ancient languages promise benefits to the youthful mind which are peculiar to themselves, or at any rate, much greater in them than in any others.

We come now to the second proposition which we laid down, and that is, that out of his own language, there are no other two languages whose literature holds out as many inducements to the student for acquiring them, as that of the Greek and Latin languages, since independently of their own worth, these studies are absolutely essential to the proper understanding of modern literature as it now exists. Surely there could exist no opinion more unfortunate for the progress of science, than that which supposes, that a view of science as it now exists, is all that is necessary for its thorough investigation; indeed, we believe the assertion may be safely hazarded, that no one can ever qualify himself for the race of discovery who looks alone to what men now think without a reference to what they have formerly believed and written upon the subjects of his inquiry. Strange as it may seem, the man who would ascertain truth, must not confine himself to the simple inquiry of what it is. He must also see what men have thought about it. He must look to the history of human opinion and the modes of reasoning by which men have arrived at their conclusions. He must not only be able to understand the results of right reason, but he must learn also to reason for himself. It was a perception of this necessity which induced the immortal Bacon to turn his attention to the mode of investigating truth, rather than to the discovery of truth itself. He perceived that it was the most important benefit which could be conferred by any man of that day, and the *Novum Organon*, the most wonderful of mere human conceptions, was the result. A view of the different modes of reasoning to truth which had been employed before him, a comparison of the methods which the most successful philosophers had pursued, soon taught him that there was as much in the method used

as in the genius of the investigator. He who would pursue the path of truth, would do well to prepare himself with a guide book made up from the experience of former travellers; he will thus learn the various roads which intersect his true path, and might be likely to put him out, each of which some former pilgrim has taken before him, from whose recorded experience he may take warning; or sometimes it may happen that whilst the crowd of philosophers have been wandering for centuries through a mazy error, the account given by some long gone traveller of a partially explored route may lead the happy investigator into the true way, and thus forward him on his journey. In the progress of truth, which of necessity must be slow and cautious, it is important to weigh every step, and every chart should be preserved. It was thus that Copernicus, retracing the steps of philosophers for two thousand years, discovered in the almost forgotten accounts of the writings of Nicetas, Heraclides and Ecphantus, traces of a route into which he struck off and was conducted to the most brilliant discoveries. It was thus that Galileo was conducted to some of his discoveries in hydrostatics by the hints of Archimedes. Indeed, how many of the most important discoveries of science have thus originated? Had Archimedes and Pappus never written, or had they been neglected, the method of tangential lines of Fermat and Barrow, approximating so closely as they do to the discovery of the differential calculus, had perhaps never existed, and to these we must attribute the subsequent important discovery of Newton and Leibnitz. Indeed, the whole history of scientific discovery is the history of a chain whose links have been forged by different men, and fitted at different times. If such be the most fortunate mode of scientific discovery, how much do we increase the importance of the study of the ancient literature, when we come to reflect that the termination of their scientific labors during the night of the middle ages, is the point of departure from which all modern scientific discovery has emanated. It will at once be recollected that at the revival of letters, the only sources of information were derived from the study of the ancients revived chiefly by Boccaccio and the philosophers of the Medici school and from the Arabians, whose knowledge was drawn chiefly though at an early period from the same source. Notwithstanding the elegant rivalry between the Abassides and Om-moiades, which so much fostered the spirit of learned inquiry, notwithstanding the resort of the Arabian philosophers to the Indian school, and the polite and elevated spirit of the Saracen conquerors who offered peace to the modern and degenerate Greeks in exchange for their philosophy, it is still evident that with the exception of some few discoveries in the science of medicine, they were yet far behind the ancients at the period of the decay of letters. Ancient science became the text upon which modern writings were for ages the commentary, one of its languages became the medium of communication between the learned and polite of all nations, and no book of science was published for a long time except in the Latin. The writings of mathematicians as far down as Euler, those in medicine in England as far down as Hunter, the writings of Blumenback, of Grotius and Spinoza, the *Novum Organon* of Bacon, and indeed those of nearly all the modern philosophers, until the middle of the seventeenth century,

were in Latin. In Belles Lettres, criticism and rhetoric, in history, physics and morals, the models of the moderns were all chosen from antiquity. In addition to this too, the progress of Roman arms, and afterwards the advance of Roman letters, had incorporated much of the Latin language and idiom in all of the polite modern languages except the German. The Italian and Spanish in particular have been well called "bastard Latin." How then can any student of modern literature only, hope to understand the genius of his own language, or even the spirit of that literature to which he has devoted himself? What scientific inquirer can hope, in any great degree, to forward the march of discovery no matter what may be his genius and spirit, if he be without this learning? Independently then of the intrinsic value of ancient learning, we humbly think that the reasons enumerated by us, suffice to prove not only the importance but the absolute necessity of these studies to the accomplished scholar and man of science. But we are prepared to go further, and maintain that on certain subjects of mental inquiry, it still affords the best models extant. In poetry, the best models are confessedly ancient. In rhetoric, Aristotle, Quintilian and Horace, have left nothing for modern investigation to add upon that subject. But it is in history, oratory, the philosophy of government, law and psychology, that the pre-eminence of ancient literature is most important to be noticed. We are perfectly aware that the history of remote antiquity has for every mind a charm which does not belong to the genius or the taste of the historian. Ideas of events remote in point of time, whether past or future, always fill the mind with a certain degree of awe and uncertainty. A feeling of mystery always attends our ideas of what is remote in point of time or place. It is on the tale of the traveller from far distant lands that we hang with most delight and wonder. Had Columbus discovered America within two days voyage of Europe, the tale of his genius had been yet untold. So too the mind looks to events long past with an awe and wonder akin to those feelings which fill it in its eager gaze into futurity. It is this power of association which attaches the antiquarian so devotedly to his peculiar study, and so soon converts it into a pursuit of feeling rather than of reason. It is the same mysterious link which binds the poet to the early customs and history of his country, and which lends a charm to the simplest ballad if it be ancient, and connects his contemplations with the past. It was the same feeling so strong in the human heart which swelled in the breast of the indignant old lawgiver when in despite of his formal pursuits and fancy-killing studies, he pronounced his rebuke on those who ignorantly maligned "that code which has grown grey in the hoar of innumerable ages." It is a mighty journey which the human mind takes when it is transported from the present to the past. When the mind awakes to realize these long-gone scenes, feelings of mingled awe and pleasure insensibly possess it. A thousand associations of gloomy grandeur attend us as we seem to walk amid the mighty monuments of the dead in the silent twilight of past ages. We feel as if we were treading the lonely streets of the city of the dead, and lifting the pall of ages. We start to find that the mouldering records of man's pursuits then told as now, that still eternal tale of empty vanity and misbegotten hopes.

The ashes of buried cities on which we tread, the time-worn records of fallen empires and past greatness, the monuments of events yet more remote and faintly discernible in the dim distance, seem the too visible memorials of "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," and like Crusoe we recoil with wonder and fear from *that trace* of man on the desert shore. The earlier the records to which we refer, the more deeply are we struck with the wonderful power of our minds which enables us to use the hoarded experience of ages and enter into silent communion with the dead, and the more sensibly are we impressed by the comparison of the imperishable creations of our spiritual nature, with the fading glories of our mortal state. We ascend the stream of time as the traveller of the Nile in quest of its mysterious sources, and the farther we proceed the more wonderful is the view adown that vale of ages through which it flows. Behind us, in the dim distance arise the dark and impenetrable barriers, whose cloud-capt summits seem to point to the heavens as the source of the mysterious river, whilst before us flow the dark rolling waves of that wide stream which is to bear us too to the mysteries of that land of shadows where we are taught to expect an eternal, perhaps an awful home. Fair cities and mighty empires arise in momentary show along its shores, and then pass away upon its rolling waters. In swift succession the generations of man chase each other upon its heaving billows in shadowy hosts,—the dim phantasmagoria of our mortal state! And yet like shades that wander along the Styx, some memories still live upon its silent shore to tell the tale of wrecks and ruins which stud the wave-worn banks. Lo! yonder rocky headland around which sweeps the swift stream as it stretches into the dark bay where the waters lie in momentary repose. How many were the marble palaces, how smiling were the gardens which gladdened that once lovely spot. Yon mouldering fane that yet clings to the wave-worn rock, was once the least amongst ten thousand, and where are they?—Lost in these dark waters in whose deep womb are buried the long forgotten glories of our mortal race.

From the charm of such associations we do not pretend to be exempt, nor do we envy the man who could claim such an exemption. But we are free to confess that this circumstance is too apt to disturb the judgment in a comparison of the merits of ancient and modern history. To a certain extent it may fairly be estimated amongst the advantages of the former, for if it gives a greater interest to early history it holds out a greater temptation to the ardent prosecution of that study. But we do not fear the comparison without such adventitious aid, for we maintain that as historians the ancients are still unequalled. Of all their histories which have descended to the present time, there are none which have not many of the higher excellences of historical composition; but it is for Thucydides, Tacitus and Plutarchus, the great masters in their respective styles, that we challenge modern history to produce the parallels. The definition which Diodorus has given of history, "that it is philosophy teaching by example," may truly be applied to the writings of the two first named historians. Indeed, we have never taken up the works of the first without wonder at the rare and philosophical temperament which enabled him to conduct his eager search after truth without disturbance from those feel-

ings which personal injuries and the spirit of party would so naturally have awakened in others under the same circumstances. Himself a principal actor in the scenes which his page commemorates, his situation and temper alike fitted him for conducting his researches in a spirit of truth, a task which he accomplished in a manner as yet unrivalled. How deep is the devotion to the austere majesty of truth which he displays in his masterly preface when he offers up the favorite fictions of his nation as a sacrifice upon its altars, and stripping his subject of its stolen ornaments, presents it to the world in naked simplicity. If historical criticism has become a science in the hands of the accomplished Niehbuhr, surely its origin and chief ornament are to be found in that noble monument of antiquity. It was no small evidence of future greatness which the young Demosthenes gave, in the choice of this history as his model. For where could he find the springs of government touched with so true a knowledge of their nature, or in what book are the actions of man in masses traced to their motives and causes with an analysis so searching? If we would trace society through the first forms of republican government, and witness its agitations under the opposition of those ever living and opposing forces the democratic and aristocratic principles, we must look to Thucydides. A living witness and a profound observer of the unbalanced democracies of ancient Greece, his deep sagacity always enabled him to resolve their line of action into the two elementary and diverging forces according to their true proportions. As the modern astronomer is able to detect even in the course of the most erratic comet the resultant of the two opposing forces of the solar system, so this profound observer of the human heart was able to trace in the madness of revolution, the contests of a more pacific policy, and even in the horrors of anarchy, the direction given by the two elementary and opposing forces of the social system. Would we trace society still further as another combination of these elementary forces in different proportions gives its direction in the line of despotism, we must turn to the Roman Thucydides—to Tacitus, for a true knowledge of the internal machinery which regulates it under this form of government. Do we wish to obtain an accurate view of the motives which move masses to action? would we investigate man, not as an individual, but according to those common qualities of the human mind by which we may classify his species and genera, and by which only we must consider him if we would rightly estimate the effects of circumstances upon masses? Turn to either or to both of these historians, whose profound and searching analysis so rarely fails of detecting the motives to human action. In both we shall find the same deep philosophy, the same careful study of the human heart, and the same eagerness to utter truth when clearly conceived, without regard to the forms of expression; the great and distinctive difference is in the difference of temperament arising perhaps out of a difference of situation. The more fiery Roman gives you glowing sketches, not pictures—they flow from him with that careless haste so indicative of boundless wealth. Each sketch bears within itself the evidence of lofty conception, and shows in every line the traces of a master's hand whose rapid touch is too busy in embodying the forms with which his brain is teeming to waste its energies in those

minuter cares so necessary for filling out a perfect picture. With rapid pencil he leaves perhaps a simple line, but it is the line of Apelles—the hand of the master was there. The conceptions of the rival Greek, like his, are lofty but more matured, and the same careless ease with a somewhat superior elegance, mark his execution. His coloring however is milder, and you are never struck with those startling contrasts of light and shade so peculiar to the Roman.

The inquirer who would train his mind in those pursuits most necessary for the statesman, and, for that reason, seeks an intimate knowledge of human nature, would arise from an attentive study of the works of these great historians with feelings of pleasure and self gratulation. Conscious that he had acquired much knowledge of man as a mere instrument in the hands of the politician, he already begins to perceive the rules by which men of sagacity have reckoned with much of probability if not of certainty, upon the future actions of their fellow beings. But not being yet fully aware of the uses to which this knowledge may be applied in directing the affairs of society, he is now anxious to inquire into the results of those attempts which the great masters of the human race have made, to regulate the movements of masses and mould them to their peculiar views. He must now turn to Plutarch's superb gallery of portraits of the distinguished men of antiquity; he must open that book, which oftener than any other, has afforded the favorite subject of the early studies of the distinguished statesmen and warriors of all the countries to which modern civilization has extended. He will here perceive the modes by which his models are trained to greatness, and learn to know and estimate the distinctive qualities which have elevated their possessors so far above the common mass. His studies which heretofore were directed to his fellows will be now turned to himself, and a course of self reflection will teach him to exercise and improve his strength, and to measure the proportions in which it must be applied to the levers which move the ball of public opinion. To show that we do not place too high an estimate upon this wonderful book, we might simply refer to the internal evidences of its rare excellences. But we cannot refrain from offering further proofs, more striking at least, if not as strong. It is no small evidence of its excellence that it is a book of more general interest than any other biography or history extant; that it is amongst the first and the last books which we like; its interest taking an early hold upon the youthful mind, and continuing through our after life. And the fact is not to be forgotten, in choosing the books for such a course of study as the one just referred to, that most of the great modern statesmen and generals, have bestowed much of their early attention and study on this work; for this is some evidence that its pages serve to awaken an early love of heroic virtue, and contribute to form the habits necessary for its growth and continued existence. In our reference to the works of the three authors which we should choose in preference to all others of human origin, for the study of human nature we have not adverted to the true order in which they should be read. The book of biography should precede as well as succeed the study of the two historians. We challenge all modern history and biography for the production of three parallels to our chosen mo-

dels, whose works can contribute so much to the attainment of this particular end. Davila, the favorite of Hampden,—and Guicciardini, whom St. John preferred to all modern historians,—have some of the excellences of which we have been speaking, but will any one compare them to the first? In the English language, Clarendon is the only history worthy of the attention of the student in search of an author who illustrates the science of human nature by a reference to the recorded experience of past generations. The works of Gibbon, Hume and Robertson, are admirable for their style and general interest, but they take no true views of man (*epistola non erubescit*) as the instrument of legislation; they do not present us with that impersonation of the common qualities and motives of our nature, which alone can be the subject of laws, and whose character only can be moulded by the general institutions of society,—in short, with that man who is the true subject of the politician's study. Indeed we doubt if the historical works of these gentlemen ever were or ever will be the favorites of any great and practical statesman,—a test which we ask shall be applied to the models which we have chosen. We are perfectly aware of what we hazard by such assertions, but safe behind our mask, we feel secure from danger.

In the view of the course of study which we have just been surveying, we paused at the point where the inquirer having learnt the strength and the temper of the various great springs which chiefly influence human action, had turned aside to ascertain the best modes of handling them by a reference to the experience of those who had successfully regulated the machinery of society and effected in its movements the particular objects which they had in view. From this point, the transition is easy from the history and biography of antiquity to its oratory. For where shall we find the springs of human action so dexterously handled? It must be remembered that the orators of antiquity approached their subjects under circumstances very different from those which attend our modern debates. They practised upon the societies in which they lived, under the same penalties which attend the eastern physician who undertakes the Sultan's cure. The gift of this splendid but fatal talisman of the heart was always attended with the most unhappy consequences to its possessor. Exile and death were the penalties, in case of failure, in the measures which they recommended, or even in case of the loss of popular affection. And so deep were the distresses of those gifted but unhappy children of genius, that one of their most sincere admirers was forced to exclaim

“*Ridenda poemata malo
Quam te conspicuæ divina Philippica famæ,
Volveris a prima quæ proxima.*”

It is not to be supposed, that under such circumstances they would ever approach their subject without a most careful consideration of its nature and consequences, or that they would fail to study the means of recommending themselves and their plans to popular favor. Indeed it would naturally be expected that in the effort to persuade the will of those upon whom they were operating, into a concurrence with their own, they would scarcely place in competition with that object the desire to write an oration to be admired by posterity. We should look to find then a more attentive observance of the modes

of influencing the human heart and reason, than amongst the modern speakers who were moved by none of their fears. A comparison of the ancient with the modern orators would fully prove the fact, but as we cannot of course enter into that comparison here, and deserve no thanks from the reader for inviting his attention to it, we would advert to the fact that these are the only real statesmen whose orations have had an interest for a remote posterity. From which the conclusion is fair, that of all speeches accessible to the reader, these are the most valuable for acquiring the means of influencing men, since no other orations of successful orators remain in an agreeable form. Who reads the speeches of any of the modern orators who have been statesmen at the same time, and who succeeded in impressing their views upon the public mind. No one reads the speeches of Walpole, Chatham, and Fox, the real orator statesmen of England, whilst Burke's orations, which invariably dispersed his audience, are familiar to almost every reader of the English language. The most distinguished orator and statesman that France has produced was Mirabeau; the most successful in America were Henry and Randolph. Yet what orations have they left behind them which are indicative of the real genius of those master minds? The modern speeches which are held up as models, are those which failed to effect the end of their delivery, and even if pleasing in point of style and composition, they must have been very feeble as orations.

But the admirers of modern oratory, the readers of Sheridan, Curran and Philips, will perhaps demand that definition of oratory which thus excludes their favorites from all competition with the orators of antiquity. We define it to be, the means of attaining, by the persuasion either of the feelings or reasons of men, an end which of ourselves, we cannot effect. This is the only point of view in which a statesman would use rhetoric as an instrument. The display of learning and the exhibition of the graces of composition and style, he leaves to the author in his closet who has time to bestow upon pursuits less exalted than his. The real orator, if he be the subject of a despot, will study the character of the man whom he sues, and mould his address in the form most persuasive to him who holds the power of which he would avail himself. If on the other hand the power which he seeks resides with the people, he will appeal to that temper and those dispositions which are common to the mass, and having selected the arguments and sentiments most persuasive to them, would never think of sacrificing one tittle of them to secure the reputation of an orator with the future generations who might read his effusions. Ridiculous as it may seem to the lovers of the gaudy imagery and polished periods of the Irish orators, we maintain that the speeches of Cromwell and of Vane, which seem so absurd to us now, in effecting their ends, accomplished the true object of rhetoric. They suited the temper of the times, they served to mould the progress of public opinion, and proved powerful instruments in directing the revolution. Profound observers of those times, they were too sagacious as statesmen to think of sacrificing the means of securing great public ends for the sake of pleasing the taste of posterity and acquiring the reputation of turning polished periods—a task in which, after all, the wretched Waller had excelled them.

Who believes that such oratory as Sheridan's or Curran's, aye, or even as Burke's, would have produced a tithe of the influence upon the sturdy old roundheads which the cant of the day exercised over them. These effusions would have been treated with scorn, or would perhaps have called down punishment upon the heads of their authors as holding out temptations to the carnal man. Any attempt, in the temper of those times, to deliver orations fitted for the taste of posterity, would have been as ridiculous and misplaced as Petit Jean's apostrophes to the sun, moon and stars, in his defence of the dog. Indeed, it is the prevailing sin of modern taste to suppose that the making of a "fine speech," can be a sufficient inducement for speaking. Plato has defined rhetoric to be "the art of ruling men's minds," and the moment it ceases to look to that end, it is vain and ridiculous. This is the besetting sin of American oratory. Adams, Everett, or even Webster, will seize any occasion, the death of Lafayette, the erection of a monument, or any thing which may serve as a text for a speech, to deliver orations which can have no possible influence except to convince the few who read them, that their authors have not only read, but learned to round a period. Polished sentences, brilliant imagery, and even the ancient forms of attestation are profusely displayed, and all the orator's most showy wares are studiously arrayed, for effect, so as to tempt the public to what?—to any useful end which they have in view? No, simply to an admiration of their authors. It was the practice of antiquity, it is true, to deliver funeral orations—but they are miserably mistaken if they expect to shelter themselves under those usages in their unmeaning and personal displays. They pursue the form, but neglect the substance. Do they suppose that when Pericles delivered his funeral oration over his countrymen who had fallen in the expedition to Samos, he had no other object than that of making a speech? Do they believe for a moment that he whose rhetoric procured him the surname of Olympius, that the master orator of antiquity, (if we may judge his oratory by its effects,) that he who never addressed an assembly without first praying the Gods "that no word might fall from him unawares which was unsuitable to the occasion," would have spoken from such a motive as that only? Could they have supposed that such was the motive of Demosthenes in his funeral oration over those who fell at Cheronea?

Higher ends were in the view of these orators upon these occasions. They were subjects connected with the public policy of the times and with measures which they themselves had directed. Upon the success of these depended their popularity, and on that hung their fortunes, their homes, nay, their lives. They afforded happy occasions for defending their policy, for pushing their claims upon public favor, and for weaving by a thousand plies the cord which bound them to popular sympathy, in those moments of deep feeling when the people were too much absorbed in their own emotions, to examine into the personal motives of their orators. No such consequences depend upon the popularity of our orators. Their popularity can scarcely be really affected, by any orations which they could deliver on the battle of Lexington, the Bunker Hill monument, or the death of La Fayette. The public measures of the present day have but a remote connection with them.

What worthy motive then could have influenced them, we were going to say, in the perpetration of such folly? In such men of the closet as the younger Adams and Everett, it is not surprising; but in Webster, who is capable of real and effective oratory, it can only be viewed as a weak compliance with the morbid taste of the clique around him.

Of the importance of the study of the ancient laws, particularly the Roman or civil, we shall say but little, as in the first place, a view of that subject in all its relations with modern government and civilization, would far exceed the limits of this essay; and because, secondly, no one can be found who will deny the uses of this pursuit to the lawyer. To the general reader we would only remark, that instead of abandoning this useful study to the lawyers, as a pursuit proper only to that profession, he would do well to remember that the revival of letters has always been mainly ascribed to the discovery of the pandects at Amalphi; that since that time professorships of civil law have been attached to every learned University in Europe, and no scholar for many centuries afterwards was reckoned accomplished without some knowledge of this subject. He should remember too, that since the revival of letters, this law has formed an essential, nay, the chief ingredient of the jurisprudence of Spain, Holland, France, and all Italy, with the exception of Venice;—whilst, notwithstanding all that has been suggested by the idle casuistry of national pride, it is the most important portion of the law of Germany, Hungary, Poland and Scotland. And much as we boast of the common law in England and what was English America, yet in both countries, the civil code is the law of courts of admiralty, the basis of most of our chancery law, and even on the common law side of our judiciary it is freely used on the subject of contracts, and has furnished the groundwork, nay, almost the entire system of our legal pleadings. Should this reader be a divine, we would beg leave to remind him that the canon law itself is so intimately associated with the civil code, that no good canonist has yet existed who neglected the study of this last. Indeed, the canon law is at last but a compound of the christian system of ethics and the civil code of municipal law. Need we say more in support of the claims of this study upon the attention of the general scholar and reader? Can the statesman or scholar expect to understand the history of nations and governments without a knowledge of their laws and judicial systems, those alimentary canals, which distribute the food that supports the moral being of society? As well might the anatomist expect to derive a knowledge of his science by a view of the external structure of the human frame, whilst the internal organization and the whole circulating system were concealed from his observation. And quite as absurd are the investigations of the historical inquirer, who, content with a knowledge of the form of government, looks no farther into the internal structure of a society. We would fain pursue the interesting inquiries which this subject suggests, in connection with the history of modern governments and the progress of civil liberty, did our limits permit. But our purpose is accomplished, in having recurred to facts, which of themselves demonstrate the necessity of this highly important study.

We come now to the psychological view of ancient

literature, which subject is so intimately connected with the inquiry into the tendencies of this study, towards elevating and extending the spiritual capacity of man, that we shall embrace it under that head. As no man would engage in any laborious pursuit without having some object in view, so perhaps no one would ever enter into the pursuit after knowledge if it offered no rewards. It is coveted by many, because it sometimes brings to its possessor wealth, and almost always secures him reputation, whilst a few only desire it for its spiritual uses—and yet these last constitute its highest reward. Let the practical man of the world who doubts it, and who would laugh at any arguments adapted to his reason upon this subject as a mere idle thing, look to the history of literary men. Let him behold such a man as Bayle, for example, who having secured in his taste for knowledge a consolation and a happiness of which the world could not rob him, only thought of his persecutions to laugh at them, and found but amusement in what the world deems misfortunes. Poverty, exile, disease, all in their turns assailed him, and yet no one who reads his history can doubt but that he was the happiest man of his day. Resigned to all human events, he found his pleasure in the one noble taste which absorbed his mind, and he succeeded in elevating his spirit to such a distance above the misfortunes and persecutions of this world, that they dwindled into utter insignificance in his estimation. A dismission from an office of honor and profit, under circumstances which would have excited murmurs and anger in the minds of most other men, was scarcely noticed by him, or noticed in a spirit of cheerful content. "The sweetness and repose" (said he upon this occasion) "I find in the studies in which I have engaged myself and which are my delight, will induce me to remain in this city, if I am allowed to continue in it, at least until the printing of my dictionary is finished; for my presence is absolutely necessary in the place where it is printed. I am no lover of money nor of honors, and would not accept of any invitation should it be made to me; nor am I fond of the disputes and cabals which reign in all academies: *Canam mihi et musis.*" Car. Lit. vol. i, p. 22. These were not mere professions; his life, nay, his very death illustrated their truth and sincerity. The very hour of his death was soothed and solaced by this taste, which subdued even the sense of the last mortal agony. This, and instances similar in nature, if not in degree, which abound in the lives of literary men, afford conclusive evidence of the rewards which knowledge brings to the human mind itself. What can elevate the dignity of our nature more in our view than the contemplation of such spectacles as these? What terms expressive enough should we find, to convey our sense of gratitude to the genius who would offer us a gift that would enable us to defy the persecutions of this world and laugh at its misfortunes! a gift, which, for our enjoyments, would render us independent of every other being in existence, save ourselves and him who created us—a gift which would endow us with a taste and the means of gratifying a taste which age cannot dull, and gratification cannot satiate. And yet to a great degree, the mind which is imbued with the love of knowledge enjoys these blessings. When this becomes the absorbing taste of our minds, it not only endures—but man cannot take it from us. Whilst sensual pleasures die,

and the tastes which they gratify decay with time, this is the immortal desire of our being which survives when all others fade away. It is the charmed gift which we bear within ourselves, and whose spells can call up a thousand forms of beauty and light even in the depths of the dungeon, and surround the couch of disease with bright visions and pleasant hopes. As those who ate of the fabled lotus were said to forget their country and kindred in their enjoyments, when they had tasted of its flowers, so those who have once fed upon the immortal fruit of the tree of knowledge, cease to regard those temporal cares and pleasures which bind man to this earth, and lead through a maze of uncertainty to disappointment at last. They look into nature—and each link which they discover in the great chain of truth, seems, in the enthusiasm of the vision, another step on that ladder by which man mounts from earth to heaven. Each hidden harmony which they discover in nature is another thought of the divine mind which they have conceived and understood, and serves to bind them still more closely in that communion into which the Creator permits them to enter with him. The consideration of man, the pleasures merely earthly which he controls and which belong to him, always temporal and always alloyed with pain, they can consent to relinquish, in the consciousness that they are entering into closer communion with him who is pure, perfect, and unchangeable. And their pleasures as much exceed those which they renounce, as the Creator is superior to the created. They have tasted the living stream of truth, whose waters refresh the more, the more they are drunk—they find themselves on the borders of that eternal spring whose course is infinite in extent. Whilst they follow its trace they secure immortality,—for none who drink of its waters shall ever die.

See the student who dwells alone in his hermitage, or who perhaps nightly cribs his worn frame in some almost forgotten attic;—he is surrounded by circumstances which to the eye of the common observer denote the extremity of wretchedness and misery! Those who are more elevated by the pride of place and by the possession of those things which the world calls good, often look upon him with pity and contempt; and yet how rashly do they judge. Do they know whether he regards their pleasures or whither his aspirations would lead him. He looks out upon the stars, "those isles of light," which repose in the liquid blue of the vaulted heavens, and they speak to him of wisdom and love, of beauty and peace. He walks abroad amid the works of nature, and traces in all her hidden harmonies a beauty and a unity of design which speak but of one spirit, and that the infinite and eternal spirit of the universe. He begins indeed "to mingle with the universe;" and, like the mystic Egeria, a spirit of beauty pure and undefiled arises from the silent memorials of creative design, to commune with him in his morning walks and evening meditations. He compares the soul, which guides and animates the physical universe, with the vain and contentious spirit of his fellow man; he compares the order and beauty of the physical universe, which submits all its motions to the divine will, with the moral government of man,—at once the sport and the victim of his own caprices; and learns to despise what most men value, and to prize those pleasures

which they neglect. He has learnt to feel that He who rules all events, has considered him also, in his Providence; and willing to put his trust in that being, without whose knowledge "not a sparrow falleth to the ground," he stands forth the most self-humbled, and yet the most elevated of God's creatures.

If knowledge hath these spiritual uses,—and what reflecting man can doubt the fact, how mortifying is it to see many wasting their strength and throwing away the means by which they could attain these ends, for the sake of wealth and earthly honors. As the alchemist who, in his eager search after the grand magisterium, neglects many discoveries really useful which were within his reach, so these men put their frail trust in the world and waste their lives in the vain pursuit of its phantoms. But we do not expect these men to take this view of the subject unless they have trained their minds to it, either through the christian philosophy, or what is second to that system only, the school of the Platonist writers. It is for this reason chiefly, that we have ventured to recommend the study of the writings of the genius so nearly divine, of that author whose psychological system presaged the christian revelation, as the morning twilight betokens the coming sun. It was his, that beautiful conception of the spirit of the universe, at once so poetical and sublime;—an idea which Abraham Tucker only of modern English writers, seems to have fully comprehended and explained. This sublime and philosophical poet perceived that by an attentive study of nature, the human mind was capable of entering into communion with the divine mind through its works; he felt that he was capable of conceiving more and more of the ideas which existed in the creative mind, as he understood more of the system of the universe; he meditated upon the harmony which extended through the greatest and the least of nature's operations; his soul took in forms of beauty and filled with lofty conceptions until it became enamored of its contemplations, and in the spirit of true poetry he endowed the universe with a soul which governed it and with which the mind of man may commune. But to return to our original proposition; we asserted that the writings of ancient philosophers afforded the best views of psychology to which we have access. By psychology, we mean what relates to our spiritual being. To maintain this proposition it will be necessary to recur, for a moment, to the subject of inquiry which engaged their attention, and to the spirit of those times.

The most important and natural inquiry which would present itself to a being of limited powers of knowledge and enjoyment, and whose existence at most is brief, is as to the best pursuit which can engage his time and energies. The vanity of human wishes, the transitory nature of earthly enjoyments, must have been as apparent to the first man as to us. The necessity of discriminating between the various ends of our actions, and objects of our desires, in the brief space which is allotted us for action, must have impressed itself at an early period upon the human mind. And as happiness is the proposed end of all our actions, the most important inquiry which can engage the human mind, is as to the best means of attaining it. Accordingly, we find the "TO KALON" engaging the attention of all ancient philosophers; and however differently they might conduct their reasoning, all of them who were respected

arrived at the same conclusion, viz: that he whose conduct was most strictly regulated by the rules of virtue, would enjoy the greatest degree of happiness. It was thus, according to Plato, that we were to restore the immaculate qualities of the pre-existent soul. The sterner Zeno maintained that nothing was pleasant but virtue, and nothing painful but vice; whilst the gentle and more persuasive Epicurus, reversing the rule, (and in a certain sense the doctrines were identical,) taught that nothing was virtuous but what was pleasant, or vicious if it were not painful—because virtue is at last but the rule which shall conduct us to happiness. At that time the light of Christian revelation had not burst upon the world; the flickering and uncertain rays of human reason afforded the only light to guide them in the search for the path of truth, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness rested on it." The bright hopes and the awful fears by which the Christian revelation would prompt man to virtue, were then either unknown or but little heeded. To tempt his disciples then to a virtuous life, and to fortify them against the seductions of vicious temptation, the ancient philosopher was forced to hold forth the rewards which virtue offers to us in this life. The persuasions of oratory, the allurements of poetry, the demonstrations of philosophy, were all used to entice the youthful mind to the pursuit of virtue; and more, the masters practised their creed in the view of their disciples. But so far as external appearances bear testimony on the subject, happiness does not always attend the practice of virtue in this world. It was necessary, then, to refer the doubtful to some other source of enjoyment. The philosopher referred the pupil to a source which was within—the pleasant consciousness of well-doing;—the enlargement of the spiritual capacity under a virtuous discipline, were the exalted and noble inducements which they presented to their view. Their theories of the universe, their social customs, their daily habits, were all made subsidiary to the end of impressing these grand truths upon their disciples. These conceptions stood forth in severe and sublime simplicity, as they were formed by the cold and cautious inductions of philosophy; but the master mind of antiquity, not content with their unspeaking beauty, seized fire from heaven, and breathing into them the warm spirit of his eloquence, sent them forth to the world radiant and impressive forms, which appealed not only to the reason, but to the sensibility of the beholder. Every argument was used which could exalt our spiritual being, and every illustration which could explain its nature, so far at least as they understood it. The pursuit of virtue became a matter of feeling—self-denial was an enthusiasm, and the world often beheld the disciples of these great masters acting upon the abstract maxims of mere human reason, and pursuing virtue with that unflinching trust in the hopes which it excites, which would shame many disciples of a more certain faith, and those who have the guidance of a clearer light. It is not surprising, then, that the nature of our spiritual being, and the invigorating and regenerating influences of the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, should be more often the theme of ancient than of modern philosophers. And yet the moralist, the philosopher and the poet, would each derive both assistance and delight from the too much neglected works of these noble old masters. We have seen the wonderful revi-

val of letters in Germany in modern times ascribed to the study of the Platonists,—with what truth our knowledge of German literature will not permit us to say. But we do not doubt that the ascribed cause is adequate to that end. Certain it is, that Bulwer has derived from these sources much of that which is worth any thing in his writings. His views of our spiritual being, and of the spiritual uses of knowledge, are evidently clothed in light reflected from the Platonists. Indeed, the finest portion of all his writings, that in which he describes the change wrought on Devereux's mind by a course of solitary meditation, or, to use a shorter phrase, the metempsychosis of his hero, is but a paraphrase of the finest of all moral fables, the *Asinus Aureus* of Apuleius, and one which at last fails to do justice to the splendid original. Should any reader think it worth the time to examine into the truth of our remarks upon the spirit of ancient philosophy, we would crave his attention to this most beautiful allegory, as affording a complete and interesting illustration of their general correctness. The fable, founded upon a Milesian story, opens with the description of a young man who has debased his soul with debauchery until he is transformed to an ass; he falls gradually from one vice to another, and under the dominion of all he suffers under the degrading and debasing penalties appropriate to each. He was at last on the eve of perpetrating a crime so monstrous that nature suddenly revolted, and horror-stricken, he broke from his keeper and flies to the seashore. With solitude comes reflection, and reflection brings remorse. Despair is the natural consequence; and feeling that without assistance he is lost, he turns to heaven for succor. The moon is in full splendor, just rising from the waves; the awful silence of the night deepens his sense of solitude;—"Video præ micantis lunæ candore nimis completum orbem, commodum marinis emergentem fluctibus, nactusque opacæ noctis silentiosa secreta, certus etiam summam Deam præcipua majestate pollere resque prorsus humanas ipsius regi providentia," &c. p. 375. Relief is vouchsafed to him, a change passes over his spirit, and nature wears towards him a different aspect—her countenance is clothed in smiles, and all things seem to rejoice with him. "Tanta hilaritudine præter peculiarem meam, gestire mihi cuncta videbantur; ut pecua etiam cujusmodi et totas domos et ipsam diem serena facie gaudere sentirem." The entire conception is not only highly poetical, but eminently philosophical; the progress of the human mind in its transition through the range of vices, the sentiments of remorse and despair, that yearning after better things which ever and anon returns like a guardian angel to rescue man from his most fallen estate, the change of heart, and the influence of nature, are depicted in the spirit of truth and beauty.

But we fear that we are trespassing too far upon the patience of the reader, and especially when our subject is not one of general interest. And yet we are so deeply impressed with the fact that an attention to this study is the great want of American literature, that we could not forbear suggesting briefly the various points of view from which its importance may be seen—even at the risk of being tedious. Under the sanction, then, of past experience, and under the higher authority of reason, we would crave the attention of the rising genera-

tion to these studies, that they may prepare themselves to do something worthy of their hopes and useful to their country. And of this at least we can safely assure them that the exercises which we recommend are those in which were trained all the best models in science and general literature, whom they most revere and admire.

A LOAN TO THE MESSENGER.

NO. I.

When I said I would die a bachelor,
I did not think I should live to be married.—*Benedict.*

The day I was married, my dear Editor, I was greeted by a valued crony of mine with the following *Jeu d'esprit*, as Mrs. Malaprop might call a *jeu d'esprit*. The occasion which gave this trifle birth having now been some years a matter of history, I am disposed to lend it to your good readers for a month, and beg them to be very careful of it, as it is really one of the neatest things of the kind I or they have ever seen. It is by a poet of no low order of genius, I can assure you, whose fault alone it is that his name, albeit not insignificant, is not yet higher on the rolls of poetic fame. It has never been in print.

J. F. O.

LIFE.

A BRIEF HISTORY, IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL:

Dedicated to my friend on his Wedding Day, November 1, 18—.

Part I.—LOVE.

A glance,—a thought,—a blow,—
It stings him to the core.
A question—will it lay him low?
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name,—
He sits, and thinks apart;
Time blows and blows it to a flame,—
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,
And nurses it with care:
He feeds the blissful pain, by turns,
With hope, and with despair!

Part II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades,
Sighs, glances, tears and vows,
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.

A purpose, and a prayer:
The stars are in the sky,—
He wonders how e'en hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still hope allures and flatters,
And doubt just makes him bold:
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told!

Apologies and blushes,
Soft looks, averted eyes,
Each heart into the other rushes,
Each yields, and wins, a prize.

Part III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends,—
Brief, solemn words, and prayer,—
A trembling to the fingers' ends,
As hand in hand they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,—
And so the deed is done :
Now for life's woes and blisses,—
The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream
They launch their buoyant skiff,
Bless'd, if they may but trust Hope's dream,—
But ah ! Truth echoes—*If !*

—
THE SEQUEL.—IF.

If health be firm,—if friends be true,—
If self be well controlled,—
If tastes be pure,—if wants be few,—
And not too often told,—

If reason always rule the heart,—
And passions own its sway,—
If love for aye to life impart
The zest it does to day,—

If Providence with parent care
Mete out the varying lot,—
While meek Contentment bows to share
The palace or the cot,—

And oh ! if Faith, sublime and clear,
The spirit upward guide,—
Then bless'd indeed, and bless'd fore'er,
The Bridegroom, and the Bride !

P——d.

WILLIAM CUTTER.

READINGS WITH MY PENCIL.

NO. II.

Legere sine calamo est dormire.—*Quintilian.*

8. "A drayman is probably born with as good organs as Milton, Locke, or Newton : but by culture they are as much above him, almost, as he is above his horse."—*Chesterfield.*

Chesterfield, it would seem, was a Phrenologist, in fact.

9. "In matters of consequence, have nothing to do with secondary people : deal always with principals."—*Edgeworth.*

Good advice. In matters of state, deal never with a clerk,—he has no discretion. In matters of trade deal never with an agent, if you can come near the principal, for the same cause,—he lacks the discretion that the latter has. But for a different cause than this, in matters of love, deal never with parents, but with the child : it is true, she has less discretion, but in this matter she is still *the principal*.

10. "Women may have their wills while they live, for they may make none when they die."—*Anon.*

The author of that, whoever he be, was a kind soul : he found an apology for that which husbands, lovers, and fathers are apt to think a grievous fault in the sex. But the thought that strikes me most forcibly upon reading that passage is, the injustice of the law's treat-

ment of women in this regard. Why should a woman's property, upon her marriage, become, *ipso facto*, another's ? I take it that is a question which neither casuists nor gownsmen can answer. I knew an old woman who could give the true reply, and it was one that she gave as a reason for every query, puzzling or plain,—and that was "*Cause !*"

11. "A soul conversant with virtue resembles a fountain : for it is clear, and gentle, and sweet, and communicative, and rich, and harmless and innocent."—*Epictetus.*

Beautiful because true. Such a soul is *clear* ; one can see deeply into its crystal purity : it is *gentle*, and no waves disturb the spectator as he gazes : it is *sweet*, and he who drinks of it is refreshed and renovated in mental and intellectual health. *Communicative* is it, and throws out its *jets* in affluent profusion, making the atmosphere delicious to those who come within its reach. *Rich*, too, abundantly, overflowing *rich*, full of jewels beyond price, ready for those who will gather them up from the inexhaustible bed of that fountain : *harmless*, moreover, and *innocent*, diffusing influences of a healthful and inspiring force, which turns mere sense to soul, mere mortality to immortality !

12. "The suspicion of Dean Swift's irreligion proceeded, in a great measure, from his dread of hypocrisy : instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was."—*Dr. Johnson.*

That is a queer apology for a great Moralist to make for a Dean of the Church ! It makes out Swift to be the worst of rascals : for it makes him more regardful of other men's opinions than of his own. It exhibits him as contravening conscience with *seeming*. Now, to my mind, the mere suspicion of hypocrisy is a far less evil than the positive conviction of it. He was, according to Johnson, afraid of being thought a hypocrite, and so he actually became one !

13. "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better ; and would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable company."—*Pope.*

It is but a choice of company after all. For my part I verily believe the poet loved both well enough, although the world of books he most affected. He never wrote the "Essay on Man" or the "Dunciad" from the experience of the study, however : men's hearts were the 'books' he read from when he gave those splendid poems birth. The "world of books"—reminds me of

14. "Books are a real world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

Wordsworth.

15. "Oh ! who shall tell the glory of the good man's course, when, as his mortal organs are closing upon the world, he is looking forward to the opening brightness of that sun which never sets, shining from out the sapphire gates of Heaven ! What earthly simile can your poet or your rhapsodist furnish, to carry to the spirit so rapturous a conception ?"—*Chalmers.*

The simplest similes for such purposes are the best. And it is a beautiful order of our nature, that it furnishes them abundantly for the improvement of the reflective mind. And thus would I assimilate an earthly scene to the rapturous conception of the eloquent divine whom I have quoted. A most beautiful autumn day, free from clouds,—when the varied colored leaves *seem willing to fade*, with so bright, so warm, so cheerful a sun upon them,—is to me an emblem of the beaming of the sun of

righteousness, which, growing brighter as their bodies decay, makes the happiest and holiest spirits *willing to die*, under an influence so benign.

16. "I walked, I rode, I hunted, I played, I read, I wrote, I did every thing but think. I could not, or rather I would not think. Thinking kept me too long to one point. I could not bear that turning my face to a dead wall. In self defence, to keep me from my thoughts, I flitted from one occupation to another in which my mind could not, if it would, find the least employment or permanent satisfaction. But the world called me a very happy man!"—*Bulwer*, (I believe.)

Every man has those moments, I imagine, of struggling with his own mind, endeavoring, yet almost impossibly, to fix it upon a single object for any length of time: when it is like a bird in a storm, attempting to alight upon a waving, trembling spray.

17. "But Thomas Moore, albeit but an indifferent biographer, is one of the greatest masters of versification the world has ever known, while in song-writing he is perfectly unrivalled."

Quarterly Review.

Perhaps in a peculiar, refined style of song-writing he may be: but while his are the music of the fancy, *Burns* speaks the melodies of the soul.

18. "The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it *can* grow only by its own action, and by its own action it *will* most certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but aids, the *work* is his."—*Daniel Webster*.

The great statesman spoke this from the lessons of his own experience, and it is true. Yet how many moments there are in a scholar's life, when his progress seems so slow that he languishes over every task; and, because he cannot attain every thing at once, forgets, that every thing worth gaining is obtained after many struggles: and, if one foot slips back a little, yet, if he gain *at all* on his way, that it is better to persevere! Besides, it is not only the *ends* of study which are delightful—for so also are its *ways*: and, if we are not advancing rapidly, there is yet a pleasure in exercise, even when much of it fails.

19. "The preacher, raising his withered hands as if imparting a benediction with the words, closed his discourse with the text he had been enforcing,—'It is good that a man bear the yoke in his youth.'"—*Lights and Shadows*.

I do believe that text most implicitly. I myself feel that it is true: for I am one of those who are best when most afflicted. While the weight hangs heavily, I keep time and measure, like a clock; but remove it, and all the springs and wheels move irregularly, and I am but a mere useless thing.

20. "Fair and bright to day, but windy and cold."

My Old Journal.

—like a satirical beauty!

J. F. O.

HALLEY'S COMET.

And who art thou amid the starry host,
Shedding thy pale and misty light,
Like some lone pearl, unseen and lost,
Amid the diamonds of a gala night.

Thou comest from the measureless abyss,
Where God hath made his glory known;
Is it with mystic cord, to this
To bind some system yet unseen, unknown.

Art thou the ship of heaven, laden with light,
From the eternal glory sent,
To feed the glowing suns, that might
In ceaseless radiance but for thee be spent?

Or art thou rolling on thy way, a car,
Bearing from God some angel band,
Sent forth from world to world afar,
To regulate the fabric of his hand?

Oh! if thou art on some such errand sent,
Forth from the throne of Him we love,
May not thy homeward path be bent
By our poor earth, to bear our souls above?
Prince Edward.

EPIMANES.

BY E. A. POE.

Chacun a ses vertus.—Crevillon's Xerxes.

Antiochus Epiphanes is very generally looked upon as the Gog of the prophet Ezekiel. This honor is, however, more properly attributable to Cambyses, the son of Cyrus. And, indeed, the character of the Syrian monarch does by no means stand in need of any adventitious embellishment. His accession to the throne, or rather his usurpation of the sovereignty, a hundred and seventy-one years before the coming of Christ—his attempt to plunder the temple of Diana at Ephesus—his implacable hostility to the Jews—his pollution of the Holy of Holies, and his miserable death at Taba, after a tumultuous reign of eleven years, are circumstances of a prominent kind, and therefore more generally noticed by the historians of his time than the impious, dastardly, cruel, silly, and whimsical achievements which make up the sum total of his private life and reputation.

* * * * *

Let us suppose, gentle reader, that it is now the year of the world three thousand eight hundred and thirty, and let us, for a few minutes, imagine ourselves at that most grotesque habitation of man, the remarkable city of Antioch. To be sure there were, in Syria and other countries, sixteen cities of that name besides the one to which I more particularly allude. But *ours* is that which went by the name of Antiochia Epidaphne, from its vicinity to the little village Daphne, where stood a temple to that divinity. It was built (although about this matter there is some dispute) by Seleucus Nicanor, the first king of the country after Alexander the Great, in memory of his father Antiochus, and became immediately the residence of the Syrian monarchy. In the flourishing times of the Roman empire, it was the ordinary station of the Prefect of the eastern provinces; and many of the emperors of the queen city, among whom may be mentioned, most especially, Verus and Valens, spent here the greater part of their time. But I perceive we have arrived at the city itself. Let us ascend this battlement, and throw our eyes around upon the town and neighboring country.

What broad and rapid river is that which forces its way with innumerable falls, through the mountainous wilderness, and finally through the wilderness of build-ings?

"That is the Orontes, and the only water in sight,

with the exception of the Mediterranean, which stretches, like a broad mirror, about twelve miles off to the southward. Every one has beheld the Mediterranean; but, let me tell you, there are few who have had a peep at Antioch. By few, I mean few who, like you and I, have had, at the same time, the advantages of a modern education. Therefore cease to regard that sea, and give your whole attention to the mass of houses that lie beneath us. You will remember that it is now the year of the world three thousand eight hundred and thirty. Were it later—for example, were it unfortunately the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six, we should be deprived of this extraordinary spectacle. In the nineteenth century Antioch is—that is, Antioch *will be* in a lamentable state of decay. It will have been, by that time, totally destroyed, at three different periods, by three successive earthquakes. Indeed, to say the truth, what little of its former self may then remain, will be found in so desolate and ruinous a state, that the patriarch will remove his residence to Damascus. This is well. I see you profit by my advice, and are making the most of your time in inspecting the premises—in

—satisfying your eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame
That most renown this city.

I beg pardon—I had forgotten that Shakspeare will not flourish for nearly seventeen hundred and fifty years to come. But does not the appearance of Epidaphne justify me in calling it *grotesque*?

It is well fortified—and in this respect is as much indebted to nature as to art.

Very true.

There are a prodigious number of stately palaces.

There are.

And the numerous temples, sumptuous and magnificent, may bear comparison with the most lauded of antiquity.

All this I must acknowledge. Still there is an infinity of mud huts and abominable hovels. We cannot help perceiving abundance of filth in every kennel, and, were it not for the overpowering fumes of idolatrous incense, I have no doubt we should find a most intolerable stench. Did you ever behold streets so insufferably narrow, or houses so miraculously tall? What a gloom their shadows cast upon the ground! It is well the swinging lamps in those endless colonades are kept burning throughout the day—we should otherwise have the darkness of Egypt in the time of her desolation.

It is certainly a strange place! What is the meaning of yonder singular building? See!—it towers above all the others, and lies to the eastward of what I take to be the royal palace.

That is the new Temple of the Sun, who is adored in Syria under the title of Elah Gabalah. Hereafter a very notorious Roman Emperor will institute this worship in Rome, and thence derive a cognomen Heliogabalus. I dare say you would like a peep at the divinity of the temple. You need not look up at the Heavens, his Sunship is not there—at least not the Sunship adored by the Syrians. That Deity will be found in the interior of yonder building. He is worshipped under the figure of a large stone pillar terminating at the summit in a cone or *pyramid*, whereby is denoted Fire.

Hark!—behold!—who *can* those ridiculous beings

be—half naked—with their faces painted—shouting and gesticulating to the rabble?

Some few are mountebanks. Others more particularly belong to the race of philosophers. The greatest portion, however—those especially who belabor the populace with clubs, are the principal courtiers of the palace, executing, as in duty bound, some laudable comicality of the king's.

But what have we here? Heavens!—the town is swarming with wild beasts! What a terrible spectacle!—what a dangerous peculiarity!

Terrible, if you please; but not in the least degree dangerous. Each animal, if you will take the pains to observe, is following, very quietly, in the wake of its master. Some few, to be sure, are led with a rope about the neck, but these are chiefly the lesser or more timid species. The lion, the tiger, and the leopard are entirely without restraint. They have been trained without difficulty to their present profession, and attend upon their respective owners in the capacity of *valets-de-chambre*. It is true, there are occasions when Nature asserts her violated dominion—but then the devouring of a man-at-arms, or the throttling of a consecrated bull, are circumstances of too little moment to be more than hinted at in Epidaphne.

But what extraordinary tumult do I hear? Surely this is a loud noise even for Antioch! It argues some commotion of unusual interest.

Yes—undoubtedly. The king has ordered some novel spectacle—some gladiatorial exhibition at the Hippodrome—or perhaps the massacre of the Scythian prisoners—or the conflagration of his new palace—or the tearing down of a handsome temple—or, indeed, a bonfire of a few Jews. The uproar increases. Shouts of laughter ascend the skies. The air becomes dissonant with wind instruments, and horrible with the clamor of a million throats. Let us descend, for the love of fun, and see what is going on. This way—be careful. Here we are in the principal street, which is called the street of Timarchus. The sea of people is coming this way, and we shall find a difficulty in stemming the tide. They are pouring through the alley of Heraclides, which leads directly from the palace—therefore the king is most probably among the rioters. Yes—I hear the shouts of the herald proclaiming his approach in the pompous phraseology of the East. We shall have a glimpse of his person as he passes by the temple of Ashimah. Let us ensconce ourselves in the vestibule of the Sanctuary—he will be here anon. In the meantime let us survey this image. What is it? Oh, it is the God Ashimah in proper person. You perceive, however, that he is neither a lamb, nor a goat, nor a Satyr—neither has he much resemblance to the Pan of the Arcadians. Yet all these appearances have been given—I beg pardon—*will be* given by the learned of future ages to the Ashimah of the Syrians. Put on your spectacles, and tell me what it is. What is it?

Bless me, it is an ape!

True—a baboon; but by no means the less a Deity. His name is a derivation of the Greek *Simia*—what great fools are antiquarians! But see!—see!—yonder scampers a ragged little urchin. Where is he going? What is he bawling about? What does he say? Oh!—he says the king is coming in triumph—that he is dressed in state—and that he has just finished putting

to death with his own hand a thousand chained Israelitish prisoners. For this exploit the ragamuffin is lauding him to the skies. Hark!—here come a troop of a similar description. They have made a Latin hymn upon the valor of the king, and are singing it as they go.

Mille, mille, mille,
Mille, mille, mille,
Decollavimus, unus homo!
Mille, mille, mille, mille, decollavimus!
Mille, mille, mille!
Vivat qui mille mille occidit!
Tantum vini habet nemo
Quantum sanguinis effudit!*

which may be thus paraphrased.

A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
We, with one warrior, have slain!
A thousand, a thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
Sing a thousand over again!
Soho!—let us sing
Long life to our king,
Who knocked over a thousand so fine!
Soho!—let us roar,
He has given us more
Red gallons of gore
Than all Syria can furnish of wine!

Do you hear that flourish of trumpets?

Yes—the king is coming! See!—the people are aghast with admiration, and lift up their eyes to the heavens in reverence. He comes—he is coming—there he is!

Who?—where?—the king?—do not behold him—cannot say that I perceive him.

Then you must be blind.

Very possible. Still I see nothing but a tumultuous mob of idiots and madmen, who are busy in prostrating themselves before a gigantic cameleopard, and endeavoring to obtain a kiss of the animal's hoofs. See! the beast has very justly kicked one of the rabble over—and another—and another—and another. Indeed, I cannot help admiring the animal for the excellent use he is making of his feet.

Rabble, indeed!—why these are the noble and free citizens of Epidaphne! Beast, did you say?—take care that you are not overheard. Do you not perceive that the animal has the visage of a man? Why, my dear sir, that cameleopard is no other than Antiochus Epiphanes, Antiochus the Illustrious, King of Syria, and the most potent of the Autocrats of the East! It is true that he is entitled, at times, Antiochus Epimanes, Antiochus the madman—but that is because all people have not the capacity to appreciate his merits. It is also certain that he is at present ensconced in the hide of a beast, and is doing his best to play the part of a cameleopard—but this is done for the better sustaining his dignity as king. Besides, the monarch is of a gigantic stature, and the dress is therefore neither unbecoming nor over large. We may, however, presume he would not have adopted it but for some occasion of especial state. Such you will allow is the massacre of a thousand Jews. With what a superior dignity the monarch perambulates upon all fours. His tail, you

perceive, is held aloft by his two principal concubines, Elline and Argelais; and his whole appearance would be infinitely prepossessing, were it not for the protuberance of his eyes, which will certainly start out of his head, and the queer color of his face, which has become nondescript from the quantity of wine he has swallowed. Let us follow to the Hippodrome, whither he is proceeding, and listen to the song of triumph which he is commencing.

Who is king but Epiphanes?
Say—do you know?
Who is king but Epiphanes?
Bravo—bravo!
There is none but Epiphanes,
No—there is none:
So tear down the temples,
And put out the sun!
Who is king but Epiphanes?
Say—do you know?
Who is king but Epiphanes?
Bravo—bravo!

Well and strenuously sung! The populace are hailing him 'Prince of Poets,' as well as 'Glory of the East,' 'Delight of the Universe,' and 'most remarkable of Cameleopards.' They have *encored* his effusion—and, do you hear?—he is singing it over again. When he arrives at the Hippodrome he will be crowned with the Poetic Wreath in anticipation of his victory at the approaching Olympics.

But, good Jupiter!—what is the matter in the crowd behind us?

Behind us did you say?—oh!—ah!—I perceive. My friend, it is well that you spoke in time. Let us get into a place of safety as soon as possible. Here!—let us conceal ourselves in the arch of this aqueduct, and I will inform you presently of the origin of this commotion. It has turned out as I have been anticipating. The singular appearance of the Cameleopard with the head of a man, has, it seems, given offence to the notions of propriety entertained in general by the wild animals domesticated in the city. A mutiny has been the result, and as is usual upon such occasions, all human efforts will be of no avail in quelling the mob. Several of the Syrians have already been devoured—but the general voice of the four-footed patriots seems to be for eating up the Cameleopard. 'The Prince of Poets,' therefore, is upon his hinder legs, and running for his life. His courtiers have left him in the lurch, and his concubines have let fall his tail. 'Delight of the Universe,' thou art in a sad predicament! 'Glory of the East,' thou art in danger of mastication! Therefore never regard so piteously thy tail—it will undoubtedly be dragged in the mud, and for this there is no help. Look not behind thee then at its unavoidable degradation—but take courage—ply thy legs with vigor—and scud for the Hippodrome! Remember that the beasts are at thy heels! Remember that thou art Antiochus Epiphanes, Antiochus, the Illustrious!—also 'Prince of Poets,' 'Glory of the East,' 'Delight of the Universe,' and 'most remarkable of Cameleopards!' Heavens! what a power of speed thou art displaying! What a capacity for leg-bail thou art developing! Run, Prince! Bravo, Epiphanes! Well done, Cameleopard! Glorious Antiochus! He runs!—he moves!—he flies! Like a shell from a catapult he approaches the Hippodrome! He leaps!—he shrieks!—he is there! This is

*Flavius Vopiscus says that the Hymn which is here introduced, was sung by the rabble upon the occasion of Aurelian, in the Sarmatic war, having slain with his own hand nine hundred and fifty of the enemy.

well—for hadst thou, 'Glory of the East,' been half a second longer in reaching the gates of the Amphitheatre, there is not a bear's cub in Epidaphne who would not have had a nibble at thy carcase. Let us be off—let us take our departure!—for we shall find our delicate modern ears unable to endure the vast uproar which is about to commence in celebration of the king's escape! Listen! it has already commenced. See!—the whole town is topsy-turvy.

Surely this is the most populous city of the East! What a wilderness of people! What a jumble of all ranks and ages! What a multiplicity of sects and nations! What a variety of costumes! What a Babel of languages! What a screaming of beasts! What a tinkling of instruments! What a parcel of philosophers!

Come let us be off!

Stay a moment! I see a vast hubbub in the Hippodrome. What is the meaning of it I beseech you?

That? Oh nothing! The noble and free citizens of Epidaphne being, as they declare, well satisfied of the faith, valor, wisdom, and divinity of their king, and having, moreover, been eye witnesses of his late superhuman agility, do think it no more than their duty to invest his brows (in addition to the Poetic Crown) with the wreath of victory in the foot race—a wreath which it is evident he *must* obtain at the celebration of the next Olympiad.

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Niccan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfum'd sea,
The weary wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the beauty of fair Greece,
And the grandeur of old Rome.

Lo! in that little window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The folded scroll within thy hand—
Ah! Psyche from the regions which
Are Holy land!

E. A. P.

ON THE POETRY OF BURNS.*

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

If we take the different definitions of the term "Poetry," that have been given this beautiful and magical art by the various writers upon its nature and properties, as *each* supported by reason and fact, we shall hardly arrive at any degree of certainty as to its *real* meaning. It has been called "the art of imitation," or

* This paper was written at the request of a literary society of which the author was a member, and the facts are gathered principally from Currie. Some extracts from the poet's own letters, and from an eloquent review of Lockhart's Burns, which appeared a few years since in the Edinburgh Review, are interwoven, and the whole made up as an essay to be "read not printed."

mimickry. Aristotle and Plato characterize it as "the expression of thoughts by fictions;" and there are innumerable other definitions, none of which are more satisfactory to the student than is that of the celebrated "Blair." He says, "it is the language of Passion,—or enlivened Imagination, formed, most commonly, into regular numbers. The primary object of a poet is to *please*, and to *move*; and therefore it is to imagination and the passions that he speaks. He may, and he ought to have it in his view to *instruct* and *reform*; but it is *indirectly*, and by *pleasing*, and *moving*, that he accomplishes this end. His mind is supposed to be animated by some interesting object which fires his imagination or engages his passions: and which, of course, communicates to his style a peculiar elevation, suited to his ideas, very different from that mode of expression which is natural to the mind in its calm, ordinary state." And this definition will allow of being yet more particularly and minutely understood: it is susceptible of being analyzed still farther, and described as "a language, in which fiction and imagination may, with propriety, be indulged beyond the strict limits of truth and reality."

Who is there that has not felt the power of Poetry? For it is not essential that it be embodied in regular and finely wrought periods, and conveyed to the ear in alternate rhyme, and made to harmonize in nicely-toned successions of sounds. Who is there that has not felt its power? It originated with the very nature of man; and is confined to no nation, age, or situation. This is proved by the well-attested fact, that Poetry ever diminishes in strength of thought, boldness of conception, and power of embodying striking images, in proportion as it becomes polished and cultivated. The uncivilized tenant of our forests is, *by nature*, a Poet! Whether he would lead his brethren to the field of warfare, or conclude with the white man a treaty of peace and future amity, still his style evinces the same grand characteristic,—*the spirit of true Poetry*. The barbarous Celt, the benighted Iclander, and the earliest and most unenlightened nations of the world, as described on the page of history, are proofs of the principle we have been considering; and it was not, indeed, until society became settled and civilized, that poetical composition ceased to embrace *every* impulse of which the human soul is susceptible. It was not till *then*, that, in the language of a distinguished writer, "Poetry became a separate art, calculated, chiefly, to *please*; and confined, generally, to such subjects as related to the imagination and the passions." Then was it that there arose, naturally, divisions in the classes or schools of Poetry,—as Lyric, Elegiac, Pastoral, Didactic, Descriptive, and Dramatic. A consideration of *each* of these classes might furnish us with *matériel* for an interesting examination of their individual peculiarities: but time will not permit so wide a range.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in the town of Ayr, in Scotland. His pretensions by birth, were a descent from poor and humble, but honest and intelligent parents; and a title to inherit all their intelligence and virtue, as well as all their poverty. Upon the nature of these pretensions, Burns, in a letter to a friend, dated many years after, takes occasion to say: "I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character, which the pye-coated guardians

of escutcheons call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's Office; and looking through that granary of honors, I there found almost every name in the kingdom: but for me,—

‘My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro’ scoundrels ever since the flood.’”

His father was a native of the north of Scotland, but he was driven by various misfortunes to Edinburgh, and thence still farther south to Ayrshire, where he was first employed as a gardener in one of the families in that vicinity, and afterwards, being desirous of settling in life, took a lease of a little farm of seven acres, on which he reared a clay cottage with his own hands, and soon after married a wife. The first fruit of this union was our poet, whose birth took place two years thereafter. Robert, during his early days, was by no means a favorite with any body. He was remarkable, however, for a retentive memory, and a thoughtful turn of mind. His ear was dull, and his voice harsh and dissonant, and he evinced no musical talent or poetical genius until his fifteenth or sixteenth year. It is pretended by his biographers, (of whom there have been several, and who all agree in this opinion,) that the seeds of Poetry were very early implanted in his mind, and that the recitations and fireside chaunts of an old crone, who was familiar in his father's family, served to cherish their growth, and strengthen their hold upon his memory. This “auld gudewife” is said to have had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning fairies, witches, warlocks, apparitions, giants, dragons, and other agents of romantic fiction. Speaking of these tales and songs, he says, in his later years, “so strong an effect had they upon my imagination, that even to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I am fain to keep a sharp look out in suspicious places; and, though nobody can feel more sceptical than I have ever done in such matters, yet it often requires an effort of Philosophy to shake off these idle terrors.”

When Robert was in his seventh year, his father quitted the birth-place of the poet, and took a lease of a small farm on the estate of Mr. Fergusson, called Mount Oliphant. He had been, for a year or two previous to this event, a pupil of Dr. Murdoch, who is represented as being a very worthy and acute man, and who took much pains with the education of the future poet. In fact, his father had previously taught him arithmetic, and whatever of lore could be gathered from the “big ha’ bible,” as they sat by their solitary candle; and he had been sent, alternately with his brother, a week at a time during a summer's quarter, to a writing master at the parish school at Dalrymple. But Dr. Murdoch, his faithful friend in youth and age, instructed him in English Grammar, and aided him in the acquisition of a little French. After a fortnight's instruction in the latter language, he was able to translate it into English prose, but, farther than this, his new attainment was never of much advantage to him. Indeed, his attempts to speak the language were ridiculously futile at times. On one occasion, when he called in Edinburgh at the house of an accomplished friend, a lady who had been educated in France, he found her conversing with a French lady, to whom he was introduced. The French woman understood English; but Burns must need try his powers. His first sentence

was intended to compliment the lady on her apparent eloquence in conversation; but by mistaking some idiom, he made the lady understand that she was too fond of hearing herself speak. The French woman, highly incensed, replied, that there were more instances of vain poets than of talkative women; and Burns was obliged to use his own language in appeasing her. He attempted the Latin, but his success did not encourage him to persevere. And, in fine, with the addition of a quarter's attendance to Geometry and Surveying, at the age of nineteen, and a few lessons at a country dancing school, I have now mentioned all his opportunities of acquiring a scholastic education. He says of himself, in allusion to his boyish days, “though it cost the schoolmaster many *thrashings*, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs and particles.”

As soon as young Burns had strength to work, he was employed as a laborer upon his father's farm. At twelve he was a good ploughman; a year later he assisted at the threshing-floor; and was his father's main dependance at fifteen, there being no hired laborers, male or female, in the family at the time. In one of his letters, (and it is by extracting copiously from them, that I propose chiefly to narrate his history,) he remarks upon this subject—“I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labor: the only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, were the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little, chicaning bargain-making. The *first* is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the *last* I *always* hated—there was contamination in the very entrance!” And it was this kind of life,—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing toil of a galley-slave, that brought him to his sixteenth year, at about which period he first perpetrated the sin of rhyming. Of this you shall have an account in the author's own language.

“You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom,—*she was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, rigid prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. You medical people—(he was addressing the celebrated Dr. Moore) you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I plucked the cruel nettle-stings and thistles from her little white hand. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel, to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin: but my girl sung a song, which was said to have been composed by a country laird's son upon a neighboring maiden with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as *he*; for, excepting that he could shear sheep and cast peats, (his father living in the moorlands,) he had no more *scholar* craft than myself.”

Thus, with Burns, began Love and Poetry. This, his first effort, is valuable, more from the promise it

gave of his future excellence as a poet, than for any intrinsic merit which it possessed as a performance of so gifted a genius. I have been the more particular in describing the circumstances attending the composition of these, his earliest verses, for the proof they afford of the truth of the general remark, that of all the poetical compositions of Burns, his love-songs, and amatory poetry are far the best. His feelings predominated over his fancy, and whenever the latter is introduced we are forced to deem it an intrusion for the strong contrast it presents with the native and characteristic simplicity of his more natural and heartfelt effusions.

Referring to the predilections which I have said gave a character to so large a portion of his poetical writings, he says,—“My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other: and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favor, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse.” And in another letter he says farther, “Another circumstance in my life which made some alterations in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. Scenes of riot and roaring dissipation were, till now, new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. For all that, I went on with a high hand in my geometry till the sun entered *Virgo*, (a month, which is always a carnival in my bosom,) when a charming fair one, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my duties. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more, but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun’s altitude, there I met my angel,

“Like Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself, a fairer flower.”

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining weeks I staid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her. And the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.”

This brings us to a period, which the poet calls an important era in his life—his twenty-third year; and he explains this in the following naïve and characteristic style. “Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in the neighboring town of Irvine to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair; as we were welcoming in the new year with a carousal, our shop took fire and burnt to ashes, and I was left like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.” About this time the clouds of misfortune thickened around his father’s head, who, indeed, was already far gone in a consumption; and to crown the distresses incident to his situation, a girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, jilted him with peculiar circumstances of mortification.

During his residence at Irvine, our poet was miserably poor and dispirited. His food consisted chiefly of oat meal, and this was sent to him from his father’s family; and so small was, of necessity, his allowance, that he was obliged to borrow often of a neighbor, until

he should again be supplied. He was very melancholy with the idea, that the dreams of future eminence and distinction which his imagination had presented to his mind, were *only* dreams; and to dissipate this melancholy his resource was society with its enjoyments. The incidents to which I have alluded took place some years before the publication of his poems. About this time William Burns removed from Mount Oliphant to Lochlea, and later still, to the parish of Tarbolton, where, as we are informed by a letter from Dr. Murdoch, written in 1799, that “Robert wrote most of his poems.” It was in Tarbolton that Burns established a debating club, which consisted of the poet, his brother Gilbert, and five or six other young peasants of the neighborhood—the laws and regulations for which were furnished by the former. Among these members was David Sillar, to whom the two beautiful poems, entitled “Epistles to Davie, a brother poet,” were addressed. Some of the rules and regulations of this club are so peculiar, and bespeak so forcibly the character of their author, that I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe some of them. The eighth is in the following words:

“Every member shall attend at the meetings, without he can give a proper excuse for not attending. And it is desired, that every one who cannot attend will send his excuse with some other member: and he who shall be absent three meetings without sending such excuse, shall be summoned to the club night, when if he fail to appear, or send an excuse, he shall be excluded.”

And the tenth and last rule is worthy of particular notice, and a part of it of incorporation into the code even of more extensive and more pretending societies: it is as follows:

“Every man proper for a member of this club, must have a frank, honest, open heart—above any thing low or mean, and must be a professed lover of the female sex. No haughty, self-conceited person, who looks upon himself as superior to the rest of the club—and especially no mean spirited, worldly mortal, whose only will is to heap up money, shall, upon any pretence whatever, be admitted. In short, the proper person for this society, is a cheerful, honest-hearted lad—who, if he has a friend that is true, a mistress that is kind, and as much wealth as genteely to make both ends meet, is just as happy as this world can make him.”

But I must, however reluctantly, omit many interesting particulars in the earlier, and more private life of our poet, and hasten to his visit to Edinburgh in the winter of 1786. The celebrated Dugald Stewart, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in a letter to Dr. Currie, alludes to several of Burns’s early poems, and avers, that it was upon *his* showing a volume of them to Henry McKenzie, (the celebrated author of “The Man of Feeling,”) that this gentleman introduced the rustic bard to the notice of the public, in the *xvii* No. of *The Lounger*, which justly famous periodical paper was then in the course of publication, and had long been a favorite work with the young poet.

Depressed by poverty, and chagrined with the contrasts which fate seemed malignantly bent upon opposing to his ambitious aspirations, his only object, at last, had been to accumulate the petty sum of nine guineas, (which he did by the publication of a few of his poems,) and to take passage in the steerage of a ship bound to the West Indies, determined to become a negro driver, or any thing else, so that he could escape the fangs of that merciless pack, the bailiffs; for, said he,

“Hungry ruin had me in the wind.”

He had taken leave of his friends—had despatched his

single chest to the vessel—had written his Farewell Song, which he sang to the beautiful air of "Roslin Castle," and which closes with,

"Adieu, my friends!—Adieu, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!"

when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, elicited by a perusal of the volume to which I have just now alluded, opened for him new prospects to his poetic ambition, by inviting him to Edinburgh. Thither, then, he went—and his reception by all classes, ages and ranks, was as flattering as, in his most sanguine aspirations, he could have desired. Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, Dr. Blair, Dr. Gregory, Professor Stewart, Mr. McKenzie, and many more men of letters were particularly interested in his reception, and in the cultivation of his genius. He became, from his first entrance into Edinburgh, the object of universal attention, and it seemed as if there was no possibility of rewarding his merits too highly. Mr. Lockhart, the latest and most eloquent of the numerous biographers of Burns, has a note, containing an extract from a letter of Sir Walter Scott, and furnished by the latter for his work, which is too interesting to be passed over. It relates to a personal interview of Sir Walter with our poet, during his first visit to Edinburgh.

"As for Burns," writes he, "I may truly say, 'Virgilium vidi tantum.' I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him: but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented." "As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember, which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print, with the ideas suggested to his mind upon reading the story whereof, (written under it) he was moved even to tears. He asked whose the lines were? and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half forgotten poem of Langhorne's. I passed this information to Burns by a friend, and I was rewarded with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure." "His person," continues Sir Walter, "was strong and robust: his manners rustic, not clownish, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments: the eye, alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed, (I say literally *glowed*,) when he spoke with feeling or interest." "I never saw another such eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption."

After making a few more observations with relation to the poet's conversation and manner, the writer I have been quoting concludes his reminiscence as follows:

"This is all I can tell you about Burns. I never saw him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer, dressed in his *best*, to dine with the laird. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I do not know that I can add anything to these recollections of forty years since."

These are extracts, that, one day or other, will be looked upon as curiosities in literature, and will be inestimably precious: at present, I fear me, an apology should follow their introduction, at such length: but I shall only say in the language of another, in excuse for dwelling so long on this incident in the life of Burns, that it forms "the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of modern literature."

But if this, his first winter in Edinburgh, produced a favorable effect upon the future fame of Robert Burns, as a poet, it was also the source of vast unhappiness to him, during his after life. Not only was he admitted to the company of men of letters and virtue, but he was pressed into the society of those, whose social habits, and love of the pleasures of life were their chief attractions. When among his superiors in rank and intelligence, his carriage was decorous and diffident: but among others, his boon companions, he, in his turn, was lord of the ascendant: and thus commenced a career, which, had its outset been a more prudent one, would probably not have closed until a later period, nor without a much greater measure of glory and honor to him, who was thus unfortunately misguided.

During the residence of Burns at Edinburgh, he published a new and enlarged edition of his poems, and was thus enabled to visit other parts of his native country, and some parts of England beside. Having done this, he returned, and during most of the following winter, we find him again in the gay and literary metropolis, much less an object of novelty, and, of course, of general attention and interest, than before. Unable to find employment or occupation of a literary nature, he quitted Edinburgh in the spring of 1788, and took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries: besides advancing 200*l.* for the liberation of his brother Gilbert from some difficulties into which certain agricultural misfortunes had involved him. He was, soon after, united to his "bonnie Jean," the theme of so much of his delightful verse, and employed himself in stocking and cultivating his farm, and rebuilding the dwelling house upon it. There is an anecdote of him in the history furnished by Dr. Currie, the truth of which Mr. Lockhart seems disposed to question: his doubts originate from a consideration of the absurd costume in which the older biographer has seen fit to invest the poet in his narration. As this is the only exception taken to it, and as it is certainly illustrative of Burns's character and manners in other respects, and as it is related, too, upon so good authority, I shall venture to introduce it in this, its proper place, in point of time.

"In the summer of 1791, two English gentlemen, who had before met Burns at Edinburgh, paid a visit to him in Ellisland. On calling at his house, they were informed that he had walked out on the banks of the river; and, dismounting from their horses, they proceeded in search of him. On a rock that projected into the stream, they saw a man employed in angling, of a singular appearance. He had a cap, made of a fox's skin, on his head, a loose great coat fixed round him by a belt, from which depend-

ed an enormous Highland broadsword. It was Burns. He received them with great cordiality, and asked them to share his humble dinner; an invitation which they accepted. On the table they found boiled beef with vegetables and barley-broth, after the manner of Scotland, of which they partook heartily. After dinner, the bard told them ingenuously that he had no wine to offer them—nothing better than Highland whiskey, a bottle of which Mrs. Burns set on the board. He produced, at the same time, his punch-bowl, made of Inverary marble; and mixing the spirit with water and sugar, filled their glasses, and invited them to drink. The travellers were in haste, and besides, the flavor of the whiskey to their *southern* palates was scarcely tolerable: but the generous poet offered them his best, and his ardent hospitality they found it impossible to resist. Burns was in his happiest mood, and the charms of his conversation were altogether fascinating. He ranged over a great variety of topics, illuminating whatever he touched. He related the tales of his infancy and his youth; he recited some of the gayest, and some of the tenderest of his poems: in the wildest of his strains of mirth he threw in some touches of melancholy, and spread around him the electric emotions of his powerful mind. The Highland whiskey improved in its flavor; the bowl was more than once emptied, and as often replenished: the guests of our poet forgot the flight of time and the dictates of prudence; at the hour of midnight they lost their way in returning to Dumfries, and could scarcely distinguish it, when assisted by the morning's dawn."

On his farm at Ellisland, Burns continued some few years; but the novelty of his situation soon wore off, and then returned the irregularities, to which, from his warm imagination, and his love of society, and his independent turn of mind, he was so strongly predisposed. Fearing that his farm alone would be insufficient to procure for him that independence, which he had hoped one day or other to attain, he applied for and obtained the office of exciseman, or as it was vulgarly called *guanger*, for the district in which he lived. About the year 1792, he was solicited to contribute to a collection of Scottish songs, to be published by Mr. Thompson, of Edinburgh. Abandoning his farm, which, from neglect and mismanagement was by no means productive, and receiving from the Board of Excise an appointment to a new district, with a salary of 70*l.* per annum, he removed to a small house in Dumfries, and commenced the fulfilment of his literary engagement with Mr. Thompson. His principal songs were written during this time, and day after day was adding height and durability to the towering and imperishable monument, which will hand down his name and fame to many generations.

But now commences his rapid and melancholy decay, the fast withering consumption of his mental and physical faculties. His had been a short but brilliant course in literature—a short and melancholy one indeed, in other respects. Defeated in his hopes, mortified in the discovery that of the two classes of friends who offered him their society and their example in the outset of his career, he had chosen the least improving and efficient as his guides and counsellors—he fast declined into that common receptacle of dust which covers alike the remains of the gifted and the simple, the prudent and the weak. He was worn with toil and poverty, and disappointed hope.

"Can the laborer rest from his labor too soon?

He had toiled all the morning, and slumbered at noon."

* * * * *

Imprudent in the declaration of his political sentiments, Burns lost the path to preferment in the line of his political duties; easily enticed beyond the sway of his sober and virtuous resolutions, he became broken in

health, and destitute of resources; too proud to beg and too proud to complain, his temper became irritable and gloomy, and at length a fever, attended with delirium and debility, terminated his life in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Leaving a widow, who is still living in the house where he died,* and four sons, of whom three are also at present living. Thus died Robert Burns, "poor, but not in debt, and bequeathing to posterity a name, the fame of which will not soon be eclipsed."

Burns, though he sometimes forgot his homage to the purer and brighter and more enduring orbs of heaven, in chasing the ignis fatuus lights of earth, must ever interest us as a poet and a man. A great many considerations may be properly urged in answer to the too common, and far from just charges upon his moral character. I am of opinion, that his own declaration, made not many months previous to his death, is capable of full and complete support and proof, by a reference to all the circumstances of his life. When accused of disloyalty to his government, he says, in a letter to a distinguished friend—

"In your hands, sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal, and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Be assured—and tell the world, that Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an exciseman from necessity; but—I will say it! the sterling of his honesty, poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit, oppression might bend, but could not subdue!"

I have advanced the opinion that the crisis of Burns's fate was his visit, his *first* visit to Edinburgh. From that event may be dated the complete establishment of his character during his after life; and with those who received him there, and undertook the task of doing what they, in their wisdom, thought expedient for the cultivation of his genius, and for his advancement or settlement in life, must, I think, rest the credit or the blame of much—of almost *all* his future excellence or failure. Burns went into the midst of that gay and literary circle, ready and liable to receive the most striking impressions, as the guides of his opinions and the regulators of his actions. It was another world! It had all the freshness of a new existence in the eyes, and to the mind of the rustic Ayrshire bard. Strong-minded and high-hearted as he was, he could not but look up to his new friends and patrons, as exemplars for his own imitation: and although he was not *visibly* perplexed with the flashings of these new and unaccustomed lights, yet he was, *at heart*, led astray by them. They were like the fabled corpse-fires, which danced merrily before the wildered eyes of the traveller, luring him onward to his doom—a *grave*! He had left the "bonnie banks of Ayr," a *young plant*, shooting luxuriantly up into a tall and rugged, but healthful tree; and it was upon the *new* soil, into which it had been transplanted, that this beautiful exotic received an inclination which was destined to be a final one. And yet I would not throw upon the fame of such men as Stewart, and Blair, and Robertson, and McKenzie, the imputation of design, or even of imprudence, in thus being accessory to the melancholy ruin, which followed the victim's acceptance of their kind, and really benevolent patronage. It is only to be lamented that upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he was not introduced *at once, and alone*, into that circle, which might reasonably have been designated as the only one, in which such a genius and

* Since deceased.

character as Burns's could be duly appreciated and cultivated. But the secret is, he was regarded by them, *not* as a being for their *sympathy*, but a thing for the indulgence of their *curiosity*. In the language of another, "By the great he was treated in the customary fashion; entertained at their tables and dismissed: certain modica of pudding and praise are, from time to time, gladly exchanged for the fascination of his presence; which exchange once effected, the bargain is finished, and each party goes his several way."

Instead of treating with him, as a man, whose genius entitled him to a stand upon their own proud and distinguished level, all uncultivated and unpolished as that genius was—they universally spoke *to* him, and *of* him, as an object of patronage—as something that was to become valuable to the world, only through *their* instrumentality. This feeling, this mode of treatment, are not to be objected to, in themselves considered: their existence was natural, and, rightly conducted, might have been made productive of much good, and lasting happiness to him, who was their subject. But Burns was not the man to rest quietly under the most oppressive burthen that a proud man can ever feel—*Patronage*. And thus his relative situation to his literary friends could not but be viewed by a mind so sensitive as his own, in its true character. And we find (as soon as the novelty of a "ploughman-poet" had worn off—as every fashionable novelty *will* wear off in time,) that our poet began to remember that "a life of pleasure and praise would not support his family," and having experienced a portion of these reverses, which they, who depend on popular favor and flattery, must ever find inseparable therefrom—we see him stocking his little farm, and soon after adding the emoluments of the office of exciseman for the district of Ayr, to his scanty income. And here he might have been

"Content to breathe his native air,
On his own ground,"

but for his kind yet misjudging friends, "the patrons," as they were called, "of his genius." Unfortunately for his future peace, each new arrival at his little home of Ellisland, of those who had known him at Edinborough, furnished proof that his old habits of conviviality were only interrupted, but by no means broken: And it was only by the frequency of these opportunities of good cheer in the society of the gay companions of his city life, that he became inattentive to his agricultural concerns, and that he finally lost the composure and happiness, which were the attendants of his new situation, and with these was lost his inclination to temperate and assiduous exertion.

I would not be understood as denying, in this argument, a previous, perhaps a *natural* tendency in the character of Burns, to undue and intemperate excitement: but the impression upon my own mind is strong, that this bias might have been checked and regulated, and turned to good account by the noble and learned patrons of his genius. Tried by the statutes of strict morality, a man like Burns has many things to plead in his own defence, which those of less mind and dimmer intellect cannot justly claim as their own: and it is in the unwillingness to make this distinction, that the world are, too often, unfair judges in cases of character. A distinguished writer thus elegantly remarks, upon a similar subject.

"The world is habitually unjust in its judgments: It is not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so *easily* measured, but the *ratio* of these to the *whole* diameter, which constitutes the *real* aberration. With the world, this orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system: or it may be a city hippodrome, nay, the circle of a mill-course, its diameter a score of feet or paces—but the inches of *deflection*, *only*, are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the mill-course, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared with them. Here, then, lies the root of the blind, cruel condemnation of such men as Robert Burns, which one never listens to with approval. Granted—the ship comes into harbor with her shrouds and tackle damaged, and is the pilot therefore blame-worthy, because he has not been *all-wise* and *all-powerful*? For us to know *how* blame-worthy he is, tell us how long and how arduous his voyage has been."

But, after all, it is chiefly with Burns as a *poet* that we have to do—it is in *this* light that *posterity* will regard him, and it is into the hands of this tribunal that he must, finally, be resigned. I would that time had allowed me to refer more particularly to the works of this delightful bard, than I have been enabled to do on the present occasion. They began with his earliest, and were continued until his latest years. Scattered along his devious, and often *gloomy* path, they seem like beautiful wild flowers, which he threw there to cheer and animate the passer-by, with their undying bloom and sweet fragrance. "In the changes of language his songs may, no doubt, suffer change—but the associated strain of sentiment and of music will perhaps survive, while the clear stream sweeps down the Vale of Yarrow, or the yellow broom waves on the Cowdenknowes."

I have had occasion, in the course of this essay, to remark, that the *songs* of Burns are, by far, the most finished productions of his muse: and his admirers may safely rest his fame upon them alone, even if his longer and more elaborate poems should fail to secure him the immortality he deserves. The celebrated Fletcher somewhere says, "Give me the making of a people's *songs*, and let who will make their laws!" And Burns has, in the composition of *his* songs, placed himself on an equality with the legislators of the *world*! for where, in the cottage or the palace, are they unsung? Whose blood has not thrilled, and whose lip has not been compressed, as the noble air of "Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" has swelled upon his ear? Who cannot join in the touching and beautiful chorus of his "Auld lang syne?" Who has not laughed over his "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," nor felt the rising tear of sympathetic sadness whilst listening to his "Farewell to Ayr!" and his celebrated "Mary in Heaven?" In all these, and many more, which are familiar as *very* *proverbs* in our mouths, the poet has shown such a versatility, and yet such an entireness of talent—such tenderness and delicacy in his sorrow—yet withal, so pure and delightful a rapture in his mirth; he weeps with so true and feeling a heart, and laughs with such loud, and at the same time such unaffected mirth, that he finds sympathy wherever his harp is strung. The subjects he chose, and the free, natural style in which he treated them, have won him this praise—and it shall endure, the constant and lasting tribute of generation after generation.

But it has been beautifully said, (and who will not agree in the sentiment?) that "in the hearts of men of right feelings, there exists no consciousness of need to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies en-

shrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than one of marble: neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Vaclusa Fountain will also arrest the eye: For this also is of nature's own and most cunning workmanship, and bursts from the depths of the earth with a full, gushing current, into the light of day. And often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines."

For Heaven, sweet bard! on thee bestowed
A boon, beyond all name:
And, bounteous, lighted up thy soul
With its own native flame.

Soft may thy gentle spirit rest,
Sweet poet of the plain!
Light lay the green turf on thy breast,
Till it's illum'd again!

CHANGE.

If by my childhood's humble home
I chance to wander now,
Or through the grove with brambles grown,
Where cedars used to bow,
In search of something that I loved—
Some little trifling thing
To mind me of my early days,
When life was in its spring,—
I find on every thing I see
A something new and strange;
Time's iron hand on them and me
Hath plainly written—*Change*.

My pulse beats slower than it did
When childhood's glow was on
My cheek, and colder, calmer now
Doth life's red current run.

The stars I gaz'd with rapture on,
When youthful hopes were high,
With sterner years have seem'd to change
Their places in the sky.

And moonlit nights are plenty now—
How few they used to be!
When, with my little urchin crew,
I shouted o'er the lea.

I've sought the places where we play'd
Our boyish "*hide and call*;"
Alas! the tyrant Change has made
A common stock of all—
And bartered for a place of graves
That lea and all its bloom:
O, how upon the walls I wept,
To think of Change and Doom!

The lovely lawn where roses grew,
Is strewn with gravestones o'er;
And half my little playmate crew
Have slept to wake no more

Till Change itself shall cease to be,
And one successive scene
Of steadfastness immutable
Remain where Change hath been.

It may sometimes make old men glad
To see the young at play;
But always doth my soul grow sad
When thoughts of their decay
Come rushing with the memories
Of what my own hopes were—
When Hudson's waters and my youth
Did mutual friendship share.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS.

[Their importance as connected with Literary Institutions.*]

The proper connection of physical, moral, and intellectual culture, in a course of education, is a subject which, judging from the defective systems that have almost universally prevailed, has hitherto been but imperfectly understood, and whose importance has been but superficially estimated. Man is a being possessed of a compound nature, which consists of body, mind and spirit. In other words, he has animal, intellectual, and moral powers. He is destined for existence and action in two worlds—in this, and in that *which is to come*. He is formed for an earthly, and an immortal state. Any system of education, therefore, which restricts attention to either of these constituent portions of his nature, is necessarily and essentially defective. It is the cultivation which assigns to each its appropriate share, that constitutes the perfection of education. But few appear to admit, at least *practically*, the importance of improving the mind to any great extent by the aids which Literature and Science bestow. Fewer still are in favor of making religious instruction a distinct and indispensable part of their plan. Yet smaller is the number of those who would allow any suitable prominence to be given to the cultivation of the physical powers: and probably by far the most diminutive of all is the proportion of those who would contend for a just and equable combination in the improvement of *the whole man*, body, mind, and spirit.

The monitory experience of past ages, which, if duly heeded, might prevent a recurrence of serious disasters that have befallen other generations, is overlooked or disregarded, as the devotees of a worldly pleasure discredit the assurance of the sage, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit," and each in its turn, and for itself, must try the experiment which wisdom had beforehand decided to be folly. Vanity seeks the preferment arising from novel discoveries; and inflated with an apprehension of superior knowledge, disdains to receive the instructions of former ages, and in spite of experience, gives an unrestrained indulgence to wild and hurtful extravagances. Enough has long since been disclosed in the history of mankind, if they were sufficiently docile and apt, to have demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all, that on the early and assiduous incul-

* This Address was delivered by the Rev. E. F. Stanton, before the "Literary Institute" of Hampden Sidney College, at its annual commencement in September last, and is now published, for the first time, at the request of the Institute.

cation of *religious principle*, depend the temporal, to say nothing of the eternal welfare of individuals, and the peace and prosperity of nations. The world, by this time, ought to have known, even if Revelation had not proclaimed it, that *righteousness*, by which I mean *religion*, is the stability and safeguard of nations—that it cannot be dispensed with—that no substitute can be made for it—and that no government can be prosperous or lasting without it. Devoid of religious principle, the educated are but madmen; and the more extensive and brilliant their talents, whether natural or acquired, the more completely are they accounted for the work of mischief. Within the recollection of the present generation, South America, and Greece, and France, where Romish corruptions and infidel perfidy have obtained the ascendancy, and rooted out a pure Christianity, have alternately struggled for the establishment of freedom. Our own nation, so deeply enamored of the “fair goddess,” have looked on with an intensity of interest that bordered on inebriation, and have hailed them as brethren of the *republican fraternity*. But how soon have our hopes been disappointed, and our exultation proved to be premature. The despotism which has been thrown off, has been speedily succeeded by another which was scarcely less odious and intolerable. Their temple of freedom was not reared on the *rock of religious principle*, but on the *sand*. The tempest of ungoverned passions, which righteousness only has the power to allay, *beat vehemently upon it, and it fell*; and great has been the fall of it. Better that a population deficient in virtue, (the virtue which a pure religion only can impart,) be also deficient in knowledge. There is no regenerating or transforming influence in literature and science. The reverse of this, however, is the practical creed of most politicians. Religion with them, if not an odious and obsolete affair, is regarded as of secondary or inconsiderable importance; and all the attention which, in their estimation, it deserves, is to leave it for a spontaneous development. But the issue of such an experiment is sure to result in an absence of the fear of God, and an exuberant growth of noxious and destructive passions. If no plan can be devised, which in its operation shall secure an inseparable connection between literature and religion in our American academies and colleges, their demolition were devoutly to be desired, and our youth might better be reared in ignorance and barbarism.

These observations are made in passing, to anticipate an impression which might arise in the minds of some who may accompany us in the sequel of this discussion, that we are for giving to the *physical* an importance over every other department of education. So far from admitting that this is the position which we intend to assume, we would here be distinctly understood to allow, if you please, that it is the least important of all, and sinks as far in comparison with the cultivation of the mind and the heart, as the body is inferior to the soul, or as the interests of time are transcended by those of eternity. But the body, though comparatively insignificant, is still deserving of special regard. The corporeal is a part of the nature which the infinite Creator has bestowed on us—a piece of mechanism “curiously wrought,” and “fearfully and wonderfully made.” The body is the casement of the mind—the tenement in which the soul resides—the “outer” in which dwells

the “inner man.” With the nature of this union we are mostly unacquainted. We know, however, that it is close, and that the influences which body and mind exert on each other are reciprocal and powerful.

A gentleman of our own country, who has been at great pains to investigate this subject himself, and to collect the opinions of others on it, has embodied in a pamphlet, which has been published, a mass of information of the most valuable kind; but the production to which I refer has been only partially circulated in this region, and therefore has probably attracted less notice here than almost any where else in the Union. And since I have ample evidence to believe that his observations, and those of others which accompany them, are better suited to subserve the purpose which I have in view, than any of my own which I might hope to offer, I shall indulge myself on this occasion in the liberty of making somewhat copious extracts from his labors.

The individual to whom I allude, was appointed the General Agent of “the Society for promoting Manual Labor in Literary Institutions,” which was formed in the city of New York in July of 1831, “under the conviction,” as their committee remark, “that a reform in our seminaries of learning was greatly needed, both for the preservation of health, and for giving energy to the character by habits of useful and vigorous exercise.” Shortly after entering upon the prosecution of his object, in an extensive tour of observation in the northern and western states, the journey of the agent,* as his employers relate, was interrupted by serious accidents which befel him, one of which (and we notice the narrative as an apt and striking illustration of the excellency of that system of training to which he had been accustomed, and which it was the design of his agency to recommend,) was the carrying away of the stage in Alum Creek, near Columbus, in the state of Ohio. “The creek,” as they inform us, “being swollen by the great flood, in crossing, at midnight, the swiftness of the current forced the whole down the stream, till the stage-wagon came to pieces, and the Agent was thrown directly among the horses. After being repeatedly struck down by their struggles, he became entangled in the harness, and hurried with them along the current. At length, released from this peril, he reached the shore, and grasped a root in the bank; but it broke, and again the stream bore him on to the middle of the channel. At length he espied a tree which had fallen so that its top lay in the water, and by the most desperate efforts, all encumbered as he was with his travelling garments, he succeeded in reaching a branch; but his benumbed hands refused their grasp, and slipped, and then he was swept among some bushes in an eddy, where his feet rested on the ground. Here in the dead of night, in the forest, ignorant whether there was a house or a human being within many miles, bruised and chilled in the wintry stream, he seems calmly to have made up his mind to die, sustained by the hopes of the religion which he professed. But Providence had determined otherwise, and reserved him for farther usefulness. His cries were heard by a kind hearted woman on the opposite side of the stream, who wakened her husband; and, after a few days detention, he pro-

*Mr. Weld.

ceeded on his journey. From the accounts (the committee continue,) which are already before the public, it seems plain that *nothing but a constitution invigorated by manual labor*, and a soul sustained by the grace of God, could have survived the hardships of that night."

There are probably but few who will dissent from this decision; and we will add, that in our opinion, a preservation so extraordinary, exclusive of a Providential interposition which some will think they discern in it, affords an argument for manual labor schools, or physical education, more pointed, and perhaps conclusive, than all which this indefatigable agent has said himself, or gleaned from the testimony of others, although this composes an amount of evidence of the most convincing kind.

In the report alluded to, the Agent himself observes that "God has revealed his will to man upon the subject of education. It is written in the language of nature, and can be understood without a commentary. This revelation consists in the universal consciousness of those influences which body and mind exert upon each other—influences innumerable, incessant, and all-controlling; the body continually modifying the state of the mind, and the mind ever varying the condition of the body.

"Every man who has marked the reciprocal action of body and mind, surely need not be told that mental and physical training should go together. Even the slightest change in the condition of the body often produces an effect upon the mind so sudden and universal, as to seem almost miraculous. The body is the mind's palace; but darken its windows, and it is a prison. It is the mind's instrument; sharpened, it cuts keenly—blunted, it can only bruise and disfigure. It is the mind's reflector; if bright, it flashes day—if dull, it diffuses twilight. It is the mind's servant; if robust, it moves with swift pace upon its errands—if a cripple, it hobbles on crutches. We attach infinite value to the mind, and justly; but in this world, it is good for nothing without the body. Can a man think without the brain?—can he feel without nerves?—can he move without muscles? The ancients were right in the supposition that an unsound body is incompatible with a sound mind. [They looked only for the *mens sana in corpore sano*.] He who attempts mental effort during a fit of indigestion, will cease to wonder that Plato located the soul in the stomach. A few drops of water upon the face, or a feather burnt under the nostril of one in a swoon, awakens the mind from its deep sleep of unconsciousness. A slight impression made upon a nerve often breaks the chain of thought, and the mind tosses in tumult. Let a peculiar vibration quiver upon the nerve of hearing, and a tide of wild emotion rushes over the soul. The man who can think with a gnat in his eye, or reason while the nerve of a tooth is twinging, or when his stomach is nauseated, or when his lungs are oppressed and laboring; he who can give wing to his imagination when shivering with cold, or fainting with heat, or worn down with toil, can claim exemption from the common lot of humanity.

"In different periods of life, the mind waxes and wanes with the body; in youth, cheerful, full of daring, quick to see, and keen to feel; in old age, desponding, timid, perception dim, and emotion languid. When the blood circulates with unusual energy, the coward rises into a

hero; when it creeps feebly, the hero sinks into a coward. The effects produced by the different states of the mind upon the body, are equally sudden and powerful. Plato used to say that all the diseases of the body proceed from the soul. [With more of propriety, we think, it may be said, that at least three-fourths of the diseases that afflict humanity, arise from an injudicious treatment of the body. But be this as it may, the fact is too obvious to be disputed, that the mind acts powerfully upon the animal frame.] The expression of the countenance is *mind visible*. *Bad news* weaken the action of the heart, oppress the lungs, destroy appetite, stop digestion, and partially suspend all the functions of the animal system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Elean games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous, on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, and occupying the chair of state. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Pinckney, Emmet, and Webster are recent instances of individuals who have died either in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that had produced it had suddenly subsided. Indeed, the experience of every day demonstrates that the body and mind are endowed with such mutual susceptibilities, that each is alive to the slightest influence of the other. What is the common-sense inference from this fact? Manifestly this—that the body and the mind *should be educated together*.

"The states of the body are infinitely various. All these different states differently affect the mind. They are causes, and their effects have all the variety which mark the causes that produce them. If then different conditions of the body differently affect the mind, some electrifying, and others paralyzing its energies, what duty can be plainer than to *preserve the body in that condition which will most favorably affect the mind*? If the Maker of both was infinitely wise, then the highest *permanent* perfection of the mind can be found only in connection with the most healthful state of the body. Has infinite wisdom established laws by which the best condition of the mind is *permanently* connected with any other than the best condition of the body? When all the bodily functions are perfectly performed, the mind must be in a better state than when these functions are imperfectly performed. And now I ask, is not that system of education fundamentally defective, which makes no provision for putting the body in its best condition, and for keeping it in that condition? A system which expends its energies upon the mind alone, and surrenders the body either to the irregular promptings of perverted instinct, or to the hap-hazard impulses of chance or necessity? A system which aims solely at the development of mind, and yet overlooks those very principles which are indispensable to produce that development, and transgresses those very laws which constitute the only ground-work of rational education? Such a system sunders what God has joined together, and impeaches the wisdom which pronounced that union good. It destroys the symmetry of human proportion, and makes man a monster. It reverses the

order of the constitution; commits outrage upon its principles; breaks up its reciprocities; makes war alike upon physical health and intellectual energy, dividing man against himself; arming body and mind in mutual hostility, and prolonging the conflict until each falls a prey to the other, and both surrender to ruin.

"The system of education which is generally pursued in the United States, is unphilosophical in its elementary principles; ill adapted to the condition of man; practically mocks his necessities, and is intrinsically absurd. The high excellences of the system in other respects are readily admitted and fully appreciated. Modern education has indeed achieved wonders. But what has been done meanwhile for the body? [Nothing—comparatively nothing.] The prevailing neglect of the body in the present system of education, is a defect for which no excellence can atone. Nor is this a recent discovery. Two centuries ago Milton wrote a pamphlet upon this subject, in which he eloquently urged the connection of physical with mental education in literary institutions. Locke inveighs against it in no measured terms. Since that time, Jahn, Ackerman, Salzman, and Franck, in Germany; Tissot, Rousseau, and Londe, in France; and Fellenberg, in Switzerland, have all written largely upon the subject."

In addition to what this individual has himself said, he has exhibited in the pamphlet referred to, an amount of testimony derived from a number of the most distinguished literary men in our country, to the imperfections of the existing system of education which is truly overwhelming, and enough, we should think, could it be universally disseminated, to arouse and restore to reason the whole civilized world. Indeed, we indulge the hope that it has planted the seeds of a revolution in our literary institutions; and our only surprise is, that it should advance with no greater celerity. The following important positions, however, in regard to the subject, may now be considered as established. Constant habits of exercise are indispensable to a healthful state of the body. A healthful state of body is essential to a vigorous and active state of mind. The habit of exercise should commence with the ability to take it, and should be continued with that ability through life. Of the different kinds of exercise, as a general rule, agricultural, being the most natural, and to which the human constitution is best adapted, is the most unobjectionable; *mechanical* is the next; and walking and riding are the employments which follow in the rear. The exercise most profitable, for the most part will be that which is most useful. The neglect of exercise, with sedentary men, has occasioned fearful havoc of health and life; and the wilful neglect of it, with those who have had an opportunity to be enlightened with respect to its necessity and value, is a species of suicide, and, therefore, an *immorality*. The connection of *manual labor establishments with literary institutions*, has been found to be greatly conducive to health and morals, as also to proficiency in the various departments of human learning; and as far as experience has gone, the promise which they give of success is all that their most sanguine projectors had anticipated.

On the subject of *manual labor schools*, a deep interest has within a few years been excited in various parts of the Union. Like all other enterprises which aim at the accomplishment of extensive good, it has met with

opposition and discouragements; but originating in the principles of true wisdom, and supported by arguments and facts which none can gainsay or resist, its ultimate triumph may safely be predicted, and confidently anticipated.

Whether the system of physical education shall receive the countenance, or is suited to the peculiar circumstances of the southern country, may with some be made a question; but we are ready to hazard the assertion, that whatever obstacles of a peculiar nature may here lie in the way of reducing it to practice, if properly considered, they must be seen to be in truth the most powerful inducements that can be urged for its adoption.

The country in which physical education cannot prevail, in the onward march of improvements for which the present age is distinguished, must necessarily be destined to be outstripped in the pursuit of those objects which constitute the felicity and the glory of a people. That this country is to fall behind, and to be contented to remain there, is to suppose an event too disreputable for tolerance, and too much opposed to a laudable spirit of emulation to be cheerfully acquiesced in. The south needs men of vigorous constitutions for professional avocations and other purposes, as well as the rest of the world, and if she has them, must obtain them by the same process. Trained on a different plan, her sons, in comparison with others, will be effeminate and inefficient. Many of them, as has happened with others in past times, would become the prey of incurable disease, or fall the victims of an untimely grave. According to the most accurate investigations that have been made, at least *one-fourth* of the individuals who, for several years past, have been educated in our American colleges, have been completely prostrated in their course, or have survived only to drag out an existence rendered burdensome to themselves and unprofitable to others. The voice of warning on this topic, while mournful and alarming, is as "*the voice of many waters*."

Distinguished intellectual excellence depends, we believe, to a greater extent than almost any have imagined, on a robust frame of the body; and in farther corroboration of the views that have already been expressed on this subject, I would request the privilege of subjoining a few passages of striking originality, from the pen of the powerful and popular author of the essay "*On Decision of Character*."

"As a previous observation," he remarks, "it is beyond all doubt that very much of the principles that appear to produce, or to constitute this commanding distinction, (of decision of character) depends on the constitution of the body. It is for physiologists to explain the *manner* in which corporeal organization affects the mind; I only assert the fact, that there is in the material construction of some persons, much more than of others, some quality which augments, if it does not create, both the stability of their resolution, and the energy of their active tendencies. There is something that, like the ligatures which one class of Olympic combatants bound on their hands and wrists, braces round, if I may so describe it, and compresses the powers of the mind, giving them a steady and forcible spring and reaction, which they would presently lose, if they could be transferred into a constitution of soft, yielding, treacherous debility. The action of strong

character seems to demand something firm in its corporeal basis, as massive engines require for their weight and for their working, to be fixed on a solid foundation. Accordingly I believe it would be found, that a majority of the persons most remarkable for decisive character, have possessed great constitutional firmness. I do not mean an exemption from disease and pain, nor any certain measure of mechanical strength, but a tone of vigor, the opposite to lassitude, and adapted to great exertion and endurance. This is clearly evinced in respect to many of them, by the prodigious labors and deprivations which they have borne in prosecuting their designs. The physical nature has seemed a proud ally of the moral one, and with a hardness that would never shrink, has sustained the energy that could never remit.

"A view of the disparities between the different races of animals inferior to man, will show the effect of organization on disposition. Compare, for instance, a lion with the common beasts of our fields, many of them composed of a larger bulk of animated substance. What a vast superiority of courage, impetuous movement, and determined action; and we attribute this difference to some great dissimilarity of modification in the composition of the animated material. Now it is probable that some difference, partly analogous, subsists between human bodies, and that this is no small part of the cause of the striking inequalities in respect of decisive character. A very decisive man has probably more of the physical quality of a lion in his composition than other men.

"It is observable that women in general have less inflexibility of character than men; and though many moral influences contribute to this difference, the principal cause is, probably, something less firm in the corporeal texture. Now, one may have in his constitution a firmness of texture, exceeding that of other men, in a much greater degree than that by which men in general exceed women.

"If there have been found some resolute spirits powerfully asserting themselves in feeble vehicles, it is so much the better; since this would authorize a hope, that if all other grand requisites can be combined, they may form a strong character, in spite of the counteraction of an unadapted constitution. And on the other hand, no constitutional hardness will form the true character without those grand principles; though it may produce that false and contemptible kind of decision which we term *obstinacy*; a mere stubbornness of temper, which can assign no reason but its will, for a constancy which acts in the nature of dead weight rather than of strength; resembling less the reaction of a powerful spring than the gravitation of a big stone."

In opposition to the system of education which we would defend, a voice of objection has been raised, to which it may not be improper to pay a passing regard.

It has been preferred as an objection to manual labor schools, which we shall assume, are, on the whole, the most unexceptionably expedient that has been proposed for connecting exercise with a course of literary training,* that *youth who have been unaccustomed to manual labor, and who have been permitted to indulge in idleness and sportive amusements for the purpose of recreation, will feel an insuperable aversion to the toils and restraints which*

such a revolution in their habits, as the one contemplated will impose on them.

The process of *taming*, though quite essential to the unruly, to "flesh and blood" is never "joyous, but rather grievous." The objection started is something like that which the celebrated Rush, in some of his original effusions, has observed is met with in the case of certain morbid patients, whose *weak stomachs refuse milk as a diet*. The food itself, in the judgment of the acute physician, is of the most simple, inoffensive, and invigorating character; and *the fact that it is rejected is the proof that it is needed*. The intemperate can ill brook the privation of *alcohol*; the epicure and debauché will not relinquish with good will the gratification of inordinate appetites; nor will the *slothful, who turns himself in his bed as the door on the hinges*, give up with cheerfulness the *luxury of laziness*. But the true and proper question for determination is, would it not be doing to loungers and profligates themselves, as well as to others, a kindness, to put them upon a course of *regimen*, (provided it can be done without too great an exertion of violence,) which should bring them back to nature, and constrain them to a just and proper observance of the salutary laws of industry, sobriety, and temperance? With such an authority we think that the parents and guardians of youth every where should be invested; and those who should manifest a spirit of insubordination against its exercise, if that spirit could not be quelled by a temperate yet firm resistance, would exhibit the proof of a temper that ought to be regarded in a young man as a *positive disqualification for receiving an education*.

In our apprehension it is by no means among the most trivial considerations that recommend the manual labor feature in a system of education, that it furnishes an admirable *test* by which to try the spirit of a pupil, as well as a choice expedient to invigorate his health and inure him to habits of diligence and sobriety. A young man whose aversion to a manual labor school is so strong that it cannot be overcome, when the subject has been fairly presented to his mind, it may safely be taken for granted, is not worth educating. The community would lose nothing by the operation of a system which should exclude him from the ranks of its *literati*. Especially would the test in question operate favorably in the education of the *beneficiaries* of the church, whom she is at present somewhat extensively engaged in patronizing and preparing for her future ministry. Great as we conceive it, and great as the history of past ages has proved it to be, is the hazard which the church runs of rearing an impure priesthood, by proposing the *gratuitous education* of all the professedly "indigent and pious" who will apply for her bounty. The temptation to insincerity which is thus held out is too powerful to be resisted by depraved human nature. The church for safety in this respect must raise munitions and throw up her ramparts, to guard against the admission of unhallowed intruders. And what better defence, we would ask, could the ingenuity of man have devised for the prevention of the evils adverted to, than that *the entire amount of contributions which are made for the education of candidates for the ministry, should flow to them exclusively through the manual labor channel*? An inspired Apostle has said, that *if any man will not work, neither shall he eat*: and in perfect accordance, as we think,

* Gymnastic exercises are both dangerous and frivolous.

with the spirit of this declaration, we would unhesitatingly affirm, that if any man, who has the ministry in view, when the opportunity is fully presented, will not enter a manual labor school, *and labor, working with his own hands*, for at least a part of his support, *neither should he eat the bread of the church*, nor be fostered by her charities to minister at her altars.

To say that students for their recreation need something more amusing and sportive than the useful and sober exercises of agricultural and mechanical employment, is to say that the propensity of young men to levity and frivolity is so powerful that it cannot be, and ought not to be, controlled; that to aim to instil into them the habits and sentiments of gravity and sobriety is an unnatural and impracticable undertaking; and that it is more advisable to treat them as *merry Andrews* than as possessing the dignity of rational, immortal and accountable creatures.

Let a system of education make provision for nothing but what is elevated and useful, and still space enough will be left for all the frivolity and sporting which any can deem to be absolutely essential. These things will take care of themselves, and will inevitably come in, on any plan that may be adopted, to secure all the advantages which they are capable of affording.

Another objection which has been preferred to manual labor schools is, *that they contribute but little or nothing to the support of the student.*

The truth on this subject, as could be satisfactorily shown is, that, as might naturally be expected, manual labor schools, being a novel experiment in this country, have had to struggle, as do all similar enterprises of benevolence at the outset, with formidable obstacles; and in some instances, through injudiciousness in their location, or mismanagement in their arrangements, have either been abandoned, or have failed to fulfil the expectations of their projectors. Mercantile and other adventurers often fail in their plans. At the same time it is undeniable, that some institutions of this sort have succeeded beyond all previous calculations, and the students that composed them have not only enjoyed better health than others, and made more rapid advances in knowledge, but a portion of them have, by the avails of their labors, defrayed *the whole* of their expenses; a few have done *more*; and a majority have diminished them about *one-half*. Manual labor establishments, therefore, will do *something* (we ought not to expect them to do *every thing*,) towards *cheapening* education, even in the infancy of their existence; and the thought can hardly fail to be cheering to American republicans and patriots, that in the full tide of successful operation which we believe will attend their maturer age, "full many a flower" which but for them would be "born to bloom and blush unseen," will shed its "sweetness on" Columbia's "air."

But admit for a moment that manual labor schools are an utter failure as regards *the pecuniary advantages which they afford*. Admit, if you please, that the manual labor feature is an expensive part of education, and that to comply with it an education will cost more than on any other plan. The argument for their utility remains alike unanswered and unshaken. Is not the education thus obtained a more perfect one? Is it not immensely more valuable? Are health, morals, useful habits, vigorous intellects, and life, worth nothing? Is money ex-

pendent for the improvement and preservation of these thrown away?

If manual labor schools increased the expenses of education *fourfold*, they would still deserve the warm patronage of the public, and all who have the ability should send their sons to them to be educated, in preference to any other institutions, even should they have as many of them as the Patriarch, or be endowed with the riches of Cræsus.

It is an ill-judged economy which saves money at the sacrifice of life, health, and morals. Let this subject be *understood* by an intelligent and Christian community, and manual labor schools will not be left to languish and die without endowments, while on other institutions of less substantial claims, they are lavished with a princely munificence.

In this place, it may not be amiss to attend for a short time, to the testimony of some of the pupils and superintendants of manual labor schools, who have detailed the results of their observation and experience, and which is strong and decided in their favor.

In one instance the pupils say, that "believing the results of experiment weightier than theory, we beg leave respectfully to express those convictions respecting the plan of our institution, which have been created solely by our own experience in its details. 1. We are convinced that the general plan is practicable. 2. That the amount of labor required (three hours per day) does not exceed the actual demands of the human system. 3. That this amount of labor does not retard the progress of the student, but by preserving and augmenting his physical energies, does eventually facilitate it. 4. That the legitimate effect of such a system upon body and mind, is calculated to make men hardy, enterprising and independent; and to wake up within them a spirit perseveringly to do, and endure, and dare. 5. Though the experiment at every step of its progress has been seriously embarrassed with difficulties, neither few in number nor inconsiderable in magnitude, as those know full well who have experienced them, yet it has held on its way till the entire practicability of the plan stands embodied in actual demonstration. In conclusion, (they add,) we deem it a privilege, while tendering this testimony of our experience, to enter upon the record our unwavering conviction, that the principle which has been settled by this experiment involves in its practical developments an immense amount of good to our world; it is demanded by the exigences of this age of action, when ardor is breathing for higher attempt, and energy wakes to mightier accomplishment."

On a subsequent occasion another set of pupils belonging to the same institution, express their convictions in a similar tone of approbation.

"The influence of the system," they say, "on health, is decidedly beneficial, as all of us can testify who have pursued it for any length of time. We can pursue our studies not only without injury, but with essential advantage. Not only is our bodily power increased instead of being diminished on this plan, but the powers of the mind are augmented, while moral sensibility is not blunted by hours of idleness and dissipation. We suffer no loss of time, as no more is spent in labor than is usually spent by students in recreation; and we are taught to improve every hour. Our opinion is, that intellectual progress is accelerated rather than retarded

by this system. In its success, we are convinced, is deeply involved the prosperity of education, and the great work of evangelizing the world."

The students of Cumberland College in the State of Kentucky, say, "we beg leave to state the results of our own experience. Having been for a considerable time, members of a manual labor institution, we have had an exhibition of its principles and efficacy continually before us; and we are convinced that labor, for two hours or more each day, is essential to the health of all close students, and equally necessary for the development of the mind."

The young men in the theological institution at Hamilton, in the State of New York, say, "we feel the fullest conviction that every student who neglects systematic exercise, is effecting the ruin of his physical and moral powers. Nor is the influence of this unpardonable neglect less perceptible or deleterious, as it regards his moral feelings. Without it, however pure his motives, or ardent his desire to do good, we have but faint hopes of his success. Such habits as he would inevitably form, we believe, would ruin all the nobler energies of his nature. We think three hours appropriate exercise each day will not eventually retard progress in study. We must say, from five or six years experience in the institution, we have not learned that any close student has ever completed an entire course of study without serious detriment to health. We hope, however, our present system of exercise will soon enable us to exhibit a different statement. In the preservation and improvement of health, we have found an unspeakable benefit arising from systematic exercise. Without it, we deem it impossible for the close student to preserve his health."

The superintendants of a kindred institution, in a document which they have laid before the public, declare, that they "have great satisfaction in being able to state that a strong conviction pervades the minds of the *young men* generally, as well as their own, that laborious exercise for three hours per day does not occupy more time than is necessary for the highest corporeal and mental energy; that so far from retarding literary progress, it greatly accelerates it; that instead of finding labor to encroach upon their regular hours of study, they find themselves able, with a vigorous mind, to devote from eight to ten hours per day to intellectual pursuits; that under the influence of this system, mental lassitude is seldom if ever known; that good health and a good constitution are rarely if ever injured; that constitutions rendered delicate, and prostrated by hard study without exercise, have been built up and established; that this system with temperance is a sovereign antidote against dyspepsia and hypochondria, with all their innumerable and indescribable woes; that it annihilates the dread of future toil, self-denial, and dependence; secures to them the practical knowledge and benefits of agricultural and mechanical employments; gives them familiar access to, and important influence over that great class of business men, of which the world is principally composed; equalizes and extends the advantages of education; and lays deep and broad the foundations of republicanism; promotes the advancement of consistent piety, by connecting *diligence in business* with *fergency of spirit*, and will bless the church with such increasing numbers

of ministers of such spirit and physical energy, as will fit them to *endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ*.

We are every day more and more impressed with the importance and practicability of the manual labor system, as the only one by which the increasing hundreds and thousands of the pious and talented sons of the church can be raised up with the enterprise, and activity, and power of endurance, which are indispensable for the conversion of the world to God.

To these statements the individual who has collected them, adds his own testimony in the following language: "I have been for three years and a half a member of a manual labor school. The whole number of my fellow students during that period was about two hundred. I was personally acquainted with every individual, and merely "speak what I know," and "testify what I have seen," when I state that every *student* who acquired a reputation for sound scholarship during this time, was a *fast friend* of the manual labor system. The most intelligent, without a single exception, were not only thoroughly convinced of the importance of the system, but *they loved it with all their hearts*. They counted it a privilege and a delight to give their testimony in its favor, and they *did it* in good earnest. Their approval of the system rose into an intelligent and abiding passion; and it is no marvel that it was so; for they had within them a permanent, living consciousness of its benefits and blessings. They felt it in their *bodies*, knitting their muscles into firmness, compacting their limbs, consolidating their frame work, and thrilling with fresh life the very marrow of their bones. They felt it in their *minds*, giving tenacity to memory, stability to judgment, acuteness to discrimination, multiform analogy to the suggestive faculty, and daylight to perception. They felt it in their *hearts*, renovating every susceptibility, and swelling the tide of emotion. It is true, with a few, a very few of the students, the system was unpopular, and so were languages and mathematics, philosophy and rhetoric, and every thing else in the daily routine, *save the bed and the dinner table*. Such students were snails in the field, drones in the workshop, dumb in debate, pigmies in the recitation room, and cyphers at the black board.

"In every manual labor school which I visited in my tour," he continues, "it was the invariable testimony of trustees and teachers, that the talent, the scholarship, the manliness, the high promise of all such institutions, were found among the pupils who gave the manual labor system their hearty approval; whereas if there were among the students brainless coxcombs, sighing sentimentalists, languishing effemines, and other nameless things of equivocal gender; to prostitute *their* delicate persons to the vile outrage of manual labor, was indeed a *sore affliction*!"

We shall close these selections by adding to them the testimony of an individual* of distinguished literary attainments, whose advantages for obtaining correct information on this topic, as well as many others, have been of the most favorable kind.

"The God of nature," he observes, "has designed the body for action; and all efforts to counteract this design, end of course in disappointment, sooner or later. The same God has designed that men should *cultivate*

* Professor Stuart.

their minds; and I never can believe that this is deleterious in itself; it is so only when we neglect what he has bidden us to observe, i. e. daily discipline and effort to preserve health.

"Students want vacations, journeys, remission from employment, &c. &c. and this at a great expense of time and money. Why? Because they will not be faithful, *every day*, to watch over their health, and to use all the requisite means for its preservation. Why should the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the physician, the lawyer, support a never ceasing round of employment, and the student not? Is there any curse laid by heaven upon study? No; it is inaction—laziness—that makes all the mischief, and occasions all the expense. This is my full persuasion from thirty years experience, and somewhat extensive observation."

To these selections others of similar interest and importance might be added from the *Report* from which they have been derived, particularly the numerous and harmonious opinions of literary men, *on the necessity and utility of regular systematic exercise to the student*; but our time forbids the indulgence, and the maxim of *Festina ad finem* admonishes us to cut short this address.

From the view that has been taken, we perceive then, with a clearness which cannot be mistaken, that the manual labor system of education is applauded by "a cloud of witnesses," and commended to our patronage and attention by arguments and facts innumerable, palpable, and unanswerable. Will the inquiry be misplaced, when we ask, Shall it *here*, (on this consecrated ground, this literary *high place*, which is destined to send forth a mighty stream of influence for good or ill, to an extent which no arithmetic can calculate,) shall it *here* receive the countenance and patronage which it so richly deserves? Manual labor schools are already in successful operation in this southern country, and the prosperity that has attended them has been such as to silence the cavils of opposers, and remove the apprehensions of the distrustful. With all enlightened and candid persons there can be but *one mind* respecting their practicability and their *peculiar* importance in this southern region. It is the very section perhaps, of all others, within the limits of our republic, that is best adapted to their growth, both on account of its soil and climate, and in which, from its peculiar situation, their influence is most imperiously demanded.

Again, then, I ask, will "the ancient and honorable Dominion" consent to be outstripped by her neighbors in an enterprise of so much grandeur and promise? Will parents, instructors, and pupils, repose in inglorious ease, and cry *a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands to sleep*, while others in the race of competition press forward and bear off the prize? Will the young men of Hampden Sidney and Union Seminary sit still; or will they "awake, arise, and put on their strength?" Interests that are dear as honor and life, are suspended on the *practical* reply which this inquiry receives.

It is stated, as is probable on good authority, that in years that have gone by, "some of the Virginian philanthropists offered to educate some of the Indians, and that they received from the shrewd savages the following reply." (He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the *savages* have said to the *civilized*!)

"Brothers of the white skin! You must know that

all people do not have the same ideas upon the same subjects; and you must not take it ill that our manner of thinking in regard to the kind of education which you offer us does not agree with yours. We have had in this particular some experience. Several of our young men were some time since educated at the Northern Colleges, and learned there all the sciences. But when they returned to us, we found they were spoiled. They were *miserable runners*. They did not know how to live in the woods. They could not bear hunger and cold. They could not build a cabin, nor kill a deer, nor conquer an enemy. They had even forgotten our language; so that not being able to serve us as warriors, or hunters, or counsellors, they were absolutely good for nothing."

The calamities which are here set forth in such graphic terms have by no means been confined to the fathers and the sons of the forest. The *white* young men of Virginia, in great numbers, have since been educated in like manner "at Northern Colleges," or nearer home: and when restored to their parents and guardians have been found, for the most part, like the sons of the *red men*, to be "*absolutely good for nothing*." They have proved to be "miserable runners." Not one in twenty of them has risen to eminence in professional life. They could "bear neither hunger nor cold." They were practically ignorant of mechanical and agricultural employments, and strongly averse to them; too high minded and indolent to labor, and too weak and effeminate to "serve as warriors, and hunters, and counsellors." Will Virginian parents learn a lesson from their own past experience and that of their savage predecessors? The corrective which we propose for the evil complained of, (and it is too serious for merriment,) is the immediate introduction of the manual labor system into all our institutions of learning. If this feature is introduced and kept up in them, with a prominence proportioned to its importance, our youth, who are educated in them, if not fitted for usefulness and distinction in the departments of law, medicine and theology, will not be utterly "spoiled" as the sons of the *red men* were; but will be good "runners," useful and respectable laborers, mechanics, planters, and farmers. This, after all, is the population, of which, more than any other, Virginia needs an increase. The low state of mechanic arts and of agriculture among us, or rather the prevailing vice of *indolence*, is the true source of the present disasters which are so often made the theme of popular declamation by stump orators and upstart politicians. It is *indolence*, more than any or every thing else, that checks the spirit of enterprise; that covers this fairest portion of our continent with *sackcloth*, and spreads over it the sable shroud of desolation. Let then a revolution be effected in our system of education. Let our youth be trained for the duties of practical life. Let them be instructed in what is useful, as well as ornamental; and let them bring minds stored with the riches of learning and science, to bear and act on the *subject of most absorbing temporal interest to the American people*, I mean the neglected subject of *agriculture*, and all will yet be well. The citizens of the South will then be independent indeed, and not in boast. Labor, like "marriage," will be "honorable in all." The work which misguided abolitionists are laboring, with a zeal that would be becoming in a better cause, to perform

by a meddlesome and violent interference, will be effected by the gradual and voluntary agency of her own inhabitants. Her population will multiply. Commerce will thrive. Barren fields will be clothed with verdure. The productions of the earth will be increased. Crowded cities and smiling villages will spring up. The halls of legislation will be occupied by the hardy and virtuous cultivators of the soil, the men of all others the most safe to be entrusted with the enactment and administration of laws. Colleges, academies, and schools, will prove the nurseries of enlightened, healthful, industrious, and happy freemen; and Christianity, untrammelled by the obstacles that now so powerfully impede its progress, with a field wide and waving with a luxuriant harvest open and inviting before her, will send abroad her genial and regenerating influences, and render this the Paradise of lands.

We will conclude this, perhaps too protracted performance, in the language of an Indian Cazique.

"Would you know," he asked, "how I would have my children instructed in the ways of men? Look at this handful of dust gathered from the golden bed of the silver-flowing Aracara. What an infinite number of particles—yet how few the grains of ore which we prize; how great the toil which is necessary to sift out and separate them from the worthless heap in which they are concealed; even so it is with the history of the generations of men, from the creation downwards. Events have passed which no tongue can number; but the events which mark the character of human nature, and which are worthy of being treasured up in our memories, are but few, and only by the eye of wisdom to be distinguished.

"Let my children then be taught what these few events are; let them be spared the life's labor of turning over the mountain of dross which time has heaped up, in search of the scattered gems which are to lighten their path through the world; conduct them at once into the only treasury of true knowledge—that treasury which Philosophy has gleaned from the experience of thousands of generations."

SONG OF LEE'S LEGION.

Our chargers are plunging and pawing the ground,
And champing and tossing the white foam around—
So fleet to pursue, and so mighty to crush,
No foe will remain in the path where they rush.

Away, then, my heroes—away, then, away!

Let "Freedom or Death!" be the watchword to-day.

Remember the burnings we witnessed last night;
The fair and the feeble we passed in their flight;
The wail of the wounded, the red blood that flowed,
Still warm in the path, where by moonlight we rode.

Away, then, &c.

The marauder is nigh—he is hurrying back;
The sand, as we gallop, still falls in his track.
On! on! then, our swords for the battle are rife,
And soon they shall drink at the fountain of life.

Away, then, &c.

Prince Edward.

NATURAL BRIDGE OF PANDI, IN COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

The Bridge of Pandi is distant two days journey from Bogotá. We made it less toilsome by remaining several days at Fusugazugá—an intermediate village, which possesses the advantage of a fine climate and refreshing verdure, unknown to the plain upon which this city stands. The bridge is situated considerably lower—almost in the *tierra caliente* hot country—where the thermometer rose to 86°, but still the heat was not very oppressive.

Our first view of the bridge was just at the moment when such a scene is most impressive. The sun had sunk behind the mountains. We were without a guide, nor did we need one. We had merely to follow the high road—a mule path—down into a deep ravine, near the bottom of which we heard the sound of rushing waters. On reaching the bridge, this sound and the dismal shrieks of numerous birds of night—the sole occupants of this gloomy region—called our attention to the scene below us. We then first knew we were upon the bridge of Pandi. Three hundred and fifty-eight feet beneath, rushes a stream, called Suma Paz, which fills the entire chasm—being, if we can trust our sight under circumstances so deceptive, about thirty or forty feet wide. We could see the deep chasm and the dark waters of the stream—but where was the bridge which Nature built? We were standing upon a rude structure of logs with railings so frail as almost to dismay the most daring; but upon closer examination we discovered that it rested upon several huge fragments which had fallen and lodged so as to form the bridge for which we were searching. The edges of the largest rock rest upon other rocks on one side, and on the other upon the sloping face of the severed mountain. Upon this we descended, and enjoyed a better view of what the imagination is so readily inclined to paint as infernal regions. The cries of the birds echo from the depths below, like the shrieks of troubled souls destined to the sad fate of never leaving the abodes to which their sins had driven them. Night was rapidly approaching; and with the feelings which the scene had inspired, we retraced our steps to the little village of Pandi or *El Mercadillo*, to which we had to clamber nearly half a league. Our hammacs welcomed us to rest, and after the fatigues of the day, sleep soon robbed us of our wandering thoughts.

On the following morning, we repeated our visit to the bridge, and reviewed the whole more leisurely. Although the awe of the preceding evening had subsided, our admiration was undiminished. The same Great Being which had ruptured the mountain asunder and opened a fearful fissure, had thrown down the loose fragments, and so lodged them as to contribute to the convenience as well as to arouse the astonishment and wonder of all who crossed. The natives of the country have destroyed much of the effect by the rude logs which they have laid upon the rocks across the chasm. It is also remarkable, that this fissure could not be passed elsewhere for many leagues in either direction.

How will the Natural Bridge of Pandi compare with that of Rockbridge County in Virginia? The beauty of this must sink before the awful and grand sublimity of the other. In that you would look in vain for the

well turned arch of this, while the latter is deficient in the almost unfathomable abyss and in the surrounding scenery and in the roaring waters of that of Pandi. I should have observed, that no means exist of reaching the bottom—nor is it desirable, as the bridge in itself, seen from below, cannot be imposing.

The birds which occupy the ledges and caverns formed by the ruptured rock, are called "*Pajaros del Puente*"—Birds of the Bridge—and are not known elsewhere. They are birds of night, and sally out only after it is dark into the neighboring dense forests, in search of the fruit with which they maintain themselves. If perchance the light of day overtake them before they regain their dark abodes, it is so noxious to them that they cannot survive it. Thus say the natives—and that this is shown by their being many times found dead in the paths of the mountains. They are equal in size to a pheasant—their color is a reddish brown, and their beaks square and very hard.

LINES

On the Statue of Washington in the Capitol.

It is our WASHINGTON that you behold,
Whom Nature fashioned in her grandest mould,
To be the leader of a noble band,
The friends of freedom, and their native land:
A perfect hero, free from all excess;
Above Napoleon, though he dazzled less:
Not quite so great for what he did, 'tis true,
But greater far for what he did not do:
And, nought he ought not, all he ought, to be,
He made his country, and he left her, free.

EPIGRAM.

"A party, you tell me," says Dick, not invited,
But who would not believe such a beau could be slighted;
"A party at Modeley's?—can't possibly be;
For how could he have such a thing *without me*?"

FALL OF TEQUENDAMA,

IN COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

The *Salto de Tequendama*, a remarkable cascade, of which we had heard much, and which has been described in most glowing language, is distant to the southwest of Bogotá about fifteen miles. We had made arrangements to visit it a fortnight ago, but the illness of one of our party caused us to defer it. We now determined to see the fall, and return to the city on the same day. To accomplish our design, we set out before day (about 5 o'clock) this morning. A rapid ride of an hour and a half brought us to the small village of Suácha, situated upon the plain of Bogotá, near its southern border. The last earthquake, from which Bogotá suffered so severely, was felt with the utmost violence at Suácha, and prostrated entirely the church, which is again rising from its ruins. Our route continued a league further over the plain, and we crossed the river Funza, whose course has been very circuitous through the plain, but is particularly devious where we passed over it, upon an uncouth and not very safe bridge, to

the Hacienda de Canoas. The river winds sluggishly to our left towards the fall. Our path led over the high hills which appear to have been once the banks of the great lake which must have covered the plain which the view from these heights embraces. To eminences which are wholly devoid of trees succeed others which are well wooded, where we enter a more picturesque region, worthy of the fine scene which we were now eager to witness. We were convinced that we were near it, and listened for the deafening roar which we expected would betray the rush of the waters into the tremendous gulf that receives them. The path was steep, and shortly before we arrived at the spot where it was necessary to alight from our horses, the sounds of the fall reached us; but we were distant from it a few hundred yards only. My first sensation was disappointment, when I stood upon the brink of the chasm into which a stream whose greatest width is estimated at forty feet, is precipitated to a depth which did not seem to exceed three hundred feet, but which is estimated to be more than six hundred. The river being now uncommonly low, a sheet of water about fourteen or fifteen feet in width, is tossed about thirty feet upon a ledge of rocks, from which it dashes in foam to the bottom of the deep abyss, a large proportion of it dissipating in spray. The foot of man has never trodden the bottom of this chasm. Its sides are perpendicular to a considerable distance below, and the strata of rock are exactly horizontal, so that no means of descending have yet been discovered within the curvilinear aperture, where the mountain seems to have parted and given passage to the Funza.

Attempts have been made repeatedly to reach the foot of the cataract by ascending the bed of the river, into which it is easy to enter at some distance below. A fall of about twenty feet had resisted heretofore the efforts of every adventurer. A party of Americans preceded us to-day, provided with ladders and ropes, with a determination to surmount this obstacle. In this they succeeded, but another yet more difficult presented itself—this they also surmounted with the strengthened hope of having then overcome every obstruction which resisted the accomplishment of their wishes. They were too sanguine. On ascending further, a fall of about forty feet now stared them in the face, and resisted all their efforts. Perpendicular rocks enclosed the narrow chasm. The only possible ascent was through the dashing torrent—with this they struggled nobly, but they had not the means of resisting it. The abode of innumerable parrots, whose screams, heard faintly at the height on which we stood, warned us of the exertions made to encroach upon their domain, that continues unmolested and untrodden by man. We spent more than two hours at the fall, hoping to witness the success of the enterprising adventurers. Although disappointed in this respect, we were amply compensated by the increased admiration with which we viewed this beautiful fall, notwithstanding it is seen so imperfectly. There are two spots from which good views may be obtained. We must leave to the fancy to imagine the grand effect of a sight from beneath it. It is to be hoped that ladders will be placed or that some means will be discovered to gratify the ardent desire one naturally feels of seeing to the best advantage this admirable work of nature.

The Fall of Tequendáma has been compared with the cataract of Niagara. Such a comparison cannot be instituted fairly. In the one, nature has been most lavish with her grandeur and sublimity: the other she has endowed liberally with the beautiful and the picturesque. The height of Tequendáma may be four times greater than that of Niagara; its width not the thirtieth part: and to judge the comparative volume of the waters of both, it suffices to reflect, that Tequendáma drains the river Funza; Niagara the waters of four inland seas, which united, are not exceeded in size by the Gulf of Mexico.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. IX.

The proudest land of all,
That circling seas admire—
The Land where Power delights to dwell,
And War his mightiest feats can tell,
And Poesy to sweetest swell,
Attunes her voice and lyre.

Aristophanes.

The ship in which I had embarked soon fell down the river, and, aided by a favorable breeze, we quickly shot by the massy and motionless scenery of the majestic Rappahannock. Changing our course we entered one of the beautiful and tributary waters of the Chesapeake, and dropped anchor directly in front of an antique mansion, the stately residence of a proud and well known name. An extensive garden, which declared the taste and pedantry of its owner, for its chaste and beautiful model was drawn from the pages of the Odyssey, stretched its broad walks to the margin of the river. A throng of merry girls and romping boys poured down from the porch of the house, welcoming with glad voices that, happiest of all Virginian visitors, an importing ship. Disguising myself I leaped into the boat which left the vessel, and ere its keel had grated on the sand, many negroes had rushed into the water, and were dragging it to the shore with songs of triumph and congratulation. An elderly gentleman, grave, dignified and thoughtful—peace to his fair-top boots and glittering buckles!—now appeared and commenced the usual ledger conversation with Captain Z. about the quality and price of his tobacco, and in a whisper he told him on no account to sacrifice his “new ground sweet scented.” Holding a paper in his hand he called aloud to his family to enter their wishes on that magic tablet, which he was about to send home. No commercial newspaper ever declared a more incongruous catalogue of the comforts of life and the luxuries of opulence: lace and iron, silk and spades, wine and jesuit’s bark, all figured in the same column; and when the negroes were called on to declare what they wanted, they filled the mystic page with calico, fiddle strings and bottles. Many a bronzed and ebon colored child was led up to old massa by its mother, and each lisping petition for a hat or a fishing hook, was sacredly entered on the list.

I returned to the ship, and dropping a hasty line to my uncle, informing him of the reasons which compelled me to leave Virginia, despatched it by the last canoe which quitted our side, and retiring to sleep I did not awake until the ship was dancing gaily over the broad waters of the Atlantic. I looked on the furrowed track behind me—and, far in the amber west, the lessening

glory of the Virginian coast was sinking in the wilderness of waters. With a fixed and quenchless eye I watched its expiring outline, and when it had sunk down into a wavy and shadowy mist, I felt as the exile whose pulseless heart has heard the requiem of hope and the knell of love. Young, inexperienced, and ignorant of the world, I was launched like a rotten barque in the tempestuous ocean of man, while home, love, hope and all the primal sympathies of the human heart, were to me, sealed, buried, and forever annihilated. I had fled!—leaving a name associated with the scorn of honor and the vengeance of society. Who that heard of me would believe me innocent in the duel with Ludwell, or who would believe that self-defence prompted my attack on the life of Pilton? God in his goodness gave us tears! I had them not, and from a tearless eye I became sullen and satisfied, with no human passion but an increased affection for Ellen Pilton, which streamed through my heart like phosphoric words on the dark walls of a cavern. I was proud to be the victim of wayward and adverse circumstances, and yielding to their mystic control, I found that destiny weaves an argument which philosophy cannot unravel.

On the second day of our voyage, Scipio presented himself, telling me that he was sent from Chalgrave with letters for the ship, that he had discovered me through my disguise, that he had secreted himself on board of the vessel, and that he was determined to follow me to the end of the world. I soon settled the manner and purpose of his appearance with the captain, and found in the priceless fidelity of my servant, a green spot on which my heart might rest from its storm of revenge and misanthropy.

Cheered by the balmy spirit of the western gale our gallant ship sped her onward course, and the glad cry of land which echoed through the vessel as we approached the beetling coast of England fell on my ear like words of mercy to the prisoned captive. Standing on the quarter deck, I saw before me the bustle, hurry and turmoil of commerce. The surface of the water was chequered with a dense throng of vessels, while, broadly floating in the breeze, appeared that proud flag on whose glory the sun rises, and over whose empire he sets. As a Virginian! as one whom early education and childish associations had inspired, I gazed with a hallowed enthusiasm on that rugged land, which looked down from its iron-bound eyre, the eagle of the deep—that land which my boyish feelings had made the seat of intellect and the dwelling place of genius. The early colonists had called it by the tender name of Home; and the mellow tales of its glory, which had been poured into my infant ear, were now started into life and freshness. It was the land of Sir Philip Sydney, Hampden and Pope, and on each spot of its classic earth Poetry had raised her hallowed memorials, and Patriotism its stirring examples. From the frozen sea to the burning tropics her name is respected, her influence felt, her example imitated, her kindness cherished, her resentment dreaded, while a radiant wake of glory streams behind the path of her march. Far in the forests of the western world, the names of her gifted sons who have asserted the triumphs of virtue or the dignity of man, are heard, and are re-echoed back from the Thames to the Ganges, and from the Volga to the Mississippi. In the solitude of power she stands alone,

a massy trunk, resisting anarchy and bending to every storm of revolution, yet rising from each assault in more verdant and luxuriant foliage. Philosophy may claim the gigantic birth of Printing—Religion the Reformation, and Science the discovery of Gunpowder, as the great engines which opened the path of civilization. The mind of England seized these mighty levers, her hand perfected them, and achieved for herself that towering fame which pours its lustre from the table-land of the world. This picture was the dream of ignorance. Alas! how soon was its frost-work melted before the light of truth! Unconscious of the hideous vice which lurked beneath the gorgeous fabric, I saw only its glowing outline—I was ignorant of its rapine, fraud and avarice—its selfishness of motive and act—its singleness of empire and power, and of that universal corruption which yields power to wealth, and honors to knavery. The demon of gain is abroad throughout England—a pestilence which walketh in the darkness of the human heart, expanding its ravenous arms in her cities, or secretly hugging its penny in her lowliest cottages. Her metropolis is the shamble of the universe—a capacious reservoir, where vice elbows virtue, and where selfishness festers itself into the loathsome obesity of the toad. Every thing is on sale, and in the “mixed assortment” of her merchandise, even learning, genius and wit, succumb to the secret spirit of her ledger.

“E’en the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool.”

Without her Christianity, which often blooms in guileless and untainted simplicity, her blood-stained empire would tumble to the earth. It is the influence of this holy faith which neutralizes the excess of profligacy, and stimulates her expanded philanthropy. Excited by its spirit, benevolence becomes religion, patriotism springs into virtue, and in the remotest corners of the earth we see the charity of the Christian opening the purse and heart of the Englishman.

I leave the narrative of sights and curiosities to the guide book. Born in the wilderness, my mind was as rugged as the grandeur of the forest, and like the native Indian I had naught to admire but the still and noiseless majesty of my own beautiful land. The stately palaces—the lofty towers and all the fantastic pageantry which opulence engenders, were but the moral to the fine sarcasm which antiquity has fabled in the bridge of Salomoneus. Man’s “brief authority” decorates folly with a pyramid or a cathedral, and succeeding ages call it glory. What son of Virginia would barter her broad rivers—her sunny sky—her fertile plains, and her snow-capped mountains, for the crumbling monuments of tyranny and superstition, or the fetid marts of gain? Who would exchange the infant purity of the western world for the hoary vice and aged rottenness of Europe? Uncontaminated by the example of England, we have yet seized from her the sacred flame of freedom—her *habeas corpus* without the act of impressment—her *bill of rights* without a borough representation, and the rose of civil liberty transplanted to the west has bloomed without a thorn.

I was soon in London, and received many marks of attention and kindness from the representatives of an old commercial house, which for years had sold every hogshhead of tobacco from the Granby plantations. My

bills were honored, and at the instance of Scipio I took a suite of rooms in the most fashionable street of the city. Without letters of introduction, and too proud to search for my many noble relatives, (my uncle had drugged me with their amors, duels and honors!) I succumbed in silence to that cheerless solitude which flaps its funeral wing around the indurated selfishness of a crowded city. At the Virginia Coffee House, I frequently found many of my own countrymen, who were making the tour of Europe only because their fathers had done it. An utter contempt of money—a carelessness of air and manner—a generous and open hearted confidence in every one—a familiarity with the Doncaster and Epsom turf—an anxious zeal in attending the courts of Westminster, and the gallery of the House of Commons, with a thorough knowledge of the literary history of England, and the places hallowed by Shakspeare and the Spectator, were their striking and changeless characteristics.

Shortly after my permanent and fixed residence had been made, I was lounging, as was my wont, in the crowded walks of the Exchange—the only idle being in that heated and feverish walk of gain, when a loud cry broke through the multitude and a horse dashed near me, the foot of his rider hanging in the stirrup. I instantly sprang forward, caught the bridle, leaped on his back, and leaning down I rescued the unfortunate rider from his perilous situation. From this event an intimacy commenced between Col. R—and myself. His history was brief. High birth and fortune smiled on his cradle. Entering into manhood he had purchased a commission in the army, and had lived out Swift’s spirited description of the man of fashion, “in dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse and speaking French.” Satiated with the world, he had left it without being either a churl or a misanthrope. He resided in a costly villa near London, which his taste had decorated with elegance and refinement. The massy richness of an aged grove, soothed, without chilling the fancy, and through its broad vista the glimmering light lent itself to diversify uniformity without diminishing grandeur. Consistency towered above vanity, for there were no glades rolled into gravelled plains, nor trees sheared into fantastic foliage—that sickly taste which finds honor in the sacrifice of simplicity, and pride in its outrage on nature. The walls of his house were hung with rare and deeply mellowed paintings, and his capacious library was stocked with the heavy tomes of ancient lore. Gone are those good old books!—their spirit has been turned into a tincture!—their life and soul have been abridged—the stern Clitus has been disgraced by a Persian dress—the march of mind cannot brook a folio! The education of Col. R— was deeply tainted with the forgotten glory of his library—a wild flower blooming amid the silence of a neglected ruin. He had literature without pedantry, learning without arrogance; and being neither author nor compiler, he yet mingled on equal terms of compliment and civility with the gifted names of his land. Proud pre-eminence of genius! respected even in its slumbers. Though its possessor be unknown to print, though his pen sleep in idleness, like the prophet, the sacred flame plays around his brow and lightens up his onward course.

In his society I drank from a deep stream of intel-

lect pure and unalloyed happiness—yet dashed into bitterness by the remembrance that under his protection I had first visited a gaming table—though he had carried me thither more for the purpose of portraying human character than of making me either the proselyte or victim of its insidious vice.

Come Lionel! said he, gently touching my shoulder, as I was deeply absorbed in the unhallowed rites of the blind goddess—leave this dangerous place! Your warm blood and ardent temperament cannot withstand its harlotry. Crush in its infancy that juggling fiend, which martyrs the pride of mind—the dignities of virtue, the immunities of education, and the consolations of religion.

His warning voice fell on a sodden ear. Seated at a long table, in a magnificent saloon blazing with lights and ornamented with costly curtains of damask, whose billowy drapery dropped over grotesque and luxurious furniture, I bowed with prostrate devotion to the idol of Chance. I was in the temple of suicide—the hell of earth; and inebriated with its deadly vapor, I saw not the thronging crowd, whose passion-stricken countenances alternately displayed the rapid transitions from joy to sadness, from successful cupidity to luckless despair. I went through the usual vicissitudes of the game. I won. Success made me bold, failure excited me to more and more dangerous enterprise. I had drawn on our tobacco merchant until my bills were protested, nor could I ask from Col. R—the wages of humanity. I paid a heavy premium to one of the loungers of the table, to teach me a system by which I might always win. Duped by its deceitful sophistry, I risked my all—my watch, breast-pin, and all the jewelry of my dress were successively staked and lost. My hand was on the golden locket consecrated as the gift of Isa Gordon. With a painful struggle I preserved it from the gripe of despair, and quitted the accursed table a bankrupt and a beggar!

When I reached my lodgings, Scipio met me with his usual kindness, which I repelled with a severity and harshness that called a tear to his eye. Go! cried I, leave me, I am a broken man and a friendless beggar, I give you your freedom. Go! and for God's sake do not longer tempt my avarice! An unusual cheerfulness spread itself over his countenance—the convincing indication of my fallen fortune. The idea was no sooner conceived, than my despair gave it certainty, and rising I drove my servant from the room with a blow and a curse.

I sold all the furniture with which I had supplied my rooms, and again rushed to the gaming table. The fickle goddess had forever deserted me, and, lost to all sense of shame, I hung around the table, a silent spectator of the deep, passionate, and thrilling drama.

About a week after Scipio's departure, a gentleman accosted me at the table, and delivered a letter which he informed me he had brought from Liverpool. It was written in the sententious style of a merchant, and enclosed a draft in my favor on an eminent banker for fifty pounds.

The writer informed me that Scipio had sold himself for this sum to a Liverpool trader—that he had requested that the money should be sent to me, and that on the day after the purchase he had shipped the servant, with his own free consent, to the West Indies.

I waited on the banker, received the sacrifice of my slave's short-lived freedom; and as I looked on the tear-stained money, I learned from that generous and affectionate fidelity, a lesson which made me loathe with horror the moral prostitution of the gaming table.

THE PATRIARCH'S INHERITANCE.

The following is an extract from an unfinished MS. and occurs at the close of an interview between the Almighty and Abraham, in the course of which is introduced the promise thus stated in Genesis: "And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever," &c.

—This pronounced,
The Radiant Form withdraws. And now return
Sunshine and shade, and cool, delicious airs,
Restoring common joys. The saintly chief,
Reviving, stands erect; and still his robes,
With lingering glory, make the moon-beams pale.
Soon all his senses feel the flowing soul,
Quick with new life and thrilling power intense.
His eyes, undazzled, drink the pouring sun,
And sweep entranced the swelling scene below—
Mountains, and hills, and plains, and lakes, and streams.

O, blest, enchanting vision! All around,
Enrich'd with purest green, and all remote
Adorn'd with deepest blue; the bending sky
And farthest summits mingling fainter hues,
Walling the world with sapphire. All he sees,
He hails his own; and burns with lordly flame.
His the down-rushing torrents; his the brooks,
Flashing from every vale; and his the lakes,
Wide sparkling bright, as though a shower of gems
On silver falling scattered countless lights.
His too the rolling woods, the laughing meads,
And rocks of waving grapes—his every wind,
Stirring the world with life and breathing far
Fragrance and music—his the silent cloud,
That fleetly glides along the soft mid-air,
Reflecting, moon-like, from its upper plain
Of snowy beauty, every ray from heaven;
And o'er the under landscape leading on
Its shadowy darkness, running up and down
The ever-changing mountains. Who may tell
The many sources of his gushing joy?
Not only Jordan, and its palmy plains;
Lot's Citied Garden; and the orient heights
Of fruitful Gilead, sweeping to the marge
Of Bashan's mellow pastures: not alone
The visual charms delight his ardent soul,
Around, though fair, and fairer still remote;
But wider regions—lost in distant haze,
Or shut from sight by intercepting bounds—
Fairest of all. Far flies his circling thought
From Edom's southern plains to Hermon's brow,
Frost-wreath'd, and lowlands steep'd in streaming dew;
And on to snow-crown'd Lebanon, with slopes
Of fadeless verdure nursed by living founts,
And glorious cedars swayed by balmy winds,
In whose high boughs the eagle builds her nest,
And on whose roots the fearful lion sleeps;
And thence to Tabor's central cone, and fields

Of Eden, like Esdrelon ; and the oaks
 Of flowery Carmel, waving o'er the sea ;
 And Sharon's rosy bloom ; and Eshcol's vale,
 Purple with vines from Hebron to the coast.
 O'er all the range his ravished mind expands,
 Warm with high hopes of wondrous days to come.
 The promise—like a meteor—how it lights
 The gloom of future ages ! Lonely there
 The childless stranger stands—sublime in faith :
 Sure that the ten throned nations reigning round,
 In stately power, with pomp of idol shrines,
 Shall yield to his descendants ; shall behold
 His mightier seed—thick as the seashore sands—
 Countless as stars that crowd the clearest sky,—
 Pouring their myriads over hill and dale,
 Casting the champion pride of princes down,
 Dashing the templed monsters in the dust,
 Sounding the trump of triumph through the land,
 Thronging the scene with holier, happier homes,
 And rearing high, to flame with heavenly fire,
 Earth's only altars to the Only God !

Washington, March 17, 1836.

T. H. S.

AMERICANISMS.

The *Americanisms* of our language have been a prolific source of ridicule and reproach for the British critics. When a word in an American publication has fallen upon the eyes of these literary lynxes, which they have thought an innovation, they have fiercely denounced it as Yankee slang—as a proof of our uneducated ignorance ; they have even denied that we understand the English language, or can speak or write it intelligibly. In most of the cases it turned out and was demonstrated, that the poor words thus assailed were true and genuine English, used by their best writers and speakers ; found in their best dictionaries ; but unhappily for the poor things, unknown to these erudite and conceited knights of the pen, either too careless to turn to their books for information, or having none to turn to. In a few instances in which we have taken a little license with the language, we have seen that after overloading us with abuse for the birth of the child, they have taken it to themselves, and put it into the service of writers and orators of the highest rank. Such was the fate of our Americanisms—to *advocate*, *influential*, in the sense in which we use it, and several others. They found the brats really not such deformities as they supposed, and were willing to adopt and use them ; but this did not abate their contempt of the parents. Englishmen residing in England, seem to claim an exclusive right in the invention of English words. In Bulwer's character of *Rienzi*, this hero is said to have been *avid* of personal power. This is the coinage of the ingenious author ; at least I find no authority for it even in the latest dictionaries, nor in any other writer of reputation. Now I have no objection to the introduction of a new word into our language by Mr. Bulwer or any body else, provided that it be done with due discretion, and subject to some just regulation and principle. In the first place, it should be necessary, supplying a want, or at least obviously convenient in the expression of some idea with more precision than it can be done by any existing word. In the second

place, it should be in full consistence and harmony with the idiom of the language. Lord Kames, on using a word of his own making, gives this note. "This word, hitherto not in use, seems to fulfil all that is required by Demetrius Phalereus in coining a new word—first, that it be perspicuous ; and next, that it be in the tone of the language."

I find no fault with Mr. Bulwer for the production of his mint, but I will not acknowledge that he, or any other English author, has a better right than an American to take this license. We understand the language as well as they do ; we derive our knowledge from the same sources, and we shall use the liberty with as much caution, propriety and discrimination. If this monopolizing, exclusive people, could have their way, they would not suffer us to spin a pound of cotton, or hammer out a bar of iron ; and now, forsooth, we must not presume to turn a noun into a verb, or add a monosyllable to the stock of English words.

H.

TO RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.*

Start not, great spirit of the mighty dead !
 No sneering cynic comes with fiendish tread,
 To mock the laurels of thy honored brow,
 And ask,—where lies thy strength or glory now ?

No snarling critic, jackal-like, to brave
 The fearful lion, nerveless in his grave,
 Whose living look had shrunk his trembling form,
 As craven creatures crouch before the storm :

No saintly, sinning bigot vents his spite
 For crimes exposed, or horrors brought to light ;
 No puppy-patriot, speculator bold,
 Would bark at thee, for sneering at his gold :

No spaniel dog, to gain a master's smile,
 Would crunch thy bones, thy hallowed grave defile ;
 No smiling sycophant, or grovelling hind,
 Whose soul succumbs beneath a master mind :

No little gatherer of great men's words,
 No album-filling fool of flowers and birds,
 Or autographic-maniac now weeps
 In sickly sympathy, where Randolph sleeps.

Bereaved Virginia's voice majestic calls
 In mournful wailings from her fun'ral halls,
 "Whose strength shall terror strike ? Whose voice shall
 - charm ?
 Who wound, or win, the wretch who wills me harm ?

Since thy great soul hath left its feeble frame,
 My only pride is thy undying name ;
 My sun hath set in parting glory bright,
 My Randolph's dead, my shores are wrapt in night.

Oh choose,—great spirit, from my blood alone,
 Some worthy one, with genius like thine own ;
 Lest prophets false, my gallant sons deceive,—
 To him, Elisha-like, thy mantle leave."

HESPERUS.

* Written soon after his death.

ADDRESS

Delivered by the Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.*

Gentlemen,—In accepting, with the profoundest sense of my own unworthiness, the station you have been pleased to confer upon me, my mind very naturally reverts to the distinguished individual who has heretofore presided over your deliberations, and has added to the interest of your proceedings by the lustre of his own reputation, and the mild dignity of his exalted character. Since the days of General Washington, no man has lived more beloved and respected, or died more universally regretted, than the late venerable Chief Justice. Throughout this widely extended republic, our fellow citizens have vied in the distin-

* The anniversary meeting of this Society was held at the Capitol in Richmond, on the second of March, in presence of a numerous auditory of both sexes. There was much disappointment at the absence of Professor Dew, who was expected to deliver the annual Address, but whose attendance was prevented by ill health. The Hon. Henry St. Geo. Tucker was unanimously appointed President in the room of Chief Justice Marshall, and the address which we now have the pleasure of publishing was delivered by the new President upon taking the chair. It was listened to with profound attention and pleasure. So, also, was a speech to be found on page 260 of Mr. Maxwell on presenting a resolution commemorative of the services and virtues of the late Chief Justice.

During the meeting, Mr. Winder, the Clerk of Northampton, presented a collection of MSS. found in some of the dark corners of the clerk's office of that ancient county. These papers, we are informed, are highly valuable, and shed new and interesting light upon an early period of Virginia History. They were the papers, it appears, of a Mr. Godfrey Poole, who early in the eighteenth century, was the clerk of Northampton court—was also a lawyer of considerable practice, and for many years clerk of the committee of Propositions and Grievances, an office, we suppose, of much higher relative grade than at present. The MSS. are various in their character—consisting for the most part, of addresses by the then governors Spotswood and Dugdale to the House of Burgesses—answers to those addresses, by the House, and copies of various acts of Assembly and Reports of Committees, not found in any printed record extant. There is also an undoubted copy of the Colonial Charter which received the signet of King Charles, and was stopped in the Hamper office upon that monarch's receiving intelligence of Bacon's rebellion. This charter, we believe, is not to be found in any of the printed collections of State papers or Historical Records in this country, having eluded the researches of Mr. Burke, and of the indefatigable Mr. Henning, the compiler of the Statutes at Large.

It appears also that Mr. Poole contrived to enliven the barren paths of Law and Legislation by an occasional intercourse with the Muses. We find among his papers two Poems—one is brief, of an amatory character, and addressed to Chloe—that much besonnetted name. The other, containing about one hundred and ninety lines is thus entitled

The Expedition oe'r the mountain's:
Being Mr. Blackmore's Latin Poem, entitled,
Expediit Ultra-Montana:

Rendered into English verse and inscribed
To the Honourable the Governour. (A. O. Spotswood.)

The "Expedition &c" is remarkable for three things—its antiquity (Virginian antiquity)—its mediocrity—and for one or two lines in which (singularly enough) direct reference is made to the discovery of a gold region in Virginia. The lines run thus—

Here taught to dig by his auspicious hand,
They prov'd the growing Pregnancy of the land;
For, being search'd, the fertile earth gave signs
That her womb teem'd with gold and silver mines.
This ground, if faithful, may in time outdo
The soils of Mexico, and of fam'd Peru.

guished honors which have been paid to his memory. Those honors have not been confined to the state which gave him birth, to the city in which he dwelt, to the supreme tribunal of his native state, which owes so much of its former reputation to the efficient aid he brought to their deliberations in the flower of his age. They have not been confined to any political party, or denied by those who have honestly and widely differed from him in their views of the construction of the great charter of our government. No, gentlemen, his character and life have been the themes of universal eulogy. The meditations of the wise have dwelt upon his virtues, and the lips of the eloquent have poured forth his praises throughout the Union. It is right that it should be so. As Chief Justice of the United States, his fame was the common property of that Union, which he so truly loved, and which he so long and so faithfully has served. For five and thirty years he presided over the first judicial tribunal of the United States; a tribunal which he elevated by his dignity, which he illustrated by his abilities, and instructed by his wisdom; a tribunal which was not only enlightened by the splendor of his meridian greatness, but was illumined by the last rays of his departing genius, and beheld with admiration its broad and spotless disc as it descended to the horizon. Even the hand of time seems to have dealt gently with his noble mind; and, like Mansfield and Pendleton, he too sunk into the grave full indeed of years as well as honors, but with unfading powers: thus affording another illustrious instance of the preservation of the undying intellect amid the ruins of a decaying frame.

Orbis illabetur ævo, vires hominumque tabescent,
Mens sola cælestis in ævum intacta manebit.

But, gentlemen, it has been the good fortune of some among us to have known our venerated countryman, not only in the elevated station to which his abilities had exalted him, but also in the not less interesting relations of private life.

Seen him we have, and in the happier hour,
Of social ease but ill exchanged for power;

And in that delightful intercourse who has not remarked how beautifully the amiable urbanity and simplicity of his manners, commingled with the unpretending dignity which was inseparable from the elevation of his character and his station? Who has not witnessed the purity of his feelings, the warmth of his benevolence, and the fervor of his zeal, in lending the support and countenance of his great name and influence to every enterprise which was calculated to promote the public good; to every scheme which promised to assist the march of intellect; to every association which had for its object the advancement of his countrymen in wisdom and virtue, and to every plan which philanthropy could plausibly suggest, for the amelioration of the condition of the humblest of our species? His heart and his hand were equally open, and his purse and his services were always freely commanded where they were called for by any object of public utility or private beneficence. It is not then surprising, gentlemen, that such a man should have been found at the head of this Society; that you should have selected him to grace your laudable enterprise, or that he should have lent his ready aid to an institution, which, however humble in its beginnings, gives the promise of important aid to the knowl-

edge and literature of our country. But it is a matter of the most painful regret, that the light of his countenance will shine no more upon us here, and that the influence of his counsels and the inspiration of his wisdom are withdrawn from us forever. Those cannot be replaced; and we may say of him as was said of the great father of his country more than forty years ago,

Successors we may find, but tell us where,
Of all thy virtues we shall find the heir.

For myself, gentlemen, I can bring to the discharge of the duties of this station nothing but the most earnest wishes for the success of your institution; an institution, whose laudable design is to save from oblivion whatever is interesting in the natural, civil and literary history of our country; to rescue from unmerited obscurity the many interesting papers which may throw light upon our annals; and to concentrate in its "transactions" the materials now scattered through the land, which at some future day may assist the researches of the historian or the speculations of the philosopher. It is neither my purpose nor my province here to dilate upon the benefits of such an institution. That duty was performed on a former occasion, by one who is now no more, with distinguished ability. Yet I trust I may be excused for a very cursory allusion to this interesting topic. It is not required to whet your purpose or to stimulate your exertions. But it is not amiss that we should occasionally advert to the powerful motives which impel us to sustain this infant institution. Do we look to the reputation of our ancient and beloved commonwealth; to her progress in the arts and in the cultivation of that literature which softens the manners and gives its finest polish to society? How then can we hear unmoved the taunts of others at her supineness? How can we listen without an ingenuous blush, to the reproaches of those who are ever ready to cast into our teeth our inglorious neglect of the noble cause of literature? Throughout the civilized world, the lovers of learning and of science are on the alert. Academies and societies for their promotion are no longer confined to Europe. They have long since found their way across the Atlantic, and have been growing and extending in our sister states for half a century. Some of them have grown to maturity and no longer totter in a state of infantile weakness. Those of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts particularly rest upon a basis stable and enduring, and have attained a noble elevation that does honor to their founders. And what has Virginia done? Absolutely nothing, until the spirited efforts of a few individuals first gave existence to this institution. She has aroused indeed from her slumbers at the voice of internal improvements, and has caught the enthusiasm with which they seem to have inspired the world. Her canals and her rail roads are sustained with all the zeal of patriotic feeling, backed by the less meritorious, but more steady influences of pecuniary profit. In every direction those arts and enterprises which promise to pour their rapid returns of wealth into the lap of the adventurer, are pursued with an eye that never winks, and a step that never tires. *Their* progress is as rapid as the speed of a locomotive. But literature—neglected literature, still lags at a sightless distance behind. While companies spring up in a day for the excavation of a canal or the construction of a rail road, for the

working of a coal mine or the search after gold. Behold what a little band has associated here, to redeem our state from the disgrace of a Bæotian neglect of literature—and to pluck up drowning honor by the locks, without other reward than the participation with our great corivals in all the dignities of science. But let us not despair because we are but a handful. Our little society is but the germ of better things. This little seedling will, if properly nourished, become like a spreading and majestic oak. Then indeed, will it be an enduring monument to your memory, and posterity will look upon the noble object which has been planted by your hands and watered by your care, with respect and veneration for the authors of so great a benefaction. But remember it will wither when so young, unless sedulously fostered. An annual meeting at the seat of government and a discourse from a learned academician once a year, however interesting, will effect but little without the zealous and personal co-operation of us all. Wherever we go, we may be of use to the institution. The sagacious and observing will every where meet with interesting matter to be communicated and collected into this common reservoir. In the library of almost every man of ordinary diligence in the collection of what is curious and interesting, there are materials which by themselves are of little worth, but united with others here would become valuable and important—like the jewel, which shows to little advantage until it is surrounded by other brilliants, and is set by the hands of a master workman. So too, in our intercourse with society, we daily meet with the men of other days—those living depositaries of the transactions of early times; of transactions which live only in tradition and must be buried in the grave with the venerable patriarch or interesting matron, unless rescued from oblivion by the present generation. These evanescent fragments of our history should be gathered together with the most diligent care, like the flowers of an herbarium on the minerals of a geologist, and prepared for the historical department in this cabinet of literature. In short, gentlemen, go where we will, the most humble among us may still advance the great cause in which we are engaged. And while the learning and ability of some may contribute the rich treasures of their own minds, and the valuable results of their own profound lucubrations, there is not one among us who cannot in some way or other add his mite to the general stock. This is indeed no small consolation to myself; for I would not be a drone in such a hive; and yet my professional pursuits have been too exclusive to permit me to hope that I can ever be of other service than as an humble gleaner in the great field which lies before us.

It now only remains for me, gentlemen, to offer my most respectful acknowledgments for the honor you have conferred upon me, accompanied by the assurance that I shall discharge the duties assigned me with alacrity, and contribute to the success of your laudable views, as far as my humble abilities and my very limited acquirements in these walks of literature will permit.

AUTHORS.

Adam Smith has decided that authors are "manufacturers of certain wares for a very paltry recompense."

MR. MAXWELL'S SPEECH,

Before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, at its late annual meeting, held in the Hall of the House of Delegates, on the evening of the 2d March, on moving the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Society most truly laments the loss which it has sustained in the common calamity, the death of its illustrious President, the late John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, whose name, associated with our Institution in its origin, will grace its annals, while his life and character shall adorn the history of our State and country to the end of time.

Mr. President,—In the report of the Executive Committee, which has just been read, we are officially informed of what we knew but too well before, the loss which our Society has sustained in the death of our late venerable and illustrious President. Yes, Sir, the man whom Virginia—whom his country—whom all his fellow-citizens in all parts of the United States, admired, and loved, and delighted to honor—the man whom we, Sir, who knew him, fondly and affectionately called “THE CHIEF,” (as he was indeed in almost every sense of the word,) our MARSHALL is no more. We shall see him no more in the midst of us—we shall see him no more in this very Hall, where his wisdom and eloquence have so often enlightened and convinced the listening assemblies of the State—we shall see his face, we shall hear his voice no more, forever. But we do not, we cannot forget him; but the remembrance of his transcendent abilities, his spotless integrity, his pure patriotism, his eminent public services, and his most amiable private virtues, is embalmed in all our hearts.

With these sentiments, Sir, which I am persuaded are the sentiments of all our members, I have felt it to be a duty which I owe not only to the memory of the deceased, but to the honor of our Society, to offer the resolution which the announcement suggests. In doing so, however, I shall not deem it either necessary or proper to detain you with many words, when I feel, most unaffectedly, that any which I could use would be entirely inadequate, and almost injurious, to the fame of such a man. I will not, therefore, Sir, enlarge upon the particulars of his life, which are already familiar to you. I will not tell you of the brilliancy of his first entrance upon the stage of action, when the voice of our Commonwealth, rising in arms to defend her constitutional rights against the tyranny of Britain, called him from his native forest, and from the studies in which he had just engaged, to join her army hurrying to the rescue of my own native town from the grasp of her insolent invader: nor of his following campaigns under Washington himself, and his gallant bearing on the memorable plains of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth: nor of his subsequent stand at the bar of this city, (then, as it is now, one of the most distinguished in the country,) where he was *primus inter pares*, the first amongst his fellows—the brightest star in the constellation which shed its radiance over our state: nor of his appearances in the House of Delegates, and in the Convention for the ratification of the constitution: nor of his conduct at the court of revolutionary France, where (with his worthy associates) he baffled all the arts and stratagems of the wily Proteus of Politics himself, and maintained the honor of his country to the admiration of all her citizens: nor of his reappearance

in this place: nor of his translation to the floor of the House of Representatives, where he stood, spoke, and conquered: nor of his short but substantial service as Secretary of State: nor, above all, of his crowning elevation to that chair of judicial supremacy for which he seemed to have been made; and where he sat for so many years, like incarnate Justice—not blind, indeed, like that fabled divinity, but seeing all things with that quick, clear, and penetrating eye, which pierced at once through all the intricacies and involutions of law and fact, to discover the latent truth, or detect the lurking fallacy, as by the glance of intuition. No wonder, Sir, that with such admirable faculties, combined with such perfect pureness of purpose, such entire singleness and simplicity of heart, he shed a lustre around that seat which it never had before, and which I greatly fear it will never have again. No wonder, Sir, that he appeared to the eyes of many in all parts of our land, and even of some who could not exactly agree with him in all his views of our federal compact, as the very Atlas of the Constitution, supporting the starry firmament of our Union upon his single shoulder, which bowed not, bent not beneath its weight; and that when he died, there was something like a feeling of apprehension (for an instant at least) as if the fabric which he had so long sustained must fall along with him to the dust, and become the fit monument of the man.

But I will not dwell, nor even touch any longer, Sir, on these things, which indeed hardly belong to us, or belong to us only in common with all our fellow-citizens. *Vix ea nostra voco*. I can hardly call them our own. But I must just glance for a single moment, Sir, at the connection of the illustrious deceased with our Society. Sir, when we were about to form our institution, conscious as we were of the mortifying fact, that from the unfortunate passion of our people for politics, so called, (mere party politics) the more calm and rational pursuits of science and letters to which we were about to invite their attention, could hardly hope to find favor in their eyes, we were naturally desirous to call some person to that chair whose character, whose very name, might give the public an assurance of the utility of our labors; and we turned instinctively to him. We saw him, Sir, with all the honors of a long, laborious, and useful life clustered upon him; enjoying the respect and confidence of honorable men of all parties alike; maintaining his official neutrality with a meek and modest dignity that nothing could disturb, or ruffle for a moment; and soothing his old age with Christian philosophy, and polite letters, and the “sweetly-uttered wisdom” of poesy, which he had always loved from his youth—and we tendered him the office. He accepted it, Sir, at once, with that gracious condescension which belonged to him—expressed his cordial concurrence in our views—presented us with his own immortal work, the *Life of the Father of his Country*—and stamped our enterprise with the seal of his decisive approbation.

After this, Sir, we naturally felt a new interest in him; and you remember Sir, I dare say, how our hearts flowed out to him with a sort of filial reverence and affection, as he came about amongst us, like a father amongst his children, like a patriarch amongst his people—like that patriarch whom the sacred Scriptures have canonized for our admiration—“when the eye saw him, it blessed him: when the ear heard him, it gave witness to him;

and after his words men spake not again." For his words, indeed, even in his most familiar conversation, fell upon us with a sort of judicial weight; and from his private opinions, as from his public decisions, there was no appeal. Happy, thrice happy old man! How we wished and prayed for the continuance of his days, and of all the happiness and honor which he had so fairly won, and which he seemed to enjoy still more for our sakes than for his own! We gazed upon him indeed, Sir, as upon the setting sun, whilst, his long circuit of glory almost finished, he sank slowly to his rest; admiring the increased grandeur of his orb, and the graciousness with which he suffered us to view the softened splendors of his face; but with a mournful interest, too, which sprang from the reflection that we should soon lose his light. And we have lost it indeed. He has left us now—and we mourn for his departure. But we are consoled, Sir, by the transporting assurance which we feel, that the splendid luminary which the beneficent Creator had kindled up for the blessing and ornament of our native land, and of the world, is not gone out in darkness, but shines still with inextinguishable lustre in the firmament of Heaven.

AN ADDRESS,

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE FEDERATIVE REPUBLICAN
SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT UPON LITERATURE AND
THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

Prepared to be delivered before the Historical and Philosophical Society of Virginia, at their annual meeting in 1836, by THOMAS R. DEW, Professor of History, Metaphysics and Political Law, in the College of William and Mary. Published by request of the Society,* March 20, 1836.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society,

I have consented to appear before you this evening with feelings of the deepest solicitude—a solicitude which has been increased by my knowledge of the ability and eloquence of the gentleman who was first chosen by you to perform this task, and by the fact that this is the first time that circumstances have permitted my attendance on your sessions, though early admitted by the kindness of your body to the honor of membership.

The subject upon which I propose to address you is one which I hope will not be considered as inappropriate to the occasion. I shall endeavor to present to your view some of the most important effects which the Federative Republican System of government is calculated to produce on the progress of literature and on the development of individual and national character.

When we cast a glance at the nations of the earth and contemplate their character, and that of the individuals who compose them, we are amazed at the almost endless variety which such a prospect presents to

our view. We perceive the most marked differences, not only between the savage and civilized nations, but between the civilized themselves—not only between different races of different physical organization, but between the same races—not only between nations situated at immense distances from each other, but among those enjoying the same climate, and inhabiting the same region. How marked the difference, for example, between the nations of India and those of Europe—how different the citizen who merely vegetates under the still silent crushing despotisms of the East, from that restless, bustling, energetic being who lives under the limited monarchies and republics of the West! And again, what great differences do we find among the latter themselves! What differences do we observe between the French and the English, the Germans and the Spaniards, the Swiss and the Italians! How often does the whole moral nature of man seem to change, by crossing a range of mountains, passing a frontier stream, or even an imaginary line! "The Languedocians and Gascons," says Hume, "are the gayest people in France; but whenever you pass the Pyrenees you are among Spaniards." "Athens and Thebes were but a short day's journey from each other; though the Athenians were as remarkable for ingenuity, politeness and gaiety, as the Thebans for dulness, rusticity, and a phlegmatic temper."

There is no subject more worthy the attention of the philosopher and the historian, than a consideration of the causes which thus influence the moral destiny, and determine the character of nations and individuals. Among the generating causes of national differences, none exert so powerful, so irresistible an influence as Religion and Government; and of these two potent engines in the formation of character, it may be affirmed, that if the former be sometimes, under the operation of peculiar circumstances, more powerful and overwhelming, directing for a season the spirit of the age and overcoming every resistance to its progress, the latter is much more constant and universal in its action, and mainly contributes to the formation of that permanent national character which lasts through ages.

Of all the governments which have ever been established, it may perhaps be affirmed, that ours, if the most complicate in structure, is certainly the most beautiful in theory, correcting by the principle of representation, and a proper system of responsibility, the wild extravagances and the capricious levities of the unbalanced democracies of antiquity. Ours is surely the system, which, if administered in the pure spirit of that patriotism and freedom which erected it, holds out to the philanthropists and the friends of liberty throughout the world, the fairest promise of a successful solution of the great problem of free government. Ours is indeed the great experiment of the eighteenth century—to it the eyes of all, friends and foes, are now directed, and upon its result depends perhaps the cause of liberty throughout the civilized world. In the meantime it well behooves us all to hope for the best, and never to despair of the republic. Let me then proceed to inquire into some of the most marked effects which our peculiar system of government is likely to produce, in the progress of time, upon literature and the development of character.

Some have maintained the opinion that the monarchi-

* "It being understood that Professor Dew has been prevented by delicate health and the inclemency of the season, from attending the present meeting—

"Resolved, That he be requested to furnish the Recording Secretary of this Society with a copy of his intended address, for insertion in the Southern Literary Messenger."

Extract from the minutes.

G. A. MYERS, Recording Secretary
Of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.

cal form of government is better calculated to foster and encourage every species of literature than the republican, and consequently that the institutions of the United States would prove unfavorable to the growth and progress of literature. This opinion seems to be based upon the supposition that a king and aristocracy are necessary for the support and patronage of a literary class. I will briefly explain my views on this point, and then proceed to the consideration of that peculiar influence which our state or federative system of government will, in all probability, exert over the character and literature of our inhabitants. It is this latter view which I wish mainly to present this evening—it is this view which has been neglected or misunderstood in almost all the speculations which I have seen upon the character and influence of our institutions.

In the first place, it has been affirmed that republics are too economical—too niggardly in their expenditures, to afford that salutary and efficient patronage necessary to the growth of literature. To this I would answer, first, that this argument takes for granted that the literature of a nation advances or recedes in proportion to the pecuniary wages which it earns. Now, although I do not say with Dr. Goldsmith, that the man who draws his pen to take a purse, no more deserves to have it, than the man who draws his pistol for the same purpose, yet I may safely assert, that of the motives which operate on the literary man—the love of fame, the desire to be useful, and the love of money—the former, in the great majority of cases, exerts an infinitely more powerful influence than the latter. And if I shall be able to show, as I hope to do in the sequel, that the republican form of government is the one which is best calculated to stimulate these great passions of our nature and throw into action all the energies of man, then must we acknowledge its superiority, even in a literary point of view.

But even supposing that the progress of literature depends directly upon the amount of pecuniary patronage which it can command, it by no means follows that it will flourish most under a monarchical government. For granting that this kind of government may have the ability to patronise, it is by no means certain that it will always possess the will to do so. Augustus and his Mæcenæ may lavish to day the imperial treasures upon literature, but Tiberius and Sejanus may starve and proscribe it to-morrow. That which depends upon the will of one man must ever be unsteady and uncertain. It is much easier to predict the conduct of a multitude—of a whole nation—than of one individual. The support then which monarchs can be expected to yield to learning, must necessarily be extremely capricious and fluctuating. It is not however by sudden starts and violent impulses, that a sound, solid, wholesome literature can be created. Ages must conspire to the formation of such a literature. Constantine the Great, seated on the throne of the Eastern Empire, with all the resources of the Roman world at his command, could not awaken the slumbering genius of a degenerate race, nor revive the decaying arts of the ancient empire. The literature of his reign, with all the patronage he could bestow upon it, did but too nearly resemble those gorgeous piles, which his pride and vanity caused to be erected in his *own* imperial city, composed of the ruins of so many of the splendid monuments of antiquity.

Not only, however, is the support a capricious and uncertain one which a monarchy is calculated to yield to literature, but there are only certain departments of learning, and those by no means the most important, which such a government can ever be expected cordially to foster. Monarchs may patronise the fine arts and light literature—they may encourage the mathematical and physical sciences, but they can rarely feel a deep interest in the promotion of correct and orthodox moral, political and theological knowledge, which is, at the same time, much the most important and most difficult department of literature. The great law of self-preservation prompts us to war on every thing which threatens our interest and happiness. Moral and political philosophy has too often aimed its logic at the throne, and questioned the title of the monarch, ever to be a favorite with rulers. Hence, while even the absolute despot may encourage the arts, light literature and the physical and mathematical sciences, he dares not unbind the fetters of the mind in the region of politics, morals and religion. He can but tremble at that bold spirit of inquiry which may be aroused on those subjects—which dares to advance to the throne itself and loosen even the foundations on which it is erected. Napoleon Bonaparte, in the plenitude of his power, could give the utmost encouragement to all those departments of learning, whose principles could not be arrayed against despotism. In these departments he delighted to behold the genius and talent of the country. In the provinces and in the capital he called to the physical and mathematical chairs of his colleges, his universities and his polytechnic schools, some of the most splendid lecturers of the age; but selfishness forbade him to tolerate a free and manly spirit of inquiry in morals and politics, and he whose armies had deluged Europe with blood, whose name was a terror and whose word was a law unto nations, could not feel secure upon his throne while such men as Cousin were illustrating the nineteenth century by the splendor of their professorial eloquence, before the youth of France, or such writers as De Stael were making their animated appeals to the nation, in behalf of liberty of thought, and freedom of action. It is impossible, without full freedom of thought, and a single eye to truth and usefulness, that the scientific investigator, no matter how great his genius may be, can unravel the difficulties of moral and political philosophy. The very patronage of the throne enthralls his intellect, and his fears or his avarice tempt him to desert the cause of truth and humanity.

“Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to flattery's trebles,
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong :
For fear some noble thoughts like heavenly rebels
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.”

If we look even to those epochs under monarchical governments, which have been designated by the high sounding title of the golden ages of literature, we shall observe a full exemplification of the remarks which I have made on this subject. Let us take the Augustan age itself. Under the patronage of the first of the Roman Emperors we find, it is true, the arts and light literature rising to a pitch which perhaps they had not reached under the republic. After the death of Brutus the world of letters experienced a revolution almost as

great as that of the political world. The literature of the Augustan age is distinguished by that tone and spirit which mark the downfall of liberty, and the consequent thralldom of the mind. The bold and manly voice of eloquence was hushed. The high and lofty spirit of the republic was tamed down to a sickly and disgusting servility. The age of poetry came when that of eloquence and philosophy was past; and Virgil and Horace and Propertius, flattered, courted and enriched by an artful prince and an elegant courtier, could consent to sing the sycophantic praises of the monarch who had signed the proscriptions of the triumvirate, and rivetted a despotism on his country.

But the men who most adorned the various departments of learning during the long reign of Augustus, were born in the last days of the republic. They saw what the glory of the commonwealth had been—they beheld with their own eyes the greatness of their country, and they had inhaled in their youth the breath of freedom. No Roman writer, for example, excels the Lyric Bard in true feeling and sympathy for heroic greatness. We ever behold through the medium of his writings—even the gayest—a deep rooted sorrow locked up in his bosom, for the subversion of the liberties of the commonwealth. "On every occasion we can see the inspiring flame of patriotism and freedom breaking through that mist of levity in which his poetry is involved." "He constrained his inclinations," says Schlegel, "and endeavored to write like a royalist, but in spite of himself he is still manifestly a republican and a Roman."*

"In the last years of Augustus," says the same writer, "the younger generation who were born, or at least grew up to manhood, after the commencement of the monarchy, were altogether different. We can already perceive the symptoms of declining taste—in Ovid particularly, who is overrun with an unhealthy superfluity of fancy, and a sentimental effeminacy of expression." Even History itself, in which the Romans so far excelled, yielded to the corrupting influence of the Cæsars. Tacitus concluded the long series of splendid and vigorous writers, and he grew up and was educated under the comparatively happy reigns of Vespasian and Titus, and wrote under the mild government of Nerva. Unnatural pomp and extravagance of expression seem, strange as it may appear, to be the necessary results of social and political degradation. And it is curious indeed to behold among the writers under the first Cæsars, the extraordinary compounds which genius can produce, when impelled on the one hand by the all-powerful and stimulating love of liberty, and vivid glimpses of the real dignity of human nature, while checked and subdued on the other by the fear of arbitrary power. Take Lucan for an example. "In him we find the most outrageously republican feelings making their chosen abode in the breast of a wealthy and luxurious courtier of Nero. It excites surprise and even disgust, to observe how he stoops to flatter that disgusting tyrant, in expressions the meanness of

which amounts to a crime, and then in the next page, exalts Cato above the Gods themselves, and speaks of all the enemies of the first Cæsar with an admiration that approaches to idolatry."

Let us now look for an exemplification of the same great truths, to the reign of Louis the fourteenth, a reign which has been celebrated as the zenith of warlike and literary splendor—and here I borrow the language of Macintosh. "Talent seemed robbed of the conscious elevation, of the erect and manly port, which is its noblest associate and its surest indication. The mild purity of Fenelon, the lofty spirit of Bossuet, the masculine mind of Boileau, the sublime fervor of Corneille, were confounded by the contagion of ignominious and indiscriminate servility." Purity, propriety and beauty of style, were indeed carried during this reign to a high pitch of perfection. The literature of this period was "the highest attainment of the imagination." An aristocratic society, such as that which adorned the court of Louis XIV, is particularly favorable to the delicacy and polish of style, the fascinations of wit and gaiety, and to all the decorations of an elegant imagination. No one has ever surpassed Racine, Fenelon, and Bossuet, in purity of style and elegance of language.

The literature of this age, however, as well asserted by Madame de Stael, was not a "philosophic power." "Sometimes indeed, authors were seen, like Achilles, to take up warlike weapons in the midst of frivolous employments, but, in general, books at that time did not treat upon subjects of *real* importance. Literary men retired to a distance from the active interests of life. An analysis of the principles of government, an examination into religious opinions, a just appreciation of men in power, every thing in short that could lead to any applicable result, was strictly forbidden them." Hence, however perfect the compositions of this age in mere style and ornament, we find them sadly deficient in profundity of reflection and utility of purpose. The human mind during this period had not yet reached its proper elevation, because it was enthralled by arbitrary power. The succeeding, was one of more grandeur of thought, and consequently of a more bold, daring, and profound philosophy. In vain would we look over the annals of the age of Louis XIV, to find a parallel to Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau and Raynal. And what, let me ask, had so soon produced this mighty difference in the philosophy of France? It surely could not be the patronage of that base, profligate, licentious libertine, who during the period of his unfortunate regency, loosened the very foundation of human virtue, polluted the morals of his country, and weakened or destroyed those dearest of ties which bind together in harmony, in happiness and in love, the whole social fabric. It could not surely be the patronage of a monarch who had been reared and educated in such a school as this. No! it was the new spirit which animated the age—the spirit of liberty—the spirit of free inquiry—the spirit of utility. It was this spirit which quickened and aroused the stagnant genius of the nation, and filled the soul with the "*aliquid immensum infinitumque*," which had in the days of antiquity inspired the eloquence of a Tully and the sublime vehemence of Demosthenes. It was this new spirit, and not the puny patronage of a monarch, that called forth

* Horace fought under Brutus and Cassius, on the side of the Republic, at the battle of Philippi, and he was after the battle saved from the wreck of the republican army, and treated with great respect and kindness by Augustus and his minister Mecænas.

those intellectual giants of their age, Voltaire, Montesquieu and Rousseau, who have traced out three different periods in the progress of reflection—and if I may borrow the language of De Stael, like the Gods of Olympus, have gone over the ground in three steps. It was this new spirit in fine, which in spite of the influence of the monarch and his nobility, sapped the foundation of the throne and hastened on the awful crisis of revolution in that devoted country.

Thus do we see that it is only the lighter kinds of literature, and the physical and mathematical sciences, which the patronage of a monarch can be expected to foster. In those nobler and more useful branches of knowledge—moral, mental, religious, and political,—the patronage of the throne clips the wings of philosophy and arrests the growth of science and the progress of truth.*

So far from this particular species of literature flourishing most under the bounty and patronage of a monarch, we find, in almost every monarchy, the party arrayed against the government, at the same time the most talented and the most philosophical party. The remark is susceptible of still greater generalization. I may, perhaps, with truth assert that in every age and in every nation, the men who have arrayed themselves against the usurpations of government, whether monarchical or republican—the men who have arrayed themselves on the side of liberty, who have led on the forlorn hope against the aggressions of despotism, have been the men who against the patronage of power and wealth, have reared up those systems of philosophy that time cannot destroy—they are the men who have performed those noble achievements which most illustrate their country, and weave for it the chaplet of its glory—these are the men whose eloquence has shaken senates and animated nations. These are the men, who, whatever may be their destiny whilst they live, will ever be remembered and honored by a grateful posterity. Where now are those writings which contend for *jure divino* rights and patriarchal power?—past and gone! The Filmer are forgotten, the Hobbes are despised—while the writings of Locke will live forever, and the memory of Sidney and Russell and Hampden will be cherished through all ages. What were the Grenvilles and the Norths in more recent times, when compared with Chatham, Burke, Fox and Sheridan, in England, or with the Washingtons, Franklins, Henrys, Jeffersons and Adamses of our own revolutionary crisis. And thus would a review of the history of the world bear me out in the assertion, that in almost every age and country since the annals of history have become authentic, the opposition literature, in moral, political and religious philosophy has been purer, deeper, more vivifying and useful, than that sickly literature which has grown up under the shadow of the throne, though encouraged and stimulated by the smiles of power, and sustained and fostered by the lavish expenditure of exhaustless treasures.

* In the great Austrian University established at Vienna, the Professor of Statistics is strictly forbidden to present to the view of his class any other Statistics than those of Austria, lest this country should suffer by comparison with others. How limited must be the range of intellect on political subjects under such fatal restrictions as this, imposed by the narrow jealousy of arbitrary power!

The only additional remark which I shall make upon the general question of the relative influences exerted upon the progress of literature and the development of character, by the monarchical and republican forms of government is, that in the former the aspirants to office and honors look upwards to the throne and the nobility, in the latter they look downwards to the people. This simple difference between the two governments is calculated to produce the most extensive and material consequences. In the first place, the kind of talent requisite for success under the two governments, is very different. Even Mr. Hume himself acknowledges, that, to be successful with the people, it is generally necessary for a man to make himself *useful* by his industry, capacity, or knowledge; to be prosperous under a monarchy, it is requisite to render himself *agreeable* by his wit, complaisance, or civility. "A strong genius succeeds best in republics: a refined taste in monarchies. And consequently the sciences are the more natural growth of the one, and the polite arts of the other." We are told, that in France under the old monarchy, men did not expect to reach the elevated offices of government either by hard labor, close study, or real efficiency of character. A *bon mot*, some peculiar gracefulness, was frequently the occasion of the most rapid promotions; and these frequent examples, we are told, inspired a sort of careless philosophy, a confidence in fortune, and a contempt for studious exertions, which could only end in a sacrifice of utility to mere pleasure and elegance.

The fate of individuals under those circumstances is determined, not by their intrinsic worth or real talents, but by their capacity to please the monarch and his court. Poor Racine, we are told by St. Çimon, was banished forever from the royal sunshine in which he had so long basked, because in a moment of that absence of mind for which he was remarkable, he made an unlucky observation upon the writings of Scarron in presence of the king and Madame de Maintenon, which could never be forgotten or forgiven. We all know that the Raleighs, Leicesters, Essexes, &c. under the energetic reign of Elizabeth, were much more indebted to their personal accomplishments and devoted and adulatory gallantries, for their rapid promotions, than to any real services which they had rendered, or extraordinary talents which they had displayed. And in the time of Queen Anne, it has been said that the scale was turned in favor of passive obedience and non-resistance, by the Duchess of Marlborough's gloves; and the ill humor of the Duchess caused the recall of Marlborough, which alone could have saved the kingdom of France from almost certain conquest at that eventful crisis.

Another consequence which almost necessarily follows from the difference just pointed out between the monarchical and republican forms of government, is, that the stimulus furnished by the former, both to thought and action, is much less universal in its operation than that furnished by the latter. In the republican form of government, the sovereignty of the people is the mainspring—the moving power of the whole political engine. This sovereignty pervades the whole nation, like the very atmosphere we breathe—it reaches to the farthest, and binds the most distant together. In a well administered and well balanced republic, it mat-

ters not where our lot may be cast, whether in the north or the south, at the centre or on the confines, the action of the political machine is still made to reach us—to stimulate our energies and waken up our ambition. The people under this system become more enlightened and more energetic, because the exercise of sovereignty leads to reflection, and creates a demand for knowledge. Aspirants to office must study to become useful, intelligent and efficient, for by these attributes they will be the better enabled to win that popularity which may ensure the suffrages of those around them, so necessary to their attainment of political elevation—and thus does the republican system operate on all, and call into action the latent talent and energy of the country, no matter where they may exist.

In the monarchy, on the contrary, the moving spring of the whole machinery lies at the centre—the virtual sovereignty of the nation reposes in the capital. The want of political rights and powers sinks the dignity of the people, stagnates the public mind, and torpifies all the energies of man. In such a body politic you may have action and life, and even greatness at the centre, whilst you have the torpor and lethargy of death itself at the extremities. The man who is born at a distance from the capital has no chance for elevation there. If he aspires to political distinction he must make a pilgrimage to the seat of government. He must travel up to court, where alone he can bask in the beams of the royal sunshine. How partial is the operation of such a system as this! How many noble intellects may pass undiscovered and undeveloped under its sway! How many noble achievements may be lost, for the want of a proper opportunity to display them! And all this may happen while the monarch and his court are disposed to foster literature, to encourage talent, and to stimulate into action all the energies of the nation.*

But how debasing does this form of government become, when the monarch, either from policy or inclination, shuns the talent and virtue of the country, addresses himself to the lowest, the most vulgar and most selfish passions of man, and draws around him into the high places of the government men taken from the lowest and most despised functions of life. "Kings," says Burke, "are naturally lovers of low company; they are so elevated above all the rest of mankind that they must look upon all their subjects as on a level." They are apt, unless they be wise men, to hate the talent and virtue of the country, and attach themselves to those vile instruments who will consent to flatter their caprices, pander to their low and grovelling pleasures, and offer up to them the disgusting incense of sycophantic fawning adulation. Every man of talent and virtue is an obstacle in the path of such a monarch as this—he holds up to his view a most hateful mirror. When such monarchs as these are on the throne, the government exercises the most withering influence on the intellect and virtue of the country. Science is dishonored and persecuted because she is

virtuous, because she will consent to flatter neither the monarch on his throne nor his sycophantic courtier—she will consent to mingle in no degrading strife, nor does she bring up any reserve to the dishonest minister, either to swell his triumph or to break his fall. When men of rank thus sacrifice all ideas of dignity to an ambition without a useful and noble object, and work with low instruments and for low ends, the whole composition becomes low and base. Whilst Tiberius surrenders himself into the keeping of so vile a being as Sejanus—whilst Nero is fiddling and dancing, and Commodus in the arena with the gladiators—all that is noble and great in the empire must retire into the shade and seek for safety in solitude and obscurity.

When Louis XI dismissed from the court those faithful nobles and distinguished citizens, who had stood by his father and saved the monarch and his throne in the hour of adversity, and filled their places with men taken from the lowest and meanest condition of life, with no other merit than that possessed by the eunuch guard of the Medio-Persian monarch, of adhering to the king, because despised by all the world besides, he conquered, for the time at least, the virtue, the chivalry, the real greatness of France. Well, then, may we say, in the emphatic language of England's most philosophic statesman, "Woe to the country which would madly and impiously reject the service of the talents and virtues, civil, military or religious, that are given to grace and to serve it; and would condemn to obscurity every thing formed to diffuse lustre and glory around a state. Woe to that country too, that considers a low education, a mean contracted view of things, a sordid, mercenary occupation, as a preferable title to command."

But it may be asked, may not some of the effects which I have just described as flowing from monarchy, be produced under the republican form of government? To this I answer that almost all of them may be expected to be the result of one homogeneous republic, stretching over a great extent of territory, including a numerous population and a great diversity of interest; but, as such a government as this has been wisely provided against in our country at least, by a system of confederated republics, I will now proceed to the main object of my discourse this evening—to point out the peculiar influence which our federative system of government is calculated to produce upon literature and character.

And in the first place, supposing our system to continue as perfect in practice as it undoubtedly is in theory, a mere statistical exposé of its future condition in regard to numbers and wealth at no very distant period, is of itself sufficient to present to our view prospects of the most cheering and animating character. We have a territory extending over three millions of square miles, composed of soils of every variety and every degree of fertility, stretching almost from the tropics to the poles in one direction, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the other. We have spread sparsely over a portion of this immense territorial expanse, a population of fifteen millions, principally descended from that nation in Europe, which is at the same time the most wealthy, the most powerful, the most enterprising, the most free, the most civilized, and perhaps the most moral, purely religious and intellectual nation, among all the great powers of Europe. This population, which has, so far,

* Hence we see at once the error committed by the great author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, in the assertion, that the absolute monarchy would be the most desirable form of government in the world, if such men as Nerva, Trajan, and the Antonines could always be upon the throne.

shown itself worthy of the immortal stock of ancestors from which it is descended, is rapidly advancing in numbers and in wealth. Our censuses have hitherto shown a duplication of our population, in periods of less time than twenty-five years. We will assume, however, this period in our calculation, and we shall find this elastic spring of population, (if we can only bind down the movements of the governments of our system within their prescribed orbits,) of itself, like the magic wand of the enchanter, or the marvellous lamp of Aladdin, capable of achieving all which may confer glory and power and distinction on nations. In a period of seventy-five years, which is but a short time in a nation's history, we shall have a population of one hundred and twenty millions of souls, and yet not so dense as the population of many of the states of Europe. We shall then have an empire, formed by mere internal development, as populous as that of Rome and much more wealthy, speaking all the same language, and living under the same or similar institutions.

Let us then for a moment contemplate the inspiring influence which the mere grandeur of such a theatre is calculated to produce on literature and character. Whether the author write for wealth or for fame, or for usefulness, he will have the most unbounded field open to his exertions. The law which secures the property in his productions throughout such an immense empire, will ensure the most unlimited pecuniary patronage to all that is valuable and great, a patronage beyond what kings and princes can furnish. And the most powerful stimulus will be applied to every noble and generous principle of his nature, by the simple reflection that complete success in his literary efforts will introduce him to the knowledge of millions, all of whom may be edified by his instruction, or made more happy by the enjoyment of that literary repast which he may spread before them.

Do we not read of the mighty influence produced upon mind and body in ancient Greece, by the assemblages at the Olympic games? It was the hope of winning the prizes before these assemblages which called forth energy and awakened genius. It was under the thrilling applauses of these bodies that Herodotus recited his prose, and Pindar his poetry. And what, let me ask, was the great idea which animated every Roman writer? It was the idea of *Rome* herself—of *Rome* so wonderful in her ancient manners and laws—so great even in her errors and crimes. It was this idea which was breathed from the lips of her orators and embalmed in her literature—it is this idea which stamps the character of independent dignity and grandeur on the page of her philosophy, her history and her poetry.

But what were the multitudes that could be assembled together in Elis, or the heterogeneous half civilized polyglot people of the Roman Empire, bound together by the strong arm of power and overawed by the presence of the legions, in comparison with the millions that will ere long spring up within the limits of our wide spread territory,—speaking the same language,—formed under similar institutions,—and impelled by the same inspiring spirit of independence?

Another advantage which it is proper to present, as growing out of that condition of our people, which a mere statistical exposé will exhibit, is the security furnished by the magnitude and resources of our country,

and by the immense distance of all bodies politic of great power and ambition, from our borders, against foreign invasion, or foreign interference in domestic concerns. I shall not here dwell upon the consequent exemption of our country from those mighty engines of despotism, overgrown navies and armies, and the deleterious influence which these essentially anti-literary establishments exercise over the genius and energy of man. I shall merely briefly advert to some of the effects which this security of individuals and states against foreign aggression is calculated to produce on individual enterprise and state exertion.

Since the governments of the world have become more regular and stable, and the great expense of war has made even victory and conquest ruinous to nations, rulers are beginning to look to the development of the internal resources of their countries, more than to foreign conquest and national spoliations. The great system of internal improvement in all its branches, is without doubt one of the most powerfully efficient means which can be devised to hurry forward the accumulation of wealth, and speed on the progress of civilization. The canal and the rail road, the steam boat and the steam car, the water power and steam power, constitute in fact the great and characteristic powers of the nineteenth century—they are the mighty civilizers of the age in which we live. They bind together in harmony and concord the discordant interests of nations, and like the vascular system of the human frame, they produce a wholesome circulation, and a vivifying and stimulating action throughout the whole body politic.

These great improvements in our own country, with but few exceptions, and those well defined, ought to be executed solely by states and individuals. But neither states nor individuals would execute those necessary works, without security from interruption and invasion, and consequent security in the enjoyment of the profits which they might yield. What wealthy individual in our own state, for example, would erect a costly bridge across one of our rivers, or embark his capital in the construction of a canal or rail road, if foe or friend might blow up his bridge during the next year, or a war might interrupt trade, and perhaps a treaty of peace might cede the canal or rail way to a different state?

Of all the nations in Europe, England is the one which has been most exempt from foreign invasion, and we find in that country that individual enterprise has achieved more in the cause of internal improvement than in any other nation in Europe; and the prosperity and real greatness of England are no doubt due in a great measure to the energy and enterprise of her citizens. In the continental nations we find this constant liability to invasion every where paralyzing the enterprise of both individuals and states. One of the most skilful engineers of France tells us that in passing through some of the frontier provinces of that country, he every where beheld the most mournful evidences of the want of both national and individual enterprise, in miserable roads, in decayed or fallen bridges, in the absence of canals and turnpikes, of manufactures, commerce, and even of agriculture itself, in many almost deserted regions. Paris, the second city in Europe in point of numbers and wealth, and the capital of the nation hitherto most powerful on the continent, has not

yet in this age of ardor and enterprise, constructed either a canal or rail road to the ocean, or even to any intermediate point. If our federative system contained within its borders a city thus wealthy and populous, and so well situated, can there be a doubt that it would long ere this have sent its rail roads and canals not only to the ocean, but in all probability to the Rhine and the Danube, to the Rhone, the Garonne, and the Mediterranean.

This spirit of improvement, under the hitherto benign protection of our government, is already abroad in the land. New York and Pennsylvania have already executed works which rival in splendor and grandeur the boasted monuments of Egypt, Rome or China, and far excel them in usefulness and profit. The states of the south and west too are moving on in the same noble career. And our own Virginia, the *Old Dominion*, has at last awakened from her inglorious repose, and is pushing forward with vigor her great central improvement, destined soon to pass the Blue Ridge and Alleghany ranges of mountains, and thus to realize the fable of antiquity, which represented the sea-gods as driving their herds to pasture on the mountains.

"Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes."

One certain effect of our great systems of improvement must be the rearing up of large towns throughout our country. I know full well that great cities are cursed with great vices. The worst specimens of the human character, squalid poverty, gorgeous, thoughtless luxury, misery and anxiety, are all to be found in them. But we find, at the same time, the noblest and most virtuous specimens of our race on the same busy, bustling theatre. Mind is here brought into collision with mind—intellect whets up intellect—the energy of one stimulates the energy of another—and thus we find all the great improvements originate here. It is the cities which constitute the great moving power of society; the country population is much more tardy in its action, and thus becomes the regulator to the machinery. It is the cities which have hurried forward the great revolutions of modern times, "whether for weal or woe." It is the cities which have made the great improvements and inventions in mechanics and the arts. It is the great cities which have pushed every department of literature to the highest pitch of perfection. It is the great cities alone which can build up and sustain hospitals, asylums, dispensaries—which can gather together large and splendid libraries, form literary and philosophical associations, assemble together bands of literati, who stimulate and encourage each other. In fine, it is the large cities alone which can rear up and sustain a mere literary class. When there shall arise in this country, as there surely will, some eight or ten cities of the first magnitude, we shall then find the opprobrium which now attaches to us, of having no national literature, wiped away; and there are no doubt some branches of science which we are destined to carry to a pitch of perfection which can be reached no where else. Where, for example, can the great moral, political, and economical sciences be studied so successfully as here? And this leads me at once to the consideration of the operation of the state or federative system of government, which I regard as the most beautiful feature in our

political system, and that which is calculated to produce the most beneficial influence both on the progress of science, and on the development of character.

It has been observed, under all great governments acting over wide spread empires, that both the arts and literature quickly come to a stand, and most generally begin to decline afterwards. In fact, Mr. Hume makes the bold assertion in his *Essays*, "that when the arts and sciences come to perfection in any state, from that moment they naturally or rather necessarily decline, and seldom or never revive in that nation where they formerly flourished." His remark is certainly much more applicable to large monarchical governments than to such a system as ours. In large countries, with great national governments, there will be quickly formed in literature as perfect a despotism as exists in politics. Some few great geniuses will arise, explore certain departments of literature, earn an imperishable reputation, die, and bequeath to posterity in their writings a model ever after to be imitated, and for that very reason never to be excelled. And thus it is that certain standard authors establish their dominion in the world of letters, and impose a binding law on their successors, who, it has been well said, do nothing more than transpose the incidents, new-name the characters, and paraphrase the sentiments of their great prototypes. It is known that under the Roman emperors, even as late as the time of Justinian, Virgil was called *the poet*, by way of distinction, throughout the western empire, while Homer received the same appellation in the eastern empire. These two poets were of undisputed authority to all their successors in epic poetry.

We are told that in the vast empire of China, speaking but one language, governed by one law, and consequently moulded into one dull homogeneous character, this literary despotism is still more marked. When the authority of a great teacher, like that of Confucius, is once established, the doctrine of passive obedience to such authority is just as certainly enforced upon succeeding literati as the same doctrine towards the monarch is enforced on the subject. Now all this has a tendency to cramp genius, and paralyze literary effort.

The developing genius of the modern world was arrested in the career of invention at least, and the imagination was tamed down by the servile imitation of the ancients immediately after the revival of letters. And perhaps one of the greatest benefits conferred on learning by the reformation, consisted of the new impulse that was suddenly communicated to the human mind—an impulse that at once broke asunder the bonds which the literature of the ancient world had rivetted—set free the mind after directing it into a new career of inquiry and investigation, unshackled even by the Latin language, which had so long robbed the vernacular tongues of Europe of the honors justly due to them from the literati of the age.*

*I would not by any means be understood as advancing the opinion that the language and literature of the ancients have been always an impediment to the progress of modern literature. On the contrary, at the revival of letters, the moderns were an almost immeasurable distance in the rear of the ancients. Ancient literature then became a power, by which the moderns were at once elevated to the literary level of antiquity; but when once we had reached that point, all farther exclusive devotion to the learning and the language of antiquity became hurtful to the mind by the trammels which it imposed. The study

But not only do great writers in large nations establish their authority over their successors, and thus set bounds to the progress of literature, but they repress the genius of the country by discouraging those first intellectual efforts of young aspirants for fame, which appear insignificant by comparison with established models. Now in literature, as well as in the accumulation of wealth, the proverb is strictly true, that it is the first step which is the most difficult, "*c'est le premier pas qui coute.*" The timid and the modest, (and real genius is always modest,) are frequently deterred from appearing in a particular department of literature, because of the great distance at which their first efforts must fall in the rear of the standard authors who have preceded them. They are overawed and alarmed at the first step which it is necessary to take, and frequently recoil from the task, sinking back into the quiet obscurity of listlessness and mental inactivity—whereas, if a proper encouragement could have been furnished to their incipient labors, it would have cheered and animated them in their literary career, and finally conducted them to proud and exalted rank in the world of letters.

The splendor, profundity, and irresistible fascination of Shakspeare's plays, have perhaps deterred many a genius in England from writing plays. So Corneille and Racine have no doubt produced similar effects in France. Even the great names which I have mentioned, would have been overawed, if in the commencement of their career, they had been obliged to contend with their own more splendid productions. "If Moliere and Corneille," said Hume, "were to bring upon the stage at present their early productions which were formerly so well received, it would discourage the young poets to see the indifference and disdain of the public. The ignorance of the age alone could have given admission to the '*Prince of Tyre*;' but it is to that we owe '*The Moor*.' Had '*Every Man in his Humor*' been rejected, we had never seen '*Volpone*.'"

Now there is no system of government which has ever been devised by man, better calculated to remove the withering and blighting influence of great names in literature, and at the same time to insure the full possession of all the great benefits which their labors can confer, than the federal system of republics—a system which, at the same time that it binds the states together in peace and harmony, leaves each one in the possession of a government of its own, with its sovereignty and liberty unimpaired. In such a condition as this, there is a wholesome circulation of literature from one state to another, without establishing, however, any thing like a dictatorship in the republic of letters. A salutary rivalry is generated; and a true and genuine patriotism, I must be allowed to assert, will always lead us to foster and stimulate genius, wherever we may perceive symptoms of its development, throughout the limits of that commonwealth to which we are attached. The soldier in the field may love the marshal, and feel an attachment to the grand army which

of the classics will forever be useful and interesting to him who aspires to be a scholar. But it becomes injurious when we make it our exclusive study, and substitute the undefined and loose system of morality—the high sounding and empty philosophy of the ancients, for the purer morals and deeper learning of the moderns.

has been so often led to conquest and glory; but I must confess that I admire more that warm, generous, and sympathetic attachment, which his heart feels for that small division and its officer with which he has been connected—for that little platoon in which his own name has been enrolled, and where his own little share of glory has been won.

The history of antiquity, and the history of the modern world, alike show that small independent contiguous states, speaking the same language, living under similar governments, actuated by similar impulses, and bound together by the ties of cordial sympathy and mutual welfare, are the most favorable for the promotion of literature and science—in fine, for the development of every thing that is great, noble, and useful. On such a theatre, the candidate for literary honor is not overawed by the fame of those who have won trophies in adjoining states. He looks to the commonwealth to which he is attached, for support and applause; and when his name begins to be known abroad, and his fame to spread, his horizon expands with the increasing elevation of his station, until it comprehends the whole system of homogeneous republics. In such a system as this, the literature of each state will be aided and stimulated by that of all the rest—it will draw from all the pure fountains in every quarter of the world, without being manacled and stifled by the absolute authority of any. In such a system as this, there is no *jure divino* right in science—there is no national prejudice fostered in a national literature; respect, and even veneration, will be paid in such a system to all true learning, wherever it may be found; but there will be no worship, no abject submission to literary dictators. And if such a people may fail to form a regular homogeneous national literature, they will perhaps for that very reason be enabled to carry each art and science, in the end, to a higher pitch of perfection than it could reach if trammelled by the binding laws imposed by an organized national literature.

Among the nations of the earth which have made any progress in civilization, we find from the operation of causes which it would be foreign from my object to explain, that Asia most abounds in great and populous empires. And it is precisely in this quarter of the globe that we find a most irresistible despotism in both government and literature. Europe is divided into smaller states, and in them we find more popular governments, and more profound literature. Of all the portions of Europe, Greece was anciently the most divided; but as long as those little states could preserve their freedom, they were by far the most successful cultivators, in the ancient world, of every art and every science. The literature of the little republics of Italy, during the middle ages, illustrates the same great principles; and the rapid progress of the little states of Germany, since the general pacification of Europe in 1815, in literary and philosophical research of every kind, proves likewise the truth of the remarks made above.

Germany was accused by Madame de Stael of having no national literature: but the German state system of government, though by no means equal to ours, bids fair to carry German literature beyond that of any other nation in Europe. Although the literati of these small states are not trammelled either by their own or foreign literature, yet there is no body of learned men

in the world who profit more by all that is really good and great in the learning of their neighbors. Without any narrow prejudices, they go with eagerness in search of truth and beauty wherever they are to be found. Every literature in the world has been cultivated by the Germans. We are told that "Shakspeare and Homer occupy the loftiest station in the poetical Olympus, but there is space in it for all true singers out of every age and clime. Ferdusi, and the primeval mythologists of Hindostan, live in brotherly union with the troubadours and ancient story-tellers of the west. The wayward, mystic gloom of Calderon—the lurid fire of Dante—the auroral light of Tasso—the clear, icy glitter of Racine, all are acknowledged and revered."

Of all modern literature, the German has the best, as well as the most translations. In 1827, there were three entire versions of Shakspeare, all admitted to be good, besides many that were partial, or considered inferior. How soon, let me ask, would the literature of Germany wane away, if all her little independent states were moulded into one consolidated empire, with a great central government in the capital?

But the most beneficial influence produced upon literature and character under the federative system of government, springs from the operation of the state governments themselves. We have seen that the monarchical government, in a large state, fails to stimulate learning and elicit great activity of character, because its influence does not pervade the whole body politic—while the centre may be properly acted on, the confines are in a state of inextricable languor. A great consolidated republican government, if such an one could exist, would be little better than a monarchy. The aspirants for the high offices in such a nation, would all look up to the government as the centre for promotion, and not to the people. The talent and ambition of the country would have to make the same weary pilgrimage here as in the monarchies—to travel up to court—to fawn upon and flatter the men whom fortune had thrown into the high places of the government. The stimulus which such a government could afford, must necessarily be of the most partial and capricious character. A system of state governments preserves the sovereignty unimpaired in every portion of the country; it carries the beneficial stimulus, which government itself is capable of applying to literature and character, to every division of the people. Under such governments as these, if properly regulated, and not overawed or corrupted by central power—it matters very little where a man's destiny may place him, whether he may be born on the borders of the Lakes, on the banks of the Mississippi, or even in future times on the distant shores of the Pacific—the sovereignty is with him—the action of the state and federal governments reaches him in his distant home as effectually as if he had been born in the federal metropolis, or on the banks of the Potomac, or the waters of the Chesapeake.

Under such a system as this, there is no one part more favored than the rest; but all are subjected to similar governments, and operated on by similar stimulants. In all other countries the term province is a term of reproach. Neibuhr tells us that in France the best book published in Marseilles or Bordeaux is hardly

mentioned. *C'est public dans la province* is enough to consign the book at once to oblivion—so complete is the literary dictatorship of Paris over all France. In such a system as ours, we have no provinces; if the governments shall only move in their prescribed orbits, all will be principals, all will be heads—each member of the confederacy will stand on the same summit level with every other. While this condition of things exists, the institutions of one state will not be disparaged or overshadowed by those of another—not even by those of the central department. A great and flourishing university for example, established in one state, will but encourage the establishment of another in an adjoining state. The literary efforts of one will not damp or impede those of another, but will stimulate it to enter on the same career.

Where, in all Europe for example, can be found so large a number of good universities for the same amount of population as in the states of Germany. The number, it is said, has reached thirty-six—nineteen Protestant, and seventeen Catholic; and nearly all of them, particularly the Protestant, are in a flourishing condition. Even as early as 1826 there were twenty-two universities in Germany, not one of which numbered less than two hundred students. And Villers tells us that there is more real knowledge in one single university, as that of Gottingen, Halle, or Jena, than in all the eight universities of San Jago de Compostella, Alcala, Orihuela, &c. of the consolidated monarchy of Spain.*

If we look to that period of greatest glory in the history of modern Italy, when her little states with all their bustle and faction were still free—still unawed by the great powers of Europe, we shall behold in her universities a beautiful exemplification of the truth of the same principles. Almost every independent state had its university or its college; and no matter how limited its territory, or small its population, the spirit of the state system—the spirit of liberty itself, breathed into these institutions the breath of life, and made them the nurseries of genius and independence, of science and literature.

How soon was the whole character of Holland

* The literature of Spain has never revived since the consolidation of her government under Charles and Philip. It flourished most, strange as it may appear, when the Spanish peninsula was divided among several independent governments, and when the spirit of independence and individuality was excited to the highest pitch by that spirit of honor, love of adventure, and of individual notoriety, infused into the nations of Europe by the Institution of Chivalry. "The literature of Spain," says Sismondi, (Literature of South Europe) "has, strictly speaking, only one period, that of Chivalry. Its sole riches consist in its ancient honor and frankness of character. The poem of the Cid first presented itself to us among the Spanish works, as the Cid himself among the heroes of Spain; and after him, we find nothing in any degree equalling either the noble simplicity of his real character, or the charm of the brilliant fictions of which he is the subject. Nothing that has since appeared can justly demand our unqualified admiration. In the midst of the most brilliant efforts of Spanish genius, our taste has been continually wounded by extravagance and affectation, or our reason has been offended by an eccentricity often bordering on folly." Spain then furnishes a most convincing illustration of the melancholy influence of great consolidated governments on mind and literature. The poem of the Cid, so highly eulogized by Sismondi, is supposed to have been written about the middle of the twelfth century.

changed by the benign operation of the federative system, after she had thrown off the odious yoke of the Spanish monarchy! Soon did the spirit of freedom give rise to five universities in this small but interesting country. "When the city of Leyden, in common with all the lower countries, had fought through the bloodiest and perhaps the noblest struggle for liberty on record, the great and good William of Orange offered her immunities from taxes, that she might recover from her bitter sufferings, and be rewarded for the important services which she had rendered to the sacred cause. Leyden however declined the offer, and asked for nothing but the privilege of erecting a university within her walls, as the best reward for more than human endurance and perseverance." This simple fact, says the writer from whom I have obtained this anecdote, is a precious gem to the student of history; for if the protection of the arts and sciences reflects great honor upon a monarch, though it be for vanity's sake, the fostering care with which communities or republics watch over the cultivation of knowledge, and the other ennobling pursuits of man, sheds a still greater lustre upon themselves.

In our own country, it is true that we have not yet passed into the gristle and bone of literary manhood. But we have already established more colleges and universities than exist perhaps in any other country on the face of the globe. We have already about seventy-six in operation, and some of them even now, whether we consider the munificence of their endowments, or the learning which they can boast of, would do credit to any age or country. If the time shall ever come when our state governments shall be broken down, and the power shall be concentrated in one great national system; then will the era of state universities be past, and a few bloated, corrupt, *jure divino* establishments will be reared in their stead, more interested in the support of absolute power, and the suppression of truth, than in the cause of liberty and freedom of investigation.*

But it is said by some that the state system tinges all literature with a political hue—that under this system politics becomes the great, the engrossing study of the mind—that the lighter kinds of literature and the fine arts will be neglected—that the mathematical and physical sciences will be uncultivated—in fine, that the literature of such a people will be purely utilitarian. This objection is perhaps, founded principally upon too exclusive a view of the past literary history of our own country. Up to this time there has, if I may use the phraseology of political economy, been a greater demand for political knowledge in this country than for any other species of literature. The new political con-

*Perhaps in our country we have multiplied colleges to too great an extent, and consequently have lessened their usefulness by too great a division of the funds destined for their support. The spirit of sectarianism co-operating with the system of state governments, has produced this result. The college and university ought, to some extent, to partake of the nature of a monopoly. There should be some concentration of funds, or you will fail to obtain adequate talents for your professorships. In our country particularly, professors should be paid high, or they cannot be induced to relinquish the more brilliant prospects which the learned professions hold out to them. But the evil of too great a number of colleges and universities, is one which will correct itself in the course of time, by the ultimate failure of those not properly endowed.

dition into which we entered at the revolution—the formation of our state and federal governments—the jarring and grating almost necessarily incident to new political machinery just started into action—severely tested too as ours has been, and is still, by the inharmonious and too often selfish action of heterogeneous interests on each other—the formation of new states, and the rapid development of new interests and unforeseen powers, together with the great sparseness of our population, have all contributed to turn the public mind of this country principally to the field of politics and morals—and surely we have arrived at an eminency on these subjects not surpassed in any other country.

One of the most distinguished writers on the continent of Europe, even before the close of the eighteenth century, says most justly, "the American literature, indeed, is not yet formed, but when their magistrates are called upon to address themselves on any subject to the public opinion, they are eminently gifted with the power of touching all the affections of the heart, by expressing simple truths and pure sentiments; and to do this, is already to be acquainted with the most useful secret of elegant style." The Declaration of American Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the speeches delivered on it in the conventions of the states, particularly in Virginia—the collection of essays known by the name of *The Federalist*—the resolutions on the Alien and Sedition Laws, and the report thereon in the Virginia Legislature of '98 and '99—with the messages of our Presidents, documents from the Cabinets, speeches of our congressmen,* and political expo-

*There is no species of talent which republican institutions are better calculated to foster and perfect than that of public speaking. Wherever the sovereignty resides with the people, this talent becomes an engine of real power, and one of the surest means of political advancement to the individual who possesses it. Mr. Dunlop remarks, in his *Roman Literature*, that Cicero's treatise *De Claris Oratoribus*, makes mention of scarcely one single orator of any distinction in the Roman Republic, who did not rise to the highest dignities of the state. We may certainly expect then, in the progress of time, if our institutions shall endure, that the great art of oratory will be carried to perhaps greater perfection here than in any other country. Our federal system is particularly favorable to the encouragement of this art. Had we but one great legislature in this country, very few could ever be expected to figure in it, and those would be the more elderly and sober. Under these circumstances, the more ardent eloquence of the youthful aspirant might fail to be developed, in consequence of the want of a proper stimulus. The state governments now supply that stimulus in full force, and furnish the first preparatory theatres for oratorical display. When in addition to all this, we take into consideration the training which our public men receive during the canvass, at the elections, in public meetings, and even at the festive board, we must acknowledge that our system is admirably calculated for the development of the talent for public speaking. Perhaps I would not go beyond the truth in making the assertion, that we have now in this country more and better trained public speakers than are to be found in any other. Judging from our own legislature and congress, I would say, without hesitation, that our public men are generally the most efficient speakers in the world, in comparison with their general ability and the learning which they possess. In the latter, unfortunately, they are too often very deficient.

It is very true that our style of speaking is too diffusive. Our orators too often seem to be speaking against time, and to be utterly incapable of condensation. It has been observed, that it would take three or four of the great speeches of Demosthenes to equal in length a speech which a second rate member of Congress would deliver *de Lana Caprina*. I am well aware that this style is frequently the result of confused ideas, and an indis-

sitions of our distinguished statesmen, form altogether a mass of political learning not to be surpassed in any other country. We are not to wonder then that a German writer of much celebrity, and a defender too of the Holy Alliance, in full view of the nascent literature of our country, should have proclaimed the 4th of July, '76, as the commencement of a new era in the history of the world; nor that that eloquent royalist of France, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, should assert that the representative republic, which has been first reduced to practice in the United States, is the most splendid discovery of modern times.

May we not then, judging even from the past, form the most brilliant conceptions of the future? When our wide spread territory shall be filled up with a denser population—when larger cities shall be erected within our borders, the necessary nurseries of a literary class—when physical and mental labor shall be more subdivided, then will the intellectual level of our country begin to rise; the increasing competition in every department of industry will call for greater labor, greater energy, and more learning on the part of the successful candidates for distinction. And then may we expect that every branch of literature will be cultivated, and every art be practiced by the matured and invigorated genius of the country.

But although in the progress of time we may expect that literature in all its forms and varieties will be successfully cultivated here, yet we must still acknowledge that the character of our political system will give a most decided bias towards moral and political science. Under a system of republics like ours, where the sovereignty resides *de jure* and *de facto* in the people, the business of politics is the business of every man. Men in power, in every age and country, are disposed to

grasp at more than has been confided to them; they have always developed wolfish propensities. To guard against these dangerous propensities in a republic, it is necessary that the people in whom the sovereignty resides, should always be on the watch-tower; they should never be caught slumbering at their posts; they should take the alarm not only against the palpable and open usurpations of power, but against those gradual, secret, imperceptible changes, which silently dig away the very foundations of our constitution, and create no alarm until they are ready to shake down the whole fabric of our liberties. Under these circumstances, it is the business of every man—it is more, it is the duty of every man—to think, to reflect, to instruct himself, that he may be prepared to perform that part at least which must necessarily devolve on each freeman in the great political drama of our country. He must recollect that the great experiment of a free government depends upon the intelligence and the virtue of the people. It is this knowledge and this virtue which constitute at once their power and their safety. It is in the reliance on this power, resulting from the intelligence and virtue of the people alone, that the honest patriot may well exclaim in the glowing language of Sheridan on a different subject, "I will give to the minister a venal house of peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile house of commons—I will give him the full swing of the patronage of his office—I will give him all the power that place can confer, to overawe resistance and purchase up submission; and yet armed, with this mighty power of the people, I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it beneath the ruins of the abuse it was meant to shelter."

Surely then it can be no disadvantage to a country to direct the virtue and talents of its citizens principally to that science whose principles, when well understood and practiced on, will secure the liberty and happiness of the people, but when mistaken by ignorance, or perverted by corruption, will subvert the one, and dissipate the other. Look to the past history of the world, from the days of the Patriarchs to the days of our Presidents, and we are at a loss, after the review, to determine whether the world has been injured more by the unwise and unskilful efforts of statesmen and philanthropists to benefit, or by the nefarious attempts of wicked men and tyrants to injure it. We shall find from this review, that where a Hampden, a Sidney, and a Russell have been crushed by the tyrannous exercise of power, and been wept over by posterity after they had fallen, thousands have been reduced to misery, or sent untimely out of the world, unpitied and unmourned, by the stupid legislation of ignorant statesmen. Of such bodies of functionaries, we may well exclaim, in the language of England's bard,

"How much more happy were good Æsop's frogs
Than we?—for ours are animated logs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow."

The statistics of the densely populated countries of Europe and Asia inform us, that there are large masses of population in those countries constantly vacillating, if I may use the expression, between life and death; a feather may decide the preponderance of the scales, in favor of one or the other. In view of such a pregnant fact as this, how awfully responsible becomes the duty

of the legislator! Suppose, whilst he is endeavoring to organize the labor and capital of the country, he should unfortunately tamper with the sources of production, and, if I may use the beautiful simile of Fenelon, like him who endeavors to enlarge the native springs of the rock, should suddenly find that his labors had but served to dry them up,—what calamities would not such legislative blunders at once inflict upon that lowest and most destitute class, which is already holding on upon life, with so frail a tenure! How many would be hastened prematurely out of existence! And these are the melancholy every-day consequences, too often misunderstood or unnoticed, of ignorant legislation. How vastly different is the benign influence of that wise legislator, whose laws, in the language of Bacon, “are deep, not vulgar; not made on the spur of a particular occasion for the present, but out of Providence for the future, to make the estate of the people still more and more happy!”

But not only should political science be a prominent study in every republic, in consequence of its immense importance and universal application, but it demands the most assiduous cultivation, because of the intrinsic difficulties which belong to it. There is no science in which we are more likely to ascribe effects to wrong causes than in politics—there is none which demands a more constant exercise of reason and observation, and in which first impressions are so likely to be false. The moral and political sciences, particularly the latter, are much more difficult than the physical and mathematical. There is scarcely any intellect, no matter how common, which may not, by severe study and close application, be brought at last to master mere physical and mathematical science. Eminence here is rather a proof of labor than of genius.*

But in matters of morals and politics how many must turn their attention to them, and how few become eminent! Suppose that the exalted talents which have been turned into a political career in this country, had been employed with the same assiduity in physics or mathematics—to what perfection might they not have attained in those sciences? If the genius and study which have been expended upon one great subject in political economy, the Banks for example, could have been directed with equal ardor to mathematics and physics, with what complete success would they have been crowned? And yet this whole subject of Banking is far, very far from being thoroughly comprehended by the most expanded intellects of the age. Thus do we find the moral and political departments of literature the most useful,* and at the same time much the most difficult to

cultivate with success. They require too a concurrence of every other species of knowledge to their perfection, and hence the literature of that country may always be expected to be most perfect and most useful, in which these branches are made the centre, the great nucleus around which the others are formed.*

But again, the state system of government, in all its details, awakens the genius and elicits the energies of the citizens, by the high inducement to exertion held out to all,—from the stimulating hope of influencing the

these subjects, and as it is perfectly coincident with my own, I cannot forbear to add it in a note. “The truth is,” says the Doctor, “that the knowledge of external nature and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great nor frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation—whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places. We are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physical learning is of such rare emergence, that one may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation.”

*Although our political institutions have the effect of directing the matured minds of the country into the field of politics and morals, yet we are not to suppose, on that account, that the mathematical and physical sciences will be neglected here. In almost all our colleges, particular attention is paid to these latter branches. In fact, so far as I have been enabled to examine into the condition of our colleges and universities, I would say the moral and political sciences are almost always too much neglected. It is easy generally to fill the mathematical and physical departments with able professors, because those who are well qualified to fill those departments, can find no other employments so lucrative and honorable. But those who would make eminent moral and political lecturers, would be generally well qualified, with but little additional study, to enter into the learned professions, or into the still more enticing field of politics, with the most unlimited prospects before them. Hence, whilst in many of our colleges the physical and mathematical chairs are most ably filled, you find the moral and political professors but second rate men. Now talent and real comprehension of mind are particularly required on the subjects of morals and politics. In the mathematics and physics, the merest dunce, if he teaches at all, must teach correctly. He may not give the most concise, or the most beautiful, or the most recent demonstration; but if he gives any demonstration at all, his reasoning is irrefutable, and his conclusions undeniably true. How vastly different are our speculations in politics and morals! What fatal principles may ignorance or dishonesty inculcate here! In our colleges, then the fixed sciences do now, and are likely in future to receive most attention; and consequently, we need not fear that they will be neglected. On the contrary, the danger seems to be, that they may be studied too exclusively.

Again, the wide extent of our country, the variety of our soils, our immense mineralogical resources, our mountains and rivers, our diversified geological phenomena, our canals, our rail roads, our immense improvements of all descriptions, open a wide and unlimited range for the research and practical skill of the physical and mathematical student, which will always stimulate the talent of the country sufficiently in this direction. Our past history too, confirms my remarks; and the great names in mathematics and physics, and the great and useful inventions in the arts, which have already shed a halo of glory around our infant institutions, point us to that brilliant prospect in the vista of the future, when our mathematical and natural philosophers, if not the very first, will certainly rank among the greatest of the world.

*A very able reviewer in Blackwood, of Allison's History of the French Revolution, says of Napoleon, in attempting to disprove his precocious greatness, “even his faculty for mathematics, which has been frequently adduced as one of the most sufficient proofs of his future fame as a soldier, fails; perhaps no faculty of the human mind is less successful in promoting those enlarged views, or that rapid and vigorous comprehension of the necessities of the moment, which form the essentials of the great statesman or soldier. The mathematician is generally the last man equal to the sudden difficulties of situation, or even to the ordinary problems of human life. Skill in the science of equations might draw up a clear system of tactics on paper. But it must be a mental operation, not merely of a more active, but of a totally different kind, which constructed the recovery of the battle at Marengo, or led the march to Ulm.”

†Dr. Johnson in his Life of Milton, has given us his opinion on

destinies of others, and becoming useful to mankind and an ornament to our country. Under the benign operation of the federative system, the hope of rising to some distinction in the commonwealth, is breathed into us all. From the highest to the lowest, we stand ready and anxious to step forth into the service of our country. This universal desire to be useful—this constant hope of rising to distinction—this longing after immortality, arouses the spirit of emulation, excites all the powers of reflection, calls forth all the energies of mind and body, and makes man a greater, nobler, and more efficient being, than when he moves on sluggishly in the dull routine of life, through the unvarying, noiseless calm of despotism. All the rewards, all the distinctions of arbitrary power, can never inspire that energy which arises from the patriotic hope of being useful, and weaving our name with the history of our country.

Philosophy is the most frivolous and shallow of employments in a country where it dares not penetrate into the institutions which surround it. When reflection durst not attempt to amend or soften the lot of mankind, it becomes unmanly and puerile. Look to the literature of those deluded beings, who immured within the walls of their monasteries, separated themselves from the great society of their country, and vainly imagined that they were doing service to their God, by running counter to those great laws which he has impressed upon his creatures, and by violating those principles which he has breathed into us all. What a melancholy picture is presented to our view—what waste of time, of intellect, and of labor, on subjects which true philosophy is almost ashamed to name! What endless discussions, what pointless wit, what inconsequential conclusions—in fine, what empty, useless nonsense, do we find in that absurd philosophy reared up in seclusion, and entirely unconnected with man and the institutions by which he is governed!*

Nothing so much animates and cheers the literary

* As a specimen, let us take the work of the celebrated St. Thomas Aquinas, with the lofty title of *Summa Totius Theologiae*, 1250 pages folio. In this work there are 168 articles on Love, 358 on Angels, 200 on the Soul, 85 on Demons, 151 on Intellect, 134 on Law, 3 on the Catamenia, 237 on Sins, and 17 on Virginity. He treats of Angels, says D'Israeli, their substances, orders, offices, natures, habits, &c. as if he himself had been an old experienced Angel. When men are thus cut off from the active pursuits of life, it is curious to contemplate the very trifling character of their discussions and labors. D'Israeli tells us that the following question was a favorite topic for discussion, and thousands of the acutest logicians through more than one century, never resolved it. "When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the hog carried to market by the rope or the man?" The same writer too, tells us of a monk who was sedulously employed through a long life, in discovering more than 30,000 new questions concerning the Virgin Mary, with appropriate answers. And it was the same useless industry which induced the monks often to employ their time in writing very minutely, until they brought this worthless art to such perfection, as to write down the whole Iliad on parchment that might be enclosed in a nutshell. In the Imperial Library of Vienna, there is still preserved an extraordinary specimen of chirography by a Jew, who had no doubt imbibed the in-utilitarian spirit of the monks. On a single page, eight inches long by six and a half broad, are written without abbreviations and very legible to the naked eye, the Pentateuch and book of Ruth in German; Ecclesiasticus in Hebrew; the Canticles in Latin; Esther in Syriac; and Deuteronomy in French.

man in his intellectual labors, as the hope of being able to promote the happiness of the human race. Hence the custom among the ancients of blending together military, legislative, and philosophic pursuits, contributed greatly to the progress of mental activity and improvement. When thought may be the forerunner of action—when a happy reflection may be instantaneously transformed into a beneficent institution, then do the contemplations and reflections of a man of genius ennoble and exalt philosophy. He no longer fears that the torch of his reason will be extinguished without shedding a light along the path of active life. He no longer experiences that embarrassing timidity, that crushing shame, which genius, condemned to mere speculation, must ever feel in the presence of even an inferior being, when that being is invested with a power which may influence the destiny of those around him—which may enable him to render the smallest service to his country, or even to wipe away one tear from affliction's cheek.

I am not now dealing in vague conjecture; the history of the past will bear me out in the assertions which I have made. In casting a glance over the nations of antiquity, our attention is arrested by none so forcibly as by the little Democracies of Greece. I will not occupy the attention of this society by the details of that history which is graven upon the memory of us all. I will not stop here to relate the warlike achievements of that extraordinary system of governments which, covering an extent of territory not greater than that of our own state, even with division among themselves, was yet enabled to meet, with their small but devoted bands, the countless hosts of Persia, led on by their proud and vain-glorious monarch, and to roll back in disgrace and defeat, the mighty tide upon the East. Nor will I recount the trophies which they won in philosophy, or describe their beautiful and sublime productions in the arts, which they at once created and perfected. Nor will I detain you with an account of that matchless eloquence displayed in their popular assemblies, which the historian tells us drew together eager, gazing, listening crowds from all Greece, as if about to behold the most splendid spectacle which the imagination of man could conceive, or even the universe could present. The history of Greece is too well known to us all to require these details. A people with such historians as Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, acquires a strange pre-eminence—a wonderful notoriety among the nations of the earth. The extraordinary power of this cluster of little states, the superiority of their literature, the resistless energy of the minds and bodies of their citizens, whether for weal or woe—in short, their real greatness, are acknowledged by all.

What then, we may well be permitted to ask, could have generated so much greatness of mind, so much energy and loftiness of character in this apparently secluded corner of Europe, scarcely visible on the world's map? It was not the superiority of her climate and soil. Spain—worn out and degenerate Spain, enjoys the genial climate of the Athenian, and possesses a soil more fertile. It was not the superior protection which her governments afforded to persons and property, which generated this wonderful character. Property was almost as unsafe amid the turbulent factions of Greece, as under the despotisms of the East; and the stroke of tyranny was as often, inflicted upon pat-

riots and statesmen, by the ungrateful hand of a capricious and unbalanced democracy, as by the great monarchs of Persia, or by the barbarian kings of Scythia. No!—it was the system of independent state governments, which, badly organized as they were, without a proper system of representation and responsibility, and often shaken by faction and torn to pieces by discord, nevertheless extended their inspiring, animating influence over all, and drew forth from the shade of retirement or solitude the talent and energy of the people, wherever they existed. It was this system of state government which so completely identified each citizen of Greece with that little body politic with which his destiny was connected—which breathed into his soul that ardent patriotism which can sacrifice self upon the altar of our country's happiness, and which could make even an Alcibiades, or a Themistocles, whilst laboring under the bitter curse of their country, stop short in their vindictive career, amid their meditations of mischief and vengeance, and cast many a longing, lingering, pitying look back upon the distresses of that ungrateful city that had driven them forth from its walls.

The great moral which may be drawn from the history of Greece, is one which the patriot in no age or clime should ever forget. In looking over this little system of states, we find uniformly that each displayed genius, energy, and patriotism, while really free and independent; but the moment one was overawed and conquered by its neighbor, it lost its greatness, its patriotism—even its virtue. And when, at last, a great state arose in the north of Greece, and placed a monarch upon its throne, who substituted the obedient spirit of the mercenary soldier and crouching courtier, for the independent genius of liberty and patriotism—who overawed Greece by his armies, and silenced the Council of Amphictyon by his presence—then was it found that the days of Grecian greatness had been numbered, and that the glory of these republics was destroyed forever; then was it seen that the Spartan lost his patriotism, and the Athenian that energy of mind almost creative, which could lead armies and navies to battle and to victory, adorn and enrich the stores of philosophy and literature, agitate the public assemblies from the *Bema*, or make the marble and the canvass breathe. The battle of Cheronea overthrew at the same time the state governments, the liberties, the prosperity, and, worst of all, the virtue and the towering intellect of Greece.

With the destruction of the governments of her independent states, Greece lost the great animating principle of her system. Forming but an insignificant subject province of the great Macedonian kingdom, and afterwards of the still greater empire of Rome, her sons preserved for a time the books and the mere learning of their renowned ancestors; but the spirit, the energy, the principle of thought and reflection,—the mind,—were all gone. "For more than ten centuries, (says an eloquent historian) the Greeks of Byzantium possessed models of every kind, yet they did not suggest to them one original idea; they did not give birth to a copy worthy of coming after these masterpieces. Thirty millions of Greeks, the surviving depositaries of ancient wisdom, made not a single step, during twelve centuries, in any one of the social sciences. There was not a citizen of free Athens who was not better skilled

in the science of politics than the most erudite scholar of Byzantium; their morality was far inferior to that of Socrates—their philosophy to that of Plato and Aristotle, upon whom they were continually commenting. They made not a single discovery in any one of the physical sciences, unless we except the lucky accident which produced the Greek fire. They loaded the ancient poets with annotations, but they were incapable of treading in their footsteps; not a comedy or a tragedy was written at the foot of the ruins of the theatres of Greece; no epic poem was produced by the worshippers of Homer; not an ode by those of Pindar. Their highest literary efforts do not go beyond a few epigrams collected in the Greek Anthology, and a few romances. Such is the unworthy use which the depositaries of every treasure of human wit and genius make of their wealth, during an unbroken course of transmission for more than a thousand years. And such will always be the destiny of states as soon as they are moulded into one consolidated empire, with a controlling despotism at the centre.

But while the states of Greece were thus sinking into insignificance, under the crushing weight of one great consolidated government,—in another part of Europe, almost as small and secluded as Greece, little confederacies or associations of independent states were rapidly developing a literature and a character equal to those of the ancient Greek, and affording perhaps a still more striking and beautiful illustration of the truth of the principles for which I have contended this night. It was Italy that first restored intellectual light to Europe, after the long and gloomy night of ignorance and barbarism, which the Goth, the Vandal and the Hun had shed over the western half of the Roman world. It was Italy which recalled youth to the study of laws and philosophy—created the taste for poetry and the fine arts—revived the science and literature of antiquity, and gave prosperity to commerce, manufactures and agriculture. And what was it, let me ask, which made this small peninsula the cradle of commerce, of the arts, sciences and literature—in one word, of the civilization of modern Europe? It was because the whole of this beautiful and interesting country was dotted over with little republics or democracies, which, like those of Greece, applied their stimulating power to every portion of the soil of Italy. These little states, it is true, were factious, turbulent and revolutionary, but they awakened the genius and stimulated the energies of the whole people.

The exertions of this people were truly wonderful. No nation in any age of the world has ever raised up in its cities, and even in its villages, so many magnificent temples,—which even now attract the stranger from every country and clime to the classic soil of Italy. We find throughout this land, whether on the extensive plains of Lombardy, or on the fertile hills of Tuscany and Romagna, or on the now deserted *campagna* of the Patrimony of St. Peter, towns of the most splendid character, reared during the palmy days of modern Italy; and in those cities we find long lines of once stately palaces now tumbling into ruins. Their gates, their columns, their architraves, says the eloquent historian of Italy, remain, but the wood is worm-eaten and decayed, the crystal glasses have been broken, the lead has been taken from the roofs, and the stranger from one end to the

other of this *monumental* land, asks in mournful sadness in each town through which he passes,—Where now is the population which could have required so many habitations? Where is the commerce which could have filled so many magazines? Where are those opulent citizens who could have lived in so many palaces? Where now are those numerous crowds that bowed in reverential awe and devotion before the altars of Christ, of the Virgin and the Saints? Where now are the grandeur and magnificence of the living, which should have replaced that grandeur and magnificence of the dead, of which their monuments so eloquently tell? All are gone. While other nations have been growing in importance and multiplying the materials of their history as they approach the age in which we live, how different has been the mournful destiny of Italy! The present has well been called the epoch of death in that lovely land. When we observe, says the historian, the whole of Italy, whether we examine the physiognomy of the soil, or the works of man, or man himself, we always regard ourselves as being in the land of the dead; every where we are struck by the feebleness and degeneracy of the race that now is, compared with that which has been. The sun of Italy now sheds as warm and vivifying rays over the land as before—the earth remains as fertile—the Appenines present to our view the same variant smiling aspect—the fields are as abundantly watered by the genial showers of heaven, and all the lower animals of nature preserve here their pristine beauty and habits. Man too, at birth, seems in this delightful climate, to be endowed still with the same quick creative imagination, with the same susceptibility of deep, passionate feeling—with the same wonderful aptitude of mind—and yet man alone has changed here! In contrast with his fathers—

“As the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home.”

It is the change in government—the fatal change in the political destiny of the Italian, which has wrought this melancholy change in his whole nature. When this beautiful land was covered with leagues of independent states, inspired with the genius of liberty and political independence,—the stimulating influence of the government was felt every where—it animated and aroused all—it communicated the spirit of activity and enterprise, the love of home and the ardent love of country to all the citizens alike—from the proud lord of Venice, whose stately palace was lashed by the wave of the Adriatic, to the poor peasant whose thatched and humble cottage lay in some secluded solitary hollow of the Alps or the Appenines. Under this system of government there was no favored spot upon which the treasures of the nation were expended; there was no Thebes, no Babylon, no imperial Rome built up, adorned and beautified by the degradation and utter prostration of all the rest. We might almost say of Italy what has been affirmed of Omnipotence itself—its centre was every where, its circumference no where. Every little independent state, no matter how limited its area or small its population, had its great men, its thriving cities, its noble monuments. The little Florentine democracy with but eighty thousand souls, had more great men within its limits than any of the great king-

doms of Europe; and all were animated with the spirit of patriotism, of industry,* of learning.

No wonder then that the citizens of Italy should have prospered amid their domestic broils, their factions, their revolutions—even amid the sanguinary conflicts of the Guelph and the Ghibeline. If the energy and elasticity of the mind be not destroyed by the pressure of despotism, it is curious to contemplate the wonderfully recuperative powers of man, and to behold the appalling difficulties which he can surmount, undismayed and unscathed. You may prostrate him to day, but the energy and vitality that is within him will raise him up on the morrow.† Of all sorts of destruction, of every kind of death, that is the worst, because the most productive of melancholy consequences, which reaches the mind itself. That system of government which slays the mind, is the system which, at the same time reaches the sanctuary of the heart, overthrows the purity of morals, and forges the fetters for the slave. And such a government as this have the Spaniard the Frenchman and the German rivetted but too fatally upon Italy. The day that saw those modern Goths and Vandals pouring their mercenary hordes over the Alps to rob and plunder, was a black day for Italy, and well might the friend of that lovely land have then exclaimed in the language of the poet,

“Oh! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.”

The independence of the little states of Italy is now gone, and with it all the real greatness of that country. The power that now sways the Italian, emanates from a nation situated afar off on the banks of the Danube. And can we wonder while the Austrian soldier stands sentinel in the Italian cities, that their citizens should

“Creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.”
But enough of a spectacle so sad as this!‡

* “The habit of industry,” says Sismondi, “was the distinctive characteristic of the Italians even to the middle of the 15th century. The first rank at Florence, Venice, and Genoa, was occupied by merchants; and the families who possessed the offices of the state, of the church or the army, did not for that reason give up their business. Philip Strozzi, brother-in-law of Leo X, the father of Mareschal Strozzi, and the grandfather of Capua, the friend of several sovereigns, and the first citizen of Italy, remained even to the end of his life chief of a banking house. He had seven sons, but in spite of his immense fortune, he suffered none of them to be brought up in idleness.”

† Whilst Italy was free, there was no country which could repair its losses with so much despatch; the town that was sacked and burnt to-day, would be built up and stored with wealth on the morrow, and the losses of one excited the sympathies and support of all those engaged in the same cause. When the Emperor Frederic carried fire and sword through the Milanese territory, and left the treasury of that state completely exhausted, we are told that the rich citizens soon replenished it from their private purses, contenting themselves in the mean time with coarse bread, and cloaks of black stuff. And at the command of their consuls they left Milan to join their fellow citizens in rebuilding *with their own hands* the walls and houses of Tortona, Rosata, Tricate, Galiate, and other towns, which had suffered in the contest for the common cause.

‡ Small states, if truly independent, are very favorable to the production of great characters, and even great virtues. “The regeneration of liberty in Italy,” says Sismondi, “was signalized still more, if it were possible, by the development of the moral, than by that of the intellectual character of the Ital-

Did the limits which I have prescribed to myself in this address allow it, I could easily adduce the history of the Swiss Cantons, the Netherlands and Holland, the Hanseatic League, the little states formerly around the Baltic, and even the Germanic Confederation, as confirmation strong of the truth of the positions which I have taken in favor of the federative system. Indeed I might go farther than this, and show that the feudal aristocracy of the middle ages, horrible as was its oppression, calamitous as were its petty wars, and feuds, and dissensions, intolerable as was that anarchical confusion which it generated in Europe towards the close of the tenth century, was nevertheless the instrument which kept alive the mind of man in the great nations of Christendom, by splitting up the powers of government among the Baronial Lords, and thereby preventing that fatal tendency to centralism and consolidation, which would inevitably have shrouded the mind of Europe in inextricable darkness. Far be from me that vain presumption which would dare to scan the mysterious plans of Providence; but I have always thought that the regeneration of the mind of Europe required that the barbarian should come from the North and the East—that an Alaric, a Genseric and an Attila, should pour out the vials of their wrath upon the Roman's head—that the monstrous, corrupt and gigantic fabric of his power might be broken to pieces by barbarian hordes, who had not the genius and political skill requisite to establish another great military despotism on its ruins.

After this review I turn with pleasure again to our own system of government. We have seen how stimulating were the little republics of Greece and of Italy, to the genius of those countries. But their systems were not made for peaceable endurance—they were too disunited, too turbulent, too prone to civil wars; hence they either fell a prey to some ambitious state in their own system, or invited by their reckless internal dissensions the foreigner into their land, who broke down their institutions, overthrew their liberty, and imposed upon their submissive necks the galling yoke of military despotism. But those venerated fathers of our republics, who framed the federal constitution, came forward to their task in full view of the history of the republics of the ancient and modern world, with that almost holy spirit of freedom and patriotism which gave them that undaunted courage and unremitting perseverance that

ians. The sympathy existing among fellow-citizens, from the habit of living for each other, and by each other—of connecting every thing with the good of all, produced in those republics virtues which despotic states cannot even imagine." But the moment the independence of the small states is destroyed by the overshadowing and overawing influence of larger ones, then does the system work the most disastrous consequences upon the political, moral, and literary character of the citizens. A little state overawed by a large one, instantly has recourse to cunning, intrigue, and duplicity, to accomplish its ends. *Cæsar Borgia* in Italy, says Mr. Hume, had recourse to more villainy, hypocrisy, and meanness, to get possession of a few miles of territory, than was practised by *Julius Cæsar*, *Zenghis*, or *Tamerlane* for the conquest of a large portion of the world. Hence we are not to wonder that Italy should become the most infamous of all schools, in the production of subtle, intriguing, hypocritical politicians, and that the literature should soon become as corrupt as the political morals of the country. The *Marini*, the *Achillini* in poetry, and the *Bernini* in the arts, had a reputation similar to that of *Concini*, *Mazarini*, *Catherine*, and *Mary di Medici* in politics.

enabled them to wade through the blood and turmoil of the revolution. They completed their task, and the wisdom and virtue of our confederacy did sanction their work, and long may that work endure if administered in that spirit of purity and virtue which inspired those who framed it.

Our states are much larger than the little democracies of ancient Greece or of modern Italy—the new and improved principle of representation, combined with the modern improvements in the whole machinery of government, have rendered the republican form much better suited to large states than formerly. Some of our states may perhaps be too large, and others too small. But our ancestors very wisely avoided that geometrical policy, which would have divided our country into equal squares, like France in the dark days of her revolution. "No man ever was attached," says Burke, "by a sense of pride, partiality, or real affection, to a description of square measurement. He never will glory in belonging to the chequer No. 71, or to any other badge ticket. We begin our public affections in our families. No cold relation is a zealous citizen. We pass on to our neighborhoods and our habitual provincial connections;" and these ties and habits were respected by our forefathers. No sovereign state, no matter how small, was disfranchised—the giant and the dwarf had their rights and liberties alike respected and secured in this new system, and all were bound together by a wise and beneficent plan of government, based upon the mutual interests and sympathies of all the members of the confederacy—a plan which was wisely framed to give lasting peace to our country, and to demonstrate the inapplicability to our portion of the western hemisphere at least, of the gloomy philosophy of the European statesman, that the natural condition of man is war. Thus organized, our system was calculated to apply the beneficial stimulus of government to every portion of our soil and every division of our population, and at the same time in the midst of profound peace and freedom of intercourse, both social and commercial, among the states, to secure that enlarged and extended theatre for action, which may stimulate and reward the exalted genius and talent of the country, and crown the pyramid of our greatness.

But I must turn from this view of my subject, which has ever been so delightful to my mind, to the contemplation always gloomy, of the dangerous evils which may beset us in our progress onwards. It is too true that there can be nothing pure in this world; good and evil are always intertwined. It has well been said that the wave which wafts to our shore the genial seed that may spring up and gladden our land with luxuriant vegetation, may unfold the deadly crocodile.

One of the most fatal evils with which the republican system of government is liable to be assailed, is the diffusion of a spirit of agrarianism among the indigent classes of society. This spirit is now abroad in the world—it is fearfully developing itself in the insurrectionary heavings and tumults of continental Europe, which, however ineffectual now, do nevertheless mark the great internal conflagration—"the march of that mighty burning, which however intangible by human vigilance, is yet hollowing the ground under every community of the civilized world." England's most eloquent and learned divine, tells us but too truly that

"there now sits an unnatural scowl on the aspect of the population, a resolved sturdiness in their attitude and gait; and whether we look to the profane recklessness of their habits, or to the deep and settled hatred which rankles in their hearts, we cannot but read in these moral characteristics of this land, the omens of some great and impending overthrow."

In our own more happy country, the almost unlimited extension of suffrage in the most populous states, the frequent appeals made to the indigent and the destitute by demagogues for the purpose of inflaming their passions, and of exciting that most blighting and deadly hostility of all, the hostility of the poor against the rich—the tumults and riots at the elections in our great cities—the lawless mobs of the north which have already set the civil authority at defiance, and have pulled down and destroyed the property of the citizen—all are but premonitory symptoms of the approaching calamity—they are but the rumbling sound which precedes the mighty shock of the terrible earthquake. If these things happen now, what may we not expect hereafter? At present the great territorial resources of our country offer the most stimulating reward to labor and enterprise. The laborer of to-day looks forward, and hopes, yes, knows, that by his industry he is to be the capitalist of to-morrow. He feels a prospective interest in the defence of property. The little German farmer with a hundred acres of poor land in the Key Stone State, clad in the coarsest raiment, contented with the simplest food, and saving from his hard earnings the small sum of one hundred dollars a year, would not wish the property of the country to be thrown in jeopardy—he would shudder at the idea of a general scramble, lest he might lose that little patrimony around which the very affections of his heart have been twined.

But the time must come when the powerfully elastic spring of our rapidly increasing numbers shall fill up our wide spread territory with a dense population—when the great safety valve of the west will be closed against us—when millions shall be crowded into our manufactories and commercial cities—then will come the great and fearful pressure upon the engine—then will the line of demarkation stand most palpably drawn between the rich and the poor, the capitalist and the laborer—then will thousands, yea, millions arise, whose hard lot it may be to labor from morn till eve through a long life, without the cheering hope of passing from that toilsome condition in which the first years of their manhood found them, or even of accumulating in advance that small fund which may release the old and infirm from labor and toil, and mitigate the sorrows of declining years. Many there will be even, who may go to and fro and be able to say in the melancholy language of Holy Writ, "the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air their nest, but the son of man has not where to lay his head." When these things shall come—when the millions, who are always under the pressure of poverty, and sometimes on the verge of starvation, shall form your numerical majority, (as is the case now in the old countries of the world) and universal suffrage shall throw the political power into their hands, can you expect that they will regard as sacred the tenure by which you hold your property? I almost fear the frailties and weakness of human nature too much, to

anticipate confidently such justice. When hunger is in the land, we can scarcely expect, by any species of legerdemain, to turn the eyes and thoughts of the sufferers from the flesh pots of Egypt. The old Roman populace demanded a regular distribution of corn from the public granaries; the Grecian populace received bribes, fined and imprisoned their wealthy men, or made them build galleys, equip soldiers, give public feasts, and furnish the victims for the sacrifices at their own expense.* The mode of action in modern times may be changed, but the result will be the same if the spirit of agrarianism shall once get abroad in our land. France has already furnished us with the great moral. First comes disorganization and legislative plunder, then the struggle of factions and civil war, and lastly a military despotism, into whose arms all will be driven by the intolerable evils of anarchy and rapine. I fondly hope that the future may bring along with it a sovereign remedy for these evils, but what that remedy may be, it is past perhaps the sagacity of man now to determine. We can only say in the language of Kepler upon a far different subject,—"*Hæc et cetera hujusmodi latent in pandectis ævi sequentis, non antea discenda, quam liberum hunc deus arbiter seculorum recluserit mortalibus.*"

In the mean time I may boldly assert that the frame work of our southern society is better calculated to ward off the evils of this agrarian spirit, which is so destructive to morals, to mind and to liberty, than any other mentioned in the annals of history. Domestic slavery, such as ours, is the only institution which I know of, that can secure that spirit of equality among freemen, so necessary to the true and genuine feeling of republicanism, without propelling the body politic at the same time into the dangerous vices of agrarianism, and legislative intermeddling between the laborer and the capitalist. The occupations which we follow, necessarily and unavoidably create distinctions in society. It is

* When an individual was tried before an Athenian tribunal, his wealth was generally a serious disadvantage to his cause, and there was nothing which the defence labored harder to establish than the poverty of the accused. "I know," says the orator Lysias, in his defence of Nicophemus, "how difficult it will be effectually to refute the report of the great riches of Nicophemus. The present scarcity of money in the city, and the wants of the treasury which the forfeiture has been calculated upon to supply, will operate against me." In the celebrated dialogue of Xenophon, called the Banquet, he makes a rich man who has suddenly become poor, congratulate himself upon his poverty; "inasmuch," he says, "as cheerfulness and confidence are preferable to constant apprehension, freedom to slavery, being waited upon, to waiting upon others. When I was a rich man in this city, I was under the necessity of courting the sycophants, knowing it was in their power to do me mischief which I could little return. Nevertheless, I was continually receiving orders from the people, to undertake some expenses for the commonwealth, and I was not allowed to go any where out of Attica. But now I have lost all my foreign property, and nothing accrues from my Attic estate, and all my goods are sold, I sleep any where fearless; I am considered as faithful to the government; I am never threatened with prosecutions, but I have it in my power to make others fear; as a freeman I may stay in the country or go out of it as I please; the rich rise from their seats for me as I approach, and make way for me as I walk; I am now like a tyrant, whereas I was before an absolute slave; and whereas before I paid tribute to the people, now a tribute from the public maintains me." This picture, though perhaps overwrought, marks still but too conclusively the agrarian spirit in Greece.

said that all occupations are honorable. This is certainly true, if you mean that no honest employment is disgraceful. But to say that all confer equal honor, if well followed even, is not true. Such an assertion militates alike against the whole nature of man and the voice of reason. But whatever may be the vain deductions of mere theorists upon this subject, one thing is certain—Reason informed me of its truth long before experience had shown it to me in actual life—The hirelings who perform all the menial offices of life, will not and cannot be treated as equals by their employers. And those who stand ready to execute all our commands, no matter what they may be, for mere pecuniary reward, cannot feel themselves equal to us in reality, however much their reason may be bewildered by the voice of sophistry.

Now, let us see what is likely to be the effect of universal suffrage in a state where there are no slaves. Either the dependant classes, the laborers and menial servants, will be driven forward by the dictation of their employers and the bribery of the man of property, thus giving the government a proclivity towards an aristocracy of wealth;* or they become discontented with their condition, and ask why these differences among beings pronounced equal—they look with eyes of cupidity upon the fortunes of the rich. The demagogue perceives their ominous sullenness, and marks the hatred which is rankling in their hearts—then the parties of the rich and the poor are formed—then come the legislative plunder and the dark train of evils consequent on the spirit of equality, which is in fact, in such a community, the spirit of agrarianism.

But in our slaveholding country the case is far different. Our laboring classes and menials are all slaves of a different color from their masters—the source of greatest distinction among the freemen is taken away; and the spirit of equality, the true spirit of genuine republicanism may exist here,—without leading on to corruption on the one side or agrarianism on the other.†

* Men whose impulses are all communicated by the expectation of small pecuniary rewards, quickly acquire that suppleness of conscience, which renders them peculiarly liable to bribery. Take, for example, the waiter in an hotel—it is the hope of little gains that moves him in any direction which you may dictate, and which makes him a ready tool for the execution of any project whatever. His motto is, *I take the money and my employer the responsibility*. Bring this man to the polls, and offer him money for his vote, and the probability is that he would not refuse that which the whole education and training of his life would impel him to receive.

† I will take leave here to introduce a short extract from my Essay on Slavery, in corroboration of the assertions which I have made. “The citizen of the north will not shake hands familiarly with his servant, and converse, and laugh, and dine with him, no matter how honest and respectable he may be. But go to the south, and you will find that no white man feels such inferiority of rank as to be unworthy of association with those around him. Color alone is here the badge of distinction, the true mark of aristocracy; and all who are white are equal, in spite of the variety of occupation. The same thing is observed in the West Indies. ‘Of the character common to the white resident of the West Indies,’ says B. Edwards, ‘it appears to me that the leading feature is an independent spirit, and a display of *conscious equality* throughout all ranks and conditions. The poorest white person seems to consider himself nearly on a level with the condition of the richest; and emboldened by this idea, he approaches his employer with extended hand, and a freedom which, in the countries of Europe, is seldom displayed by men in the lower orders of life towards their superiors.’”

Political power is thus taken from the hands of those who might abuse it, and placed in the hands of those who are most interested in its judicious exercise. Our law most wisely ordains that the slaves “shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation: they shall not sit high on the judges’ seats nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice and judgment; and they shall not be found where parables are spoken. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks?” Lysurgus, more than two thousand years ago, in his celebrated system of laws, was so well aware of the aristocratic feeling generated by diversity of occupation, that he decreed in order that a perfect spirit of equality might reign among the Spartans, that slaves alone should practice the most laborious arts, or fill the menial stations. And in this particular he showed perhaps as much sagacity as in any other law of the whole system. We want no legislation in the south to secure this effect—it flows spontaneously from our social system.

But whilst the political effects of our social system are so peculiarly beneficial, the moral effects are no less striking and advantageous. I have no hesitation in affirming that the relation between capitalist and laborer in the south is kinder, and more productive of genuine attachment, than exists between the same classes any where else on the face of the globe. The slave is happy and contented with his lot, unless indeed the very demons of Pandemonium shall be suffered to come among us and destroy his happiness by their calumnious falsehoods and hypocritical promises. He compares himself with his own race and his own color alone, and he sees that all are alike—he does not covet the wealth of the rich man, nor envy that happiness which liberty imparts to the patriot, but he identifies all his interests with those of his master—free from care—free from that constant feeling of insecurity which continually haunts the poor man of other countries, he moves on in the round of his existence, cheerful, contented and grateful.* We have no Manchester and Smithfield riots here—no breaking of machinery—no scowl of discontent or sullenness hovering over the brow—no midnight murders for the money which we have in our houses—no melancholy forebodings of that agrarian spirit which calls up the very demon of wrath to apply the torch to the political edifice. The statistics of the slaveholding population prove that it is the most quiet and secure population in the world—there are fewer great crimes and murders among them than in any other form in which society can exist. I defy the world too, to produce a parallel to the rapid improvement of the slave on our continent since the period of his landing from the shores of his forefathers. And when the philanthropist tells us to plant our colonies on the coast of that benighted region, that the tide of civilization may be rolled back on Africa, the very enthusiasm of his lan-

* Any one who has ever seen the negro at hard labor by the side of the white man, or who has noticed him while performing menial services along with his white associate, has marked no doubt the striking difference. The negro is all gaiety and cheerfulness—his occupation seems to ennoble him. His companion, on the contrary, whom the world calls a freeman, but really treats as a slave, is seen sullen and discontented, and feels himself degraded for the very reason that he is called a freeman.

guage marks the inappreciable improvement which slavery has here wrought upon the character of the negro. On the other hand the master is attached to his slaves by every tie of interest and sympathy, generated by a connection that sometimes lasts for life. He does not work them to-day for sixteen hours, reducing them to mere bread and water, and capriciously discharge them to-morrow from his employment, and turn them adrift without money or resource, upon a cold and inhospitable world. When their labor will not support themselves, the master is bound to consume his capital for their sustenance. There are evils, no doubt, incidental to this relation—but where is the relation of life exempt from them?*

I would say then, let us cherish this institution which has been built up by no sin of ours—let us cleave to it

* Whatever philanthropists may say upon the subject, I believe the history of the world will bear me out in the assertion that slavery is certainly the most efficient and perhaps the only means by which the contact of the civilized man with the barbarian can contribute to the advantage and civilization of the latter. The relation of master and slave is the only means which has ever yet been devised by the wisdom of man, capable of bringing the element of civilization into close union with that of barbarism, without either dragging down the civilized man to a level with the barbarian, or corrupting and then exterminating the latter in the attempt to elevate him. Every one who is acquainted with the condition of society in our southern country, will bear witness to the truth of the assertion, that whilst slavery by producing the closest and most constant intercourse between the whites and blacks, elevates the character, purifies the morals, and speeds on the civilization of the latter, it has not the slightest tendency to introduce their barbarism or their vices among the former. It is for this very reason, while virtue and knowledge may travel downwards, and vice and barbarism cannot move upwards, that the institution of such slavery as ours becomes the greatest security for virtue, and the most certain preservative of morals. It is this inestimable feature in this most slandered institution, which keeps the upper stratum of the social fabric in the healthiest and soundest state, which makes the character of the slaveholder so lofty, generous, chivalrous, and sternly incorruptible wherever we find him. It is this same feature too which contributes most to elevate and adorn the character of the mistress of slaves—which enshrines her heart in the very purity and constancy of the affections, and makes her the ornament and immaculate blessing of that delightful domestic sanctuary, which is never to be polluted by the vile and wicked arts of the base designing corruptor of the female heart.

What then, in presence of these facts, must we think of the slanderous tongues that would dare asperse the character of southern females—that would endeavor to blacken that almost spotless purity of heart, which I hope will forever remain the proud characteristic of southern women? Ignorance does not excuse such calumniators. The men who can attack, without having taken even the trouble to ascertain the facts, that class whose virtue constitutes their greatest ornament, and whom the usages and customs of the world have driven from the active bustling arena of life into the shade of retirement, there to be loved, honored, and protected by all who are noble and generous, show to the world the real hollowness of their hearts and the reckless impurity of their intentions. But when they cannot even plead such ignorance, their past lives should not be suffered to shield them from the imputation of crime, and the mantle of that pure and beautiful religion, preached by the meek Saviour of mankind, was never designed to cover the canting hypocrisy of the insidious calumnious slanderer. It is Sterne who says that the man who is capable of doing *one dirty trick* can do another—he thus at once unmask his real character, and stands forth confessed in all his naked deformity before the world. And we may perhaps but too truly assert, that those whose minds are incapable of comprehending the purity, whilst they maliciously asperse the innocence of female character, are the beings who are most apt at last to be displayed as the true Tartuffes of the world.

as the ark of our safety. Expediency, morality and religion, alike demand its continuance; and perhaps I would not hazard too much in the prediction, that the day will come when the whole confederacy will regard it as the sheet anchor of our country's liberty.

I will now conclude my long address, by a brief notice of two results which may happen to our system of government, either of which would be fatal to the system—dismemberment on the one side, or consolidation on the other. The evils of dismemberment may be quickly told. Separate governments, or confederacies, would of course have rivalries and jealousies and wars. Our militia would be found inadequate to our defence; standing armies and navies would be established: and all history has shown that these will trample upon the civil authority. War with their concomitant establishments, navies and armies, entail the heaviest expense on nations.* These expenditures require taxation; and heavy taxation in an extensive range of country, whether levied on imports or on native productions, would be sure to lead on to partial and vicious legislation, to the intolerable oppression of one part for the benefit of another. And all the guards and checks which constitutional charters would impose on government, could not prevent the rapid concentration of power into the hands of the executive, in most of our independent states, amid wars, armies, navies, taxation, expenditures and increasing patronage of the governments. We should, I fear, exhibit the picture of Europe to the world, with governments perhaps less balanced† and more sanguinary in their wars. It is more than probable, then, that if ever disunion shall come, as has been said by a distinguished statesman,—we shall close the book of the republics, and open that of the kings, not in name perhaps—but in reality.

This would certainly be the result in the non-slaveholding states, where the agrarian spirit, co-operating

* It may perhaps be affirmed with truth, that there is scarcely a nation in Europe, with a population equal to that of the United States, whose army does not cost more than the whole expenses of our federal government. The military statistics of Europe are truly formidable. Great Britain keeps at home an army of 100,000 men, and 250,000 in India. France has a standing army of 280,000; Austria 271,000; Prussia 162,000; and Russia 900,000. The United States have 6,000, with a population more than the half of Austria, and greater than that of Prussia. Even the kingdom of Sardinia, with a population of a little more than one-fourth of ours, has an army more than seven times as great; and Spain, with a population not so great as ours, has an army fifteen times as great. Comment is unnecessary.

† If a nation must have monarchy, I have no hesitation in saying that it should not be isolated. It should be "buttressed by establishments." If we must have Kings, it would be better that the Lords and Commons should follow. Kings, Lords, and Commons are perhaps the nearest approach which the monarchical form of government can make towards liberty. When there is no intermediate power between the king and the people, every dispute between the parties, for want of a conciliatory compromise, brings the nation at once to blows; and the immediate issue is necessarily either a despotism established, or a dynasty overthrown. The chances against a perfect balance are infinite. But in our country we can never have a regular nobility. Antiquity is absolutely necessary to such an establishment. Bonaparte tried the experiment of a suddenly created nobility, and it entirely failed; although his nobles were much more talented and efficient than the ancient noblesse. Bonaparte's nobles besides were the most unprincipled, and the most remorselessly rapacious of modern Europe; and this perhaps is the almost necessary character of an upstart nobility.

with executive usurpation, would inevitably overthrow the balance of the government, and lead on eventually to military despotism. But such is my confidence in the influence of slavery on the slaveholder—so certain am I, judging from all fair reasoning on the subject, and from the past history of the world, that the spirit of liberty and of equality, glows with the most unqualified intensity in the bosoms of the masters of slaves, that I believe the slaveholding states, with all the horrors of disunion against them, would nevertheless, under the impulse of this spirit, so ineradicable among them, be enabled to preserve their liberties, and arrest their governments in their dangerous proclivity towards monarchy. It is true, circumstances might often even here concentrate too much power in the executive department; but the owners of slaves, with a spirit like that of the Barons at Runnymede, would embrace the first opportunity to take back the power that had slipped from their hands; and the absence of any thing like a formidable agrarian party, would deprive the executive of that infallible resource to which, under other circumstances, it might resort, to obtain the power necessary to break through the trammels of constitutions, and finally to entrench itself safely behind military power. Where has a greater love for liberty been shown, or a more noble struggle made for its preservation than in Poland? And in our own country, it is a matter of history, that in no portion of it has the spirit of freedom so fervently developed itself as in the Southern States, nor has any portion been found more constantly and effectually battling against power. Two administrations have been overthrown since the constitution went into operation, and it has been Southern talent, and Southern energy, which have accomplished it. Whenever the South shall present a solid unbroken phalanx against usurpation, I hazard little in the prediction, that it will generally accomplish its ends.

But disunion, with all its attendant evils, would not so completely prostrate the mind, and relax all the energies of man, as the other more dangerous result which may happen—I mean consolidation! A number of independent governments, no matter how bad, no matter how despotic, must to some extent at least, exert a stimulating influence, each over a portion of its own territory. The greater the number of governments therefore, the greater the number of stimulants, as long as each one remains independent. And the probability is, that a sort of political equilibrium would be formed very soon on our continent, which would, as in Europe, preserve the territorial integrity of the smaller states, and prevent the larger from a dangerous accumulation of power.*

* It is curious to look now to the condition of Europe, and compare it with the same quarter of the world three hundred years ago, and to see how small the change in the division of countries after all the wars, bloodshed, and expense which have been inflicted on it. And some of the greatest gainers too have been the small states. The Duke of Savoy, for example, now takes honorable rank among the second rate monarchs, under the more imposing title of King of Sardinia, and with a territory more than doubled in extent. The Marquis of Brandenburg now hails as King of Prussia, and takes his station among the great powers in Europe with a greatly augmented dominion. It is the system of the political equilibrium in Europe which has bridled the great nations, and prevented them from swallowing up the smaller. "Consider," says Sir James Macintosh, in one of his ablest speeches, "the Republic of Geneva—think of her

But if ever our state institutions shall be overthrown, and the concentration of all the powers into one great central government shall mould this system of republics into one grand consolidated empire, then will the last and greatest evil which can befall our country have arrived. The wide extent of our territory, and the numbers of our population, which under a system of confederated republics, would awaken the genius and patriotism of the country, and call forth an almost resistless energy and enterprise in our citizens, would then be a blighting curse—the bane of our land. All eyes would be turned to that great and fearful engine at the centre, whose oppressive action would paralyze all the parts, whilst it would bind them together in indissoluble union—in the numbness and torpor of death itself.

Could it be possible for our government, after such consolidation, to retain its democratic form, then would it become the most corrupt, the most demoralizing, the most intolerably oppressive government which the annals of history could furnish. That diversity of climate, of soil, of character, and of interest—that great difference of condition springing from the existence or non-existence of slavery, all of which, under a mild, federative system, would increase the general happiness and add to the blessings of union, by interlocking, in the harmony of free trade, all the interests of the parts, would then lead on to vicious combinations in our national legislature, for the purpose of robbing one portion of the union for the benefit of another—then would be formed our fixed and sectional majorities, who by their unprincipled and irresponsible legislation, would prostrate the rights and suck out the very substance from the minority. The history of past ages informs us that physical force has hitherto been the great engine which has distributed the wealth and overthrown the liberties of nations. But the system would be changed here. Governmental action and legislative jugglery would accomplish more effectually what the sword has done elsewhere. And to the oppressed there would be but one right left—the right that belongs to the worm when trodden on—the right of turning upon the oppressor and shaking off his iron grasp, if possible. This is the most valuable of all rights to the European citizen—because there the few, the units, are the oppressors, and the millions are the oppressed; and when tyranny has passed beyond the point of endurance, and the people are at last roused to a sense of the injustice and wrongs which they are suffering, they rise in their might and pull down the pillars of the political edifice.

But in our own country, if the state governments shall ever be broken down, and state marks obliterated, what will the right of resistance be worth to us? When the oppression comes from the greedy many, and is exerted over the proscribed few, is it not worse than

defenceless position, in the very jaws of France; but think also of her undisturbed security, of her profound quiet, of the brilliant success with which she applied herself to industry and literature, while Louis XIV was pouring his myriads into Italy before her gates. Call to mind that happy period, when we scarcely dreamed more of the subjugation of the feeblest republic of Europe, than of the conquest of her mightiest empire—and say, whether any spectacle can be imagined more beautiful to the moral eye, or which affords a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of true civilization."

mockery to tell them they may resist in the last resort—that the minority, enfeebled and impoverished by legislative plunder, without army, navy, or treasury, disorganized, unsteady, and vacillating in its plans, may rise against the many who possess the advantages of physical force, wealth, organization, together with the whole power of an energetic government, which can break the ranks of the minority, and sow the seeds of dissension among them, by the corrupting influence of its mighty patronage, or attack and conquer by its force those who shall first have the temerity to take the field against its oppression? Resistance is worth but little, when the strong man, armed and resolute, has pushed me, feeble and unarmed, to the wall.*

But let not the many console themselves with the vain belief that democracy would long survive the consolidation of our government—that very power which they would endeavor so sedulously to concentrate in the hands of one great central government, would be quickly made to recoil upon their own heads. The executive department, which would be built up and established by the dominant majority, the better to accomplish its own selfish purposes, would quickly become omnipotent; and when once safely entrenched in the impregnable bulwarks of its power, like Athens enclosed in the walls of Themistocles, it would bid defiance to all assaults, and all would then be ground down to the same ignominious common level. The Executive, in such a system, would be all—the People, nothing! We should then be reduced to the condition of the silent crushing despotisms of Asia—with every principle of improvement gone, and the whole elasticity of mind destroyed. Soon would we, then, hug the chains which bound us; and bend the knee in degrading servility before him who had rivetted them on us. Soon would we be ready to use the idolatrous language of the Roman bard,

“Erit ille mihi semper Deus: illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.”

A great empire speedily assimilates every thing to its own genius. No long season is requisite to generate the spirit of submission. The monarch that first mounts the throne is often the most worshipped. The first emperor of Rome had not descended to his grave before the servility of his subjects had become so disgusting as to call forth censure from even the monarch himself.†

*The principle of the *absolute majority* claimed by a great central government, would make the republican form of government more intolerable than any other, for the following reasons: 1st. The parties may be permanent, and consequently the oppression may be permanent likewise. 2d. An individual with power to oppress may or may not do it. Even Nero or Caligula may refrain from exactions—but a multitude being *always* governed by the selfish principle, will be *sure* to oppress if they have the power; the operation of the selfish principle on *one* man is a matter of chance,—on a *multitude*, it is a certainty. 3d. In such a government, the influence of the public opinion of the oppressed produces the *least possible* influence on the oppressors, first, because the majorities and minorities being almost always sectional, the opinions of the latter are not likely to be known to the former; and secondly, if they were known they would produce little effect, because the former have on their side the majority of public opinion, and therefore would generally disregard that of the minority. 4th. The rapacity of such a government would be increased, from the necessity of procuring a large *dividend* for so great a number of *divisors*.

† Augustus, at the expiration of his third term in the imperial

These great despotisms too, when once established, are likely long to endure. Great empires have an extraordinary vitality—a wonderful tenacity of existence; they but too closely resemble that fabled serpent whose parts when forced asunder were quickly drawn together again and united into a living body. There has always been something painfully revolting to my mind in the contemplation of the history of great empires. From our boyhood we contract a horror of eastern despotisms, with their great monarchs, their satraps and tyrants; and who that has read the *luminous page* of Gibbon and contemplated the imperial despot with his

Prætors, pro-consuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings,

but sickens at the bare contemplation of such despotie machinery. And whilst we peruse the eloquent recital of these internal throes and convulsions, which to-day would seem to break the empire into fragments and scatter them to the very winds of heaven,—but would cease on the morrow, by the elevation to the throne of perhaps some barbarian military chieftain from the banks of the Rhine or the Danube, binding again together in the rude embrace of military power the conquered parts of the empire,—we cannot but weep over the fearful immortality with which such a nation seems almost to be endowed. It reminds us but too strongly of that persecuted being, gifted with a cursed immortality, whom the fables of antiquity reported to have been bound down upon the mountain, with a vulture forever lacerating his liver, which grew as fast as it was destroyed. When contemplating the horrors of such a government, we almost hail with pleasure the advent of the Goth and the Vandal, whose barbarian power alone could break it into fragments. The death of such an empire is always hard—painfully, fearfully hard! Unless its destruction is prepared from without, there are no elements within that can achieve it. The gravity of the parts too towards the centre, is so wonderfully great, that disunion can never be effected.

It is mournful to behold how the rights of man, and of nations, may be destroyed by the mere magnitude of empire. Humanity now weeps when wronged and injured Poland shows symptoms of a revolt,—we know that the blood of the patriotic Pole will be shed in vain, and that the Russian and the Cossack soldier will soon come to place the galling yoke again upon his neck; and yet if Poland were united to a nation no larger than herself—Poland would have rights, and what is better still, Poland would have the power to defend them. And when she should send her petitions to the throne and demand redress, the Autocrat would dare not answer her deputies by pointing them to his Marshal, and telling them that *he* had his orders and would execute them.

Let us then forever guard against the dangerous evil of consolidation. Let us foster and cherish and love our State institutions as the palladium of our liberties and the nursery of our real greatness. Let the motto

office, was accosted by the people at a public entertainment with the title of “Lord,” or “Master,” which so much disgusted him, that he published a serious edict on the following day, forbidding such a title, and saying,

“My name is *Cæsar*, and not *Master*.”

inscribed upon the banner of each patriot, in regard to his state, be that which was placed upon the urn that enclosed the heart of the philosopher of Ferney, "*Mon cœur est ici, mon esprit est partout*;" and sure we may be, that this elementary training of the affections will not destroy a proper love for the whole, but is absolutely necessary, to keep the State and Federal governments moving, in those distinct orbits which have been prescribed to them by the wisdom of our ancestors.

But, whatever may be the course of other states,—I hope our own Virginia,—so rich in soil, but so much richer in her noble sons who have grown up on that soil and illustrated her history, will ever cherish with becoming affection her own institutions—for certain she may be, when a great consolidated central government shall have fixed its embrace on the Union—the sun of her glory will have set forever—certain she may be, that in the awful silence of central despotism, no such statesmen as Washington, Jefferson or Madison, will ever again arise upon her soil—no such men as Wythe, Pendleton and Roane, will grace her benches—nor will the thrilling eloquence of the Henrys, the Masons and the Randolphs, be ever again heard within her borders. The power that then reposes at the centre, may, after the example of the most wily and politic of Roman emperors, suffer the mere state forms to remain, but the spirit, the energetic life, the independence that once animated them, will all be gone. They will then obey an impulse that comes from without; and like the consuls, the senate, and the tribunes of imperial Rome, they will but speak the will and execute the commands of the Cæsar upon the throne. Then indeed may the passing stranger, when he beholds this capital, once the proud theatre for the exhibition of the conflicts of mind and talents, exclaim—Poor Virginia! how art thou fallen!

But I sincerely hope, that the patriotism and the intelligence of the people of this country, will be sufficient to keep our state and federal governments moving on harmoniously in their legitimate spheres,—avoiding at the same time dismemberment on the one side, or the more dangerous tendency of consolidation on the other. All, however, depends on the virtue, the intelligence, and the vigilance of the People. Power to be restrained must always be watched with Argus eyes—the people must always be on the alert—they must never slacken their vigilance. If they have succeeded to-day in stripping the usurper of his assumed powers—let them not remit their exertions on the morrow, but let them remember that power after "these gentle prunings" does sometimes vegetate but the more luxuriantly. If we shall wisely avoid the evils with which we are beset in our onward progress, then I would boldly assert, that never since the foundation of the world has the eye of the philanthropist rested on a country which has furnished so grand, so magnificent a theatre for the creation and the display of arts, science and literature, and for the production of all those virtues and high intellectual energies, which so ennoble and adorn the human being and render him the true image of his Maker, as our own most beautiful system of Confederate Republics will then present.

Mr. President, I have done. The great importance and interest of the topic I have so unworthily discussed, must be my apology for having detained you so long.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN VIRGINIA.

Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States of America—Virginia. A Narrative of Events connected with the Rise and Progress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia. To which is added an Appendix, containing the Journals of the Conventions in Virginia, from the Commencement to the Present Time. By the Reverend Francis L. Hawks, D.D. Rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

This is a large and handsome octavo of 620 pages. The very cursory examination which we have as yet been able to give it, will not warrant us in speaking of the work in other than general terms. A word or two, however, we may say in relation to the plan, the object, and circumstances of publication, with some few observations upon points which have attracted our especial attention.

From the Preface we learn that, more than five years ago, the author, in conjunction with the Rev. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, first conceived the idea of gathering together such materials for the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, as might still exist either in tradition or in the manuscripts of the earlier clergy. That these materials were abundant might rationally be supposed—still they were to be collected, if collected at all, at the expense of much patience, time, and labor, from a wide diversity of sources. Dr. Hawks and his associate, however, were stimulated to exertion by many of the bishops and clergy of the church. The plan originally proposed was merely, if we understand it, the compilation of an annalistic journal—a record of naked facts, to be subsequently arranged and shaped into narrative by the pen of the historiographer. In the prosecution of the plan thus designed, our author and his coadjutor were successful beyond expectation, and a rich variety of matter was collected. Death, at this period, deprived Dr. Hawks of his friend's assistance, and left him to pursue his labor alone. He now, very properly, determined upon attempting, himself, the execution of the work for which his Annals were intended as *matériel*. He began with Virginia—selecting it as the oldest State. The present volume is simply an experiment. Should it succeed, of which there can be no doubt whatever, we shall have other volumes in turn—and that, we suppose, speedily, for there are already on hand sufficient *data* to furnish a history of "each of the older diocesses."

For the design of this work—if even not for the manner of its execution—Dr. Hawks is entitled to the thanks of the community at large. He has taken nearly the first step (a step, too, of great decision, interest and importance) in the field of American Ecclesiastical History. To that church, especially, of which he is so worthy a member, he has rendered a service not to be lightly appreciated in the extraordinary dearth of materials for its story. In regard to Protestant Episcopatism in America it may be safely said that, prior to this publication of Dr. Hawks, there were no written memorials extant, with the exception of the Archives of

the General and Diocesan Meetings, and the Journal of Bishop White. For other religious denominations the *material* of history is more abundant, and it would be well, if following the suggestions and example of our author, Christians of all sects would exert themselves for the collection and preservation of what is so important to the cause of our National Ecclesiastical Literature.

The History of any Religion is necessarily a very large portion of the History of the people who profess it. And regarded in this point of view the "*Narrative*" of Dr. Hawks will prove of inestimable value to Virginia. It commences with the first settlement of the colony—with the days when the first church was erected in Virginia—that very church whose hoary ruins stand so tranquilly to-day in the briar-encumbered graveyard at Jamestown—with the memorable epoch when Smith, being received into the council, partook, with his rival, the President, of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and Virginia "commenced its career of civilization" with the most impressive of Christian solemnities. Bringing down the affairs of the church to the appointment of the Reverend William Meade, D.D. as Assistant Bishop of Virginia, the narration concludes with a highly gratifying account of present prosperity. The diocese is said to possess more than one hundred churches, "some of them the fruit of reviving zeal in parishes which once flourished, but have long been almost dead." Above seventy clergymen are in actual service. There is a large missionary fund, a part of which lies idle, because missionaries are not to be had. Much reliance is placed, however, upon the Seminary at Alexandria. This institution has afforded instruction, during the last three years, to sixty candidates for orders, and has given no less than thirty-six ministers to the Episcopacy.

We will mention, briefly, a few of the most striking points of the History before us. At page 48, are some remarks in reply to Burk's insinuation of a persecuting and intolerant spirit in the early colonial religion of the State—an insinuation based on no better authority than a statement in "certain ancient records of the province" concerning the trial, condemnation, and execution by fire, of a woman, for the crime of witchcraft. Dr. Hawks very justly observes, that even if the supposed execution did actually take place, it cannot sanction the inferences which are deduced from it. Evidence is wanting that the judgment was rendered by an ecclesiastical power. Witchcraft was an offence cognizable by the common courts of law, having been made a felony, without benefit of clergy, by the twelfth chapter of the first statute of James I, enacted in 1603. So that, allowing the prisoner to have suffered, her death, says our author, cannot more properly be charged to the ecclesiastical, than to the civil, authority. But in point of fact, the trial alluded to by Burk, (see Appendix xxxi,) can be no other than that of the once notorious Grace Sherwood. And this trial, we are quite certain, took place before a civil tribunal. Besides, (what is most especially to the purpose) the accused though found guilty, and condemned, was *never executed*.

Some observations of our author upon a circumstance which History has connected with the secular feelings of the colony, will be read with pleasure by all men of liberal opinions. We allude to the fact that when one

of the colony's agents in England (George Sandys, we believe) took it upon himself to petition Parliament, *in the name of his constituents*, for the restoration of the old company, the colony formally disavowed the act and begged permission to remain under the royal government. Now, Burk insists that this disavowal was induced solely by attachment to the Church of England, for whose overthrow the Puritans were imagined to be particularly zealous. With Dr. Hawks we protest against the decision of the historian. It can be viewed in no other light than that of an effort (brought about, perhaps, by love of our political institutions, yet still exceedingly disingenuous) to *apologise* for the loyalty of Virginia—to apologise for our forefathers having felt what not to have felt would have required an apology indeed! By faith, by situation, by habits and by education they had been taught to be loyal—and with them, consequently, loyalty was a virtue. But if it was indeed a crime—if Virginia has committed an inextinguishable offence in resisting the encroachments of the Dictator, (we shall not say of the Commonwealth) let not the Church—in the name of every thing reasonable—let not the Church be saddled with her iniquity—let not political prejudices, always too readily excited, be now enlisted against the religion we cherish, by insinuations artfully introduced, that the loyalty of the State was involved in its creed—that through faith alone it remained a slave—and that its love of monarchy was a mere necessary consequence of its attachment to the Church of England.

While upon this subject we beg leave to refer our readers to some remarks, (from the pen of Judge Beverley Tucker) which appeared under the Critical head of our Messenger before the writer of this article assumed the Editorial duties. The remarks of which we speak, are in reply to the aspersions of Mr. George Bancroft, who, in his late History of the United States, with every intention of paying Virginia a compliment, accuses her of disloyalty, immediately before, and during the Protectorate. Of such an accusation, (for Hening's suggestions, upon pages 513 and 526, of the Statutes at Large cannot be considered as such) we had never seriously dreamed prior to the publication of Mr. Bancroft's work, and that Mr. Bancroft himself should never have dreamed of it, we were sufficiently convinced by the arguments of Judge Tucker. We allude to these arguments now, with the view of apprizing such of our readers as may remember them, that the author of the History in question, in a late interview with Dr. Hawks, has "disclaimed the intention of representing Virginia as wanting in loyalty." All parties would have been better pleased with Mr. B. had he worded his disclaimer so as merely to assure us that in representing Virginia as disloyal he has found himself in error.

We will take the liberty of condensing here such of the leading points on both sides of the debated question as may either occur to us personally or be suggested by those who have written on the subject. In proof of Virginia's *disloyalty* it is said:

1. There is a deficiency of evidence to establish the fact, (a fact much insisted upon) that on the death of the governor, Matthews, in the beginning of 1659, a tumultuous assemblage resolved to throw off the government of the Protectorate, and repairing to the residence of Sir William Berkeley, then living in retirement, re-

quested him to resume the direction of the colony. If such had been the fact, existing records would have shown it—but they do not. Moreover, these records show that Berkeley was elected precisely as the other governors had been, in Virginia, during the Protectorate.

2. After the battle of Dunbar, and the fall of Montrose Virginia passed an act of surrender—she was therefore in favor of the Parliament.

3. The Colonial Legislature claimed the supreme power as residing within itself. In this it evinced a wish to copy the Parliament—to which it was therefore favorable.

4. Cromwell acted magnanimously towards Virginia. The terms of the article in the Treaty of Surrender by which Virginia stipulated for a trade free as that of England, were faithfully observed till the Restoration. The Protector's Navigation Act was not enforced in Virginia. Cromwell being thus lenient, Virginia must have been satisfied.

5. Virginia elected her own governors. Bennett, Digges, and Matthews, were commonwealth's men. Therefore Virginia was republican.

6. Virginia was infected with republicanism. She wished to set up for herself. Thus intent, she demands of Berkeley a distinct acknowledgement of her assembly's supremacy. His reply was "I am but the servant of the assembly." Berkeley, therefore, was republican, and his tumultuous election proves nothing but the republicanism of Virginia.

These arguments are answered in order, thus:

1. The fact of the "tumultuous assemblage," &c. might have existed without such fact appearing in the records spoken of. For these records are manifestly incomplete. Some whole documents are lost, and parts of many. Granting that Berkeley was *elected* precisely in the usual way, it does not disprove that a multitude urged him to resume his old office. The election is all of which these records would speak. But *the call to office* might have been a popular movement—the election quite as usual. This latter was left to go on in the old mode, probably because it was well known "that those who were to make it were cavaliers."

Moreover—Beverley, Burk, Chalmers and Holmes are all direct testimony in favor of the "tumultuous assemblage."

2. The act of surrender was in self-defence, when resistance would have availed nothing. Its terms evince no acknowledgment of authority, but mere submission to force. They contain *not one word* recognizing the rightful power of Parliament, nor impeaching that of the king.

3. The "claiming the supreme power," &c. proves any thing but the fealty of the Colonial Legislature to the Commonwealth. According to Mr. Bancroft himself, Virginians in 1619 "first set the world the example of equal representation." "From that time" (we here quote the words of Judge Tucker,) "they held that the supreme power was in the hands of the Colonial Parliament, then established, and of the king as king of Virginia. Now the authority of the king being at an end, and no successor being acknowledged, it followed, as a corollary from their principles, that no power remained but that of the assembly,"—and this is precisely what they mean by claiming the supreme power as residing in the Colonial Legislature.

4. Chalmers, Beverley, Holmes, Marshall and Robertson speak, positively, of great discontents occasioned by restrictions and oppressions upon Virginian commerce: and a Memorial in behalf of the trade of the State presented to the Protector, mentions "*the poor planters' general complaints that they are the merchant's slaves,*" as a consequence of "*that Act of Navigation.*"

5. It is probable that Bennett, Digges, and Matthews, (granting Bennett to have been disloyal) were forced upon the colony by Cromwell, whom Robertson (on the authority of Beverley and Chalmers,) asserts to have *named* the governors during the Protectorate. The election was possibly a mere form. The use of the equivocal word *named*, is, as Judge Tucker remarks, a proof that the historian was not speaking at random. He does not say *appointed*. They were *named*—with no possibility of their nomination being rejected—as the speaker of the House of Commons was frequently named in England. But Bennett was a staunch loyalist—a fact two well known in Virginia to need proof.

6. The reasoning here is reasoning in a circle. Virginia is first declared republican. From this assumed fact, deductions are made which prove Berkeley so—and Berkeley's republicanism, thus proved, is made to establish that of Virginia. But Berkeley's answer (from which Mr. Bancroft has extracted the words "I am but the servant of the Assembly") runs thus.

"You desire me to do that concerning your titles and claims to land in this northern part of America, which I am in no capacity to do; for I am but the servant of the Assembly: *neither do they arrogate to themselves any power farther than the miserable distractions in England force them to.* For when God shall be pleased to take away and dissipate the unnatural divisions of their native country, *they will immediately return to their professed obedience.*" Smith's New York. It will be seen that Mr. Bancroft has been disingenuous in quoting only a portion of this sentence. *The whole* proves incontestibly that neither Berkeley nor the Assembly *arrogated to themselves any power beyond what they were forced to assume by circumstances*—in a word, it proves their loyalty. But Berkeley was loyal beyond dispute. Norwood, in his "Journal of a Voyage to Virginia," states that "Berkeley showed great respect to all the royal party who made that colony their refuge. His house and purse were open to all so qualified." The same journalist was "sent over, at Berkeley's expense, to find out the King in Holland, and have an interview with him."

To these arguments in favor of Virginia's loyalty may be added the following.

1. Contemporaries of Cromwell—men who were busy in the great actions of the day—have left descendants in Virginia—descendants in whose families the loyalty of Virginia is a cherished tradition.

2. The question, being one of *fact*, a mistake could hardly have been made originally—or, if so made, could not have been perpetuated. Now all the early historians call Virginia loyal.

3. The cavaliers in England (as we learn from British authorities) looked upon Virginia as a place of refuge.

4. Holmes' Annals make the population of the state, at the commencement of the civil wars in England, about 20,000. Of these let us suppose only 10,000 loyal. At the Restoration the same Annals make the population 30,000. Here is an increase of 10,000, which

increase consisted altogether, or nearly so, of loyalists, for few others had reason for coming over. The loyalists are now therefore double the republicans, and Virginia must be loyal.

5. Cromwell was always suspicious of Virginia. Of this there are many proofs. One of them may be found in the fact that when the state, sympathizing with the victims of Claiborne's oppression, (a felon employed by Cromwell to "root out popery in Maryland") afforded them a refuge, she was sternly reprimanded by the Protector, and admonished to keep a guard on her actions.

6. A pamphlet called "Virginia's Cure, an Advisive Narrative concerning Virginia," printed in 1661, speaks of the people as "men which generally bear a great love to the stated constitutions of the Church of England in her government and public worship; which gave us the advantage of liberty to use it constantly among them, after the naval force had reduced the colony under the power (*but never to the obedience*) of the usurpers."

7. John Hammond, in a book entitled "Leah and Rachell, or the two fruitful Sisters of Virginia and Maryland," printed in 1656, speaking of the State during the Protectorate, has the words "*Virginia being whole for monarchy.*"

8. Immediately after the fall of Charles I, Virginia passed an Act making it *high treason* to justify his murder, or to acknowledge the Parliament. The Act is not so much as the terms of the Act.

Lastly. The distinguishing features of Virginian character at present—features of a marked nature—not elsewhere to be met with in America—and evidently akin to that chivalry which denoted the Cavalier—can be in no manner so well accounted for as by considering them the *debris* of a devoted loyalty.

At page 122 of the work before us, Dr. Hawks has entered into a somewhat detailed statement (involving much information to us entirely new) concerning the celebrated "Parson's cause"—the church's controversy with the laity on the subject of payments in money substituted for payments in tobacco. It was this controversy which first elicited the oratorical powers of Patrick Henry, and our author dwells with much emphasis, and no little candor, upon the fascinating abilities which proved so unexpectedly fatal to the clerical interest.

On page 160 are some farther highly interesting reminiscences of Mr. Henry. The opinion of Wirt is considered unfounded, that the great orator was a believer in Christianity without having a preference for any of the forms in which it is presented. We are glad to find that Mr. Wirt was in error. The Christian religion, it has been justly remarked, must assume a *distinct form of profession*—or it is worth little. An avowal of a merely general Christianity is little better than an avowal of none at all. Patrick Henry, according to Dr. Hawks, was of the Episcopalian faith. That at any period of his life he was an unbeliever is explicitly denied, on the authority of a MS. letter, in possession of our author, containing information of Mr. H. derived from his widow and descendants.

It is with no little astonishment that we have seen Dr. Hawks accused of illiberality in his few remarks upon "that noble monument of liberty," the *Act for the*

Establishment of Religious Freedom. If there is any thing beyond simple justice in his observations we, for our own parts, cannot perceive it. No respect for the civil services, or the unquestionable mental powers of Jefferson, shall blind us to his iniquities. That our readers may judge for themselves we quote in full the sentences which have been considered as objectionable.

"We are informed by him (Jefferson) that an amendment was proposed to the Preamble, by the insertion of the name of our Saviour before the words 'The Holy Author of our Religion.' This could at most have had no other effect upon the enacting clause, but that of granting the utmost freedom to all denominations *professing to own and worship Christ*, without affording undue preference to any; and against this, it would be unreasonable to object. Certain it is, that more than this had never been asked by any religious denomination in Virginia, in any petition presented against the Church; the public, therefore, would have been satisfied with such an amendment. The proposed alteration, however, was rejected, and it is made the subject of triumph that the law was left, in the words of its author, 'to comprehend within the mantle of its protection the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and Mohammedan, the Hindoo, and Infidel of every denomination.' That these various classes should have been protected both in person and property, is obviously the dictate of justice, of humanity, and of enlightened policy. But it surely was not necessary, in securing to them such protection, to degrade, not the establishment, but Christianity itself to a level with the voluptuousness of Mahomet, or the worship of Juggernaut; and if it be true that there is danger in an established alliance between Christianity and the civil power, let it be remembered that there is another alliance not less fatal to the happiness and subversive of the intellectual freedom of man—it is an alliance between the civil authority and infidelity; which, whether formally recognized or not, if permitted to exert its influence, direct or indirect, will be found to be equally ruinous in its results. On this subject, Revolutionary France has once read to the world an impressive lesson, which it is to be hoped will not speedily be forgotten."

In Chapter xii, the whole history of the Glebe Law of 1802—a law the question of whose constitutionality is still undetermined—is detailed with much candor, and in a spirit of calm inquiry. A vivid picture is exhibited of some desecrations which have been consequent upon the sale.

In Chapter xiii, is an exceedingly well-written memoir of our patriarchal bishop the Right Reverend Richard Channing Moore. From this memoir we must be permitted to extract a single passage of peculiar interest.

"It was at one of his stated lectures in the church, (St. Andrew's in Staten Island) that after the usual services had concluded, and the benediction been pronounced, he sat down in his pulpit waiting for the people to retire. To his great surprise, he soon observed that not an individual present seemed disposed to leave the Church; and after the interval of a few minutes, during which a perfect silence was maintained, one of the members of the congregation arose, and respectfully requested him to address those present a second time. After singing a hymn, the bishop delivered to them a second discourse, and once more dismissed the people with the blessing. But the same state of feeling which had before kept them in their seats, still existed, and once more did they solicit the preacher to address them. Accordingly he delivered to them a third sermon, and at its close, exhausted by the labor in which he had been engaged, he informed them of the impossibility of continuing the services on his part, once more blessed

them and affectionately entreated them to retire to their homes. It was within the space of six weeks, after the scene above described, that more than sixty members of the congregation became communicants; and in the course of the year more than one hundred knelt around the chancel of St. Andrew's who had never knelt there before as partakers of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

The historical portion of the work before us occupies about one half of its pages. The other half embraces "Journals of the Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Virginia—from 1785 to 1835, inclusive." It is, of course, unnecessary to dwell upon the great value to the church of such a compilation. Very few, if any, complete sets of diocesan Journals of Conventions are in existence. We will conclude our notice, by heartily recommending the entire volume, as an important addition to our Civil as well as Ecclesiastical History.

PHRENOLOGY.

Phrenology, and the Moral Influence of Phrenology: Arranged for General Study, and the Purposes of Education, from the first published works of Gall and Spurzheim, to the latest discoveries of the present period. By Mrs. L. Miles. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Phrenology is no longer to be laughed at. It is no longer laughed at by men of common understanding. It has assumed the majesty of a science; and, as a science, ranks among the most important which can engage the attention of thinking beings—this too, whether we consider it merely as an object of speculative inquiry, or as involving consequences of the highest practical magnitude. As a study it is very extensively accredited in Germany, in France, in Scotland, and in both Americas. Some of its earliest and most violent opposers have been converted to its doctrines. We may instance George Combe who wrote the "Phrenology." Nearly all Edinburgh has been brought over to belief—in spite of the Review and its ill sustained opinions. Yet these latter were considered of so great weight that Dr. Spurzheim was induced to visit Scotland for the purpose of refuting them. There, with the Edinburgh Review in one hand, and a brain in the other, he delivered a lecture before a numerous assembly, among whom was the author of the most virulent attack which perhaps the science has ever received. At this single lecture he is said to have gained five hundred converts to Phrenology, and the Northern Athens is now the strong hold of the faith.

In regard to the uses of Phrenology—its most direct, and, perhaps, most salutary, is that of *self-examination and self-knowledge*. It is contended that, with proper caution, and well-directed inquiry, individuals may obtain, through the science, a perfectly accurate estimate of their own moral capabilities—and, thus instructed, will be the better fitted for decision in regard to a choice of offices and duties in life. But there are other and scarcely less important uses too numerous to mention—at least here.

The beautiful little work now before us was originally printed in London in a manner sufficiently quaint. The publication consisted of forty cards contained in a box resembling a small pocket volume. An embossed head accompanied the cards, giving at a glance the relative

situations and proportions of each organ, and superseeding altogether the necessity of a bust. This head served as an Index to the explanations of the system. The whole formed a lucid, compact, and portable compend of Phrenology. The present edition of the work, however, is preferable in many respects, and is indeed exceedingly neat and convenient—we presume that it pretends to be nothing more.

The Faculties are divided into *Instinctive Propensities and Sentiments* and *Intellectual Faculties*. The Instinctive Propensities and Sentiments are subdivided into *Domestic Affections*, embracing Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, Inhabitiveness, and Attachment—*Preservative Faculties*, embracing Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Gustativeness—*Prudential Sentiments*, embracing Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Cautionness—*Regulating Powers*, including Self-Esteem, Love of Approbation, Conscientiousness, and Firmness—*Imaginative Faculties*, containing Hope, Ideality, and Marvellousness—and *Moral Sentiments*, under which head come Benevolence, Veneration, and Imitation. The *Intellectual Faculties* are divided into *Observing Faculties*, viz: Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Color, Order, and Number—*Scientific Faculties*, viz: Constructiveness, Locality, Time, and Tune—*Reflecting Faculties*, viz: Eventuality, Comparison, Casualty and Wit—and lastly, the *Subservient Faculty*, which is Language. This classification is arranged with sufficient clearness, but it would require no great degree of acumen to show that to mere perspicuity points of vital importance to the science have been sacrificed.

At page 17 is a brief chapter entitled a *Survey of Contour*, well conceived and well adapted to its purpose which is—to convey by a casual or superficial view of any head, an idea of what propensities, sentiments, or faculties, most distinguish the individual. It is here remarked that "any faculty may be possessed in perfection without showing itself in a prominence or bump," (a fact not often attended to) "it is only where one organ predominates above those nearest to it, that it becomes singly perceptible. Where a number of contiguous organs are large, there will be a general fulness of that part of the head."

Some passages in Mrs. Miles' little book have a very peculiar interest. At page 26 we find what follows.

"The cerebral organs are double, and inhabit both sides of the head, from the root of the nose to the middle of the neck at the nape. They act in unison, and produce a single impression, as from the double organs of sight and hearing. The loss of one eye does not destroy vision. The deafness of one ear does not wholly deprive us of hearing. In the same manner Tiedman reports the case of a madman, whose disease was confined to one side of his head, the patient having the power to perceive his own malady, with the unimpaired faculties of the other side. It is no uncommon thing to find persons acute on all subjects save *one*—thus proving the possibility of a partial injury of the brain, or the hypothesis of a plurality of organs."

In the chapter on *Combativeness*, we meet with the very sensible and necessary observation that we must not consider the possession of particular and instinctive propensities, as acquitting us of responsibility in the indulgence of culpable actions. On the contrary it is the perversion of our faculties which causes the greatest misery we endure, and for which (having the free exercise of *reason*) we are accountable to God.

The following is quoted from *Edinensis*, vol. iv.

"All the faculties are considered capable of producing actions which are good, and it is not to be admitted that any one of them is essentially, and in itself *evil*—but if given way to beyond a certain degree, all of them (with the sole exception of *Conscientiousness*) may lead to results which are improper, injurious, or culpable."

The words annexed occur at page 102.

"Anatomy decides that the brain, notwithstanding the softness of its consistence, *gives shape to the cranium*, as the crustaceous tenement of the crab is adjusted to the animal that inhabits it. An exception is made to this rule when disease or ill-treatment injure the skull."

And again at page 159.

"By appealing to Nature herself, it can scarcely be doubted that certain forms of the head denote particular talents or dispositions; and anatomists find that *the surface of the brain* presents the same appearance in shape which the skull exhibits during life. Idiocy is invariably the consequence of the brain being too small, while in such heads the animal propensities are generally very full."

To this may be added the opinion of Gall, that a skull which is large, which is elevated or high above the ears, and in which the head is well developed and thrown forward, so as to be nearly perpendicular with its base, may be presumed to lodge a brain of greater power (whatever may be its propensities) than a skull deficient in such proportion.

MAHMOUD.

Mahmoud. New-York. Published by Harper and Brothers.

Of this book—its parentage or birth-place—we know nothing beyond the scanty and equivocal information derivable from the title-page, and from the brief Advertisement prefixed to the narrative itself. From the title-page we learn, or rather we do *not* learn that Harper and Brothers are the publishers—for although we are informed, in so many direct words that such is the fact, still we are taught by experience that, in the bookselling vocabulary of the day, the word *published* has too expansive, too variable, and altogether too convenient a meaning to be worthy of very serious attention. The volumes before us are, we imagine, (although really without any good reason for so imagining,) a reprint from a London publication. It is quite possible, however, that the work is by an American writer, and now, as it professes to be, for the first time actually published. From the Advertisement we understand that the book is a combination of *facts* derived from private sources; or from personal observation. We are told that "with the exception of a few of the inferior characters, and the trifling accessories necessary to blend the materials, and impart a unity to the rather complex web of the narrative, the whole may be relied upon as perfectly true."

Be this as it may, we should have read "*Mahmoud*" with far greater pleasure had we never seen the Anastasius of Mr. Hope. That most excellent and vivid, (although somewhat immoral) series of Turkish paintings is still nearly as fresh within our memory as in the days of perusal. The work left nothing farther to be expected, or even to be desired, in rich, bold, vigorous, and accurate delineation of the scenery, characters, manners, and peculiarities of the region to which

its pages were devoted. Nothing less than the consciousness of superior power could have justified any one in treading in the steps of Mr. Hope. And, certainly, nothing at all, under any circumstances whatsoever, could have justified a direct and palpable copy of Anastasius. Yet Mahmoud is no better.

GEORGIA SCENES.

Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, &c. in the First Half Century of the Republic. By a Native Georgian. Augusta, Georgia.

This book has reached us anonymously—not to say anomalously—yet it is most heartily welcome. The author, whoever he is, is a clever fellow, imbued with a spirit of the truest humor, and endowed, moreover, with an exquisitely discriminative and penetrating understanding of *character* in general, and of Southern character in particular. And we do not mean to speak of *human* character exclusively. To be sure, our Georgian is *au fait* here too—he is learned in all things appertaining to the biped without feathers. In regard, especially, to that class of southwestern mammalia who come under the generic appellation of "savagerous wild cats," he is a very Theophrastus in duodecimo. But he is not the less at home in other matters. Of geese and ganders he is the La Bruyere, and of good-for-nothing horses the Rochefoucault.

Seriously—if this book were printed in England it would make the fortune of its author. We positively mean what we say—and are quite sure of being sustained in our opinion by all proper judges who may be so fortunate as to obtain a copy of the "*Georgia Scenes*," and who will be at the trouble of sifting their peculiar merits from amid the *gaucheries* of a Southern publication. Seldom—perhaps never in our lives—have we laughed as immoderately over any book as over the one now before us. If these *scenes* have produced such effects upon *our* cachinnatory nerves—upon us who are not "of the merry mood," and, moreover, have not been unused to the perusal of somewhat similar things—we are at no loss to imagine what a hubbub they would occasion in the uninitiated regions of Cockaigne. And what would Christopher North say to them?—ah, what would Christopher North say? that is the question. Certainly not a word. But we can fancy the pursing up of his lips, and the long, loud, and jovial ressonation of his wicked, and uproarious ha! ha's!

From the Preface to the Sketches before us we learn that although they are, generally, nothing more than fanciful combinations of real incidents and characters, still, in some instances, the narratives are literally true. We are told also that the publication of these pieces was commenced, rather more than a year ago, in one of the Gazettes of the State, and that they were favorably received. "For the last six months," says the author, "I have been importuned by persons from all quarters of the State to give them to the public in the present form." This speaks well for the Georgian taste. But that the publication will *succeed*, in the bookselling sense of the word, is problematical. Thanks to the long indulged literary supineness of the South, her presses are not as apt in putting forth a *saleable* book as her sons are in concocting a wise one.

From a desire of concealing the author's name, two different signatures, Baldwin and Hall, were used in the original *Sketches*, and, to save trouble, are preserved in the present volume. With the exception, however, of one scene, "The Company Drill," all the book is the production of the same pen. The first article in the list is "Georgia Theatrics." Our friend Hall, in this piece, represents himself as ascending, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a June day, "a long and gentle slope in what was called the Dark Corner of Lincoln County, Georgia." Suddenly his ears are assailed by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, proceeding, apparently, from a large company of raggamuffins, concealed in a thick covert of undergrowth about a hundred yards from the road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo-oo! Oh wake snakes and walk your chalks! Brimstone and fire! Dont hold me Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and lets go at it—my soul if I dont jump down his throat, and gallop every chitterling out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now Nick, dont hold him! Jist let the wild cat come, and I'll tame him. Ned 'll see me a fair fight—wont you Ned?"

"Oh yes; I'll see you a fair fight, my old shoes if I dont."

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the Elephant. Now let him come!" &c. &c. &c.

And now the sounds assume all the discordant intonations inseparable from a Georgia "rough and tumble" fight. Our traveller listens in dismay to the indications of a quick, violent, and deadly struggle. With the intention of acting as pacificator, he dismounts in haste, and hurries to the scene of action. Presently, through a gap in the thicket, he obtains a glimpse of one, at least, of the combatants. This one appears to have his antagonist beneath him on the ground, and to be dealing on the prostrate wretch the most unmerciful blows. Having overcome about half the space which separated him from the combatants, our friend Hall is horror-stricken at seeing "the uppermost make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and hearing, at the same instant, a cry in the accent of keenest torture, 'Enough! My eye's out!'"

Rushing to the rescue of the mutilated wretch the traveller is surprised at finding that all the accomplices in the hellish deed have fled at his approach—at least so he supposes, for none of them are to be seen.

"At this moment," says the narrator, "the victor saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off; when I called to him in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office, and the iniquity of his crime, 'come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow mortal, whom you have ruined forever!' My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied; you need'nt kick before you're spurred. There 'ant nobody there, nor ha'nt been nother. I was jist seein how I could 'a' fout! So saying, he bounded to his plow, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle ground."

All that had been seen or heard was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which all the parts of all the characters, of a Georgian Court-House fight had been sustained by the youth of the plough *solus*. The whole anecdote is told with a raciness and vigor which would do honor to the pages of Blackwood.

The second Article is "The Dance, a Personal Adventure of the Author" in which the oddities of a back-wood reel are depicted with inimitable force, fidelity and picturesque effect. "The Horse-swap" is a vivid narration of an encounter between the wits of two Georgian horse-jockies. This is most excellent in every respect—but especially so in its delineations of Southern bravado, and the keen sense of the ludicrous evinced in the portraiture of the steeds. We think the following free and easy sketch of a *hoss* superior, in joint humor and verisimilitude, to any thing of the kind we have ever seen.

"During this harangue, little Bullet looked as if he understood it all, believed it, and was ready at any moment to verify it. He was a horse of goodly countenance, rather expressive of vigilance than fire; though an unnatural appearance of fierceness was thrown into it, by the loss of his ears, which had been cropped pretty close to his head. Nature had done but little for Bullet's head and neck, but he managed in a great measure to hide their defects by bowing perpetually. He had obviously suffered severely for corn; but if his ribs and hip bones had not disclosed the fact he never would have done it; for he was in all respects as cheerful and happy as if he commanded all the corn cribs and fodder stacks in Georgia. His height was about twelve hands; but as his shape partook somewhat of that of the giraffe his haunches stood much lower. They were short, straight, peaked, and concave. Bullet's tail, however, made amends for all his defects. All that the artist could do to beautify it had been done; and all that horse could do to compliment the artist, Bullet did. His tail was nicked in superior style, and exhibited the line of beauty in so many directions, that it could not fail to hit the most fastidious taste in some of them. From the root it dropped into a graceful festoon; then rose in a handsome curve; then resumed its first direction; and then mounted suddenly upwards like a cypress knee to a perpendicular of about two and a half inches. The whole had a careless and bewitching inclination to the right. Bullet obviously knew where his beauty lay, and took all occasions to display it to the best advantage. If a stick cracked, or if any one moved suddenly about him or coughed, or hawked, or spoke a little louder than common, up went Bullet's tail like lightning; and if the *going up* did not please, the *coming down* must of necessity, for it was as different from the other movement as was its direction. The first was a bold and rapid flight upwards usually to an angle of forty five degrees. In this position he kept his interesting appendage until he satisfied himself that nothing in particular was to be done; when he commenced dropping it by half inches, in second beats—then in triple time—then faster and shorter, and faster and shorter still, until it finally died away imperceptibly into its natural position. If I might compare sights to sounds, I should say its *settling* was more like the note of a locust than any thing else in nature."

"The character of a Native Georgian" is amusing, but not so good as the scenes which precede and succeed it. Moreover the character described (a practical humorist) is neither very original, nor appertaining exclusively to Georgia.

"The Fight" although involving some horrible and disgusting details of southern barbarity is a sketch unsurpassed in dramatic vigor, and in the vivid truth to nature of one or two of the personages introduced. *Uncle Tommy Loggins*, in particular, an oracle in "rough and tumbles," and Ransy Sniffle, a misshapen urchin "who in his earlier days had fed copiously upon red clay and blackberries," and all the pleasures of whose life centre in a love of fisticuffs—are both forcible,

accurate and original generic delineations of real existences to be found sparsely in Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana, and very plentifully in our more remote settlements and territories. This article would positively make the fortune of any British periodical.

"The Song" is a burlesque somewhat overdone, but upon the whole a good caricature of Italian bravura singing. The following account of Miss Aurelia Emma Theodosia Augusta Crump's execution on the piano is inimitable.

"Miss Crump was educated at Philadelphia; she had been taught to sing by Madam Piggisqueaki, who was a pupil of Ma'm'selle Crokifroggiatta, who had sung with Madam Catalani; and she had taken lessons on the piano, from Signor Buzzifuzzi, who had played with Paganini.

"She seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left,—leaned forward, then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below it. She now put off the right in a brisk canter up the treble notes, and the left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued it in like manner. The right turned, and repeated its first movement; but the left outran it this time, hopt over it, and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued, for about the space of ten seconds, when the right whipped off, all of a sudden, as I thought, fairly vanquished. But I was in the error, against which Jack Randolph cautions us—'It had only fallen back to a stronger position.' It mounted upon two black keys, and commenced the note of a rattle-snake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake charming beyond dispute. The left rushed furiously towards it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic struck, when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roaring down the bass keys. It continued its assaults, sometimes by the way of the naturals, sometimes by the way of the sharps, and sometimes by a zigzag, through both; but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its strong hold proving ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired."

The "Turn Out" is excellent—a second edition of Miss Edgeworth's "Barring Out," and full of fine touches of the truest humor. The scene is laid in Georgia, and in the good old days of *fescues*, *abbiselfs*, and *anpersants*—terms in very common use, but whose derivation we have always been at a loss to understand. Our author thus learnedly explains the riddle.

"The *fescue* was a sharpened wire, or other instrument, used by the preceptor, to point out the letters to the children. *Abbiselfa* is a contraction of the words 'a, by itself, a.' It was usual, when either of the vowels constituted a syllable of a word, to pronounce it, and denote its independent character, by the words just mentioned, thus: 'a by itself a, c-o-r-n corn, acorn'—e by itself e, v-i-l vil, evil. The character which stands for the word 'and' (&) was probably pronounced with the same accompaniment, but in terms borrowed from the Latin language, thus: '& per se (by itself) &.' 'Hence anpersant.'"

This whole story forms an admirable picture of school-boy democracy in the woods. The master refuses his pupils an Easter holiday; and upon repairing, at the usual hour of the fatal day, to his school house, "a log pen about twenty feet square," finds every avenue to his ingress fortified and barricaded. He advances, and is assailed by a whole wilderness of sticks from the

cracks. Growing desperate, he seizes a fence rail, and finally succeeds in effecting an entrance by demolishing the door. He is soundly flogged however for his pains, and the triumphant urchins suffer him to escape with his life, solely upon condition of their being allowed to do what they please as long as they shall think proper.

"The Charming Creature as a Wife," is a very striking narrative of the evils attendant upon an ill-arranged marriage—but as it has nothing about it peculiarly Georgian, we pass it over without further comment.

"The Gander Pulling" is a gem worthy, in every respect, of the writer of "The Fight," and "The Horse Swap." What a "Gander Pulling" is, however, may probably not be known by a great majority of our readers. We will therefore tell them. It is a piece of unprincipled barbarity not unfrequently practised in the South and West. A circular horse path is formed of about forty or fifty yards in diameter. Over this path, and between two posts about ten feet apart, is extended a rope which, swinging loosely, vibrates in an arc of five or six feet. From the middle of this rope, lying directly over the middle of the path, a gander, whose neck and head are well greased, is suspended by the feet. The distance of the fowl from the ground is generally about ten feet—and its neck is consequently just within reach of a man on horseback. Matters being thus arranged, and the mob of vagabonds assembled, who are desirous of entering the chivalrous lists of the "Gander Pulling," a hat is handed round, into which a quarter or half dollar, as the case may be, is thrown by each competitor. The money thus collected is the prize of the victor in the game—and the game is thus conducted. The ragamuffins mounted on horseback, gallop round the circle in Indian file. At a word of command, given by the proprietor of the gander, the pulling, properly so called, commences. Each villain as he passes under the rope, makes a grab at the throat of the devoted bird—the end and object of the tourney being to pull off his head. This of course is an end not easily accomplished. The fowl is obstinately bent upon retaining his caput if possible—in which determination he finds a powerful adjunct in the grease. The rope, moreover, by the efforts of the human devils, is kept in a troublesome and tantalizing state of vibration, while two assistants of the proprietor, one at each pole, are provided with a tough cowhide, for the purpose of preventing any horse from making too long a sojourn beneath the gander. Many hours, therefore, not unfrequently elapse before the contest is decided.

"The Ball"—a Georgia ball—is done to the life. Some passages, in a certain species of sly humor, wherein intense observation of character is disguised by simplicity of relation, put us forcibly in mind of the Spectator. For example.

"When De Bathle and I reached the ball room, a large number of gentlemen had already assembled. They all seemed cheerful and happy. Some walked in couples up and down the ball room, and talked with great volubility; but none of them understood a word that himself or his companion said.

"Ah, sir, how do you know that?"

"Because the speakers showed plainly by their looks and actions, that their thoughts were running upon their own personal appearance, and upon the figure they would cut before the ladies, when they should arrive; and not upon the subject of the discourse. And furthermore, their conversation was like that of

one talking in his sleep—without order, sense, or connexion. The hearer always made the speaker repeat in sentences and half sentences; often interrupting him with 'what?' before he had proceeded three words in a remark; and then laughed affectedly, as though he saw in the senseless unfinished sentence, a most excellent joke. Then would come his reply, which could not be forced into connexion with a word that he had heard; and in the course of which he was treated with precisely the civility which he had received. And yet they kept up the conversation with lively interest as long as I listened to them."

"*The Mother and her Child*," we have seen before—but read it a second time with zest. It is a laughable burlesque of the baby 'gibberish' so frequently made use of by mothers in speaking to their children. This sketch evinces, like all the rest of the Georgia scenes—a fine dramatic talent.

"*The Debating Society*" is the best thing in the book—and indeed one among the best things of the kind we have ever read. It has all the force and freedom of some similar articles in the *Diary of a Physician*—without the evident straining for effect which so disfigures that otherwise admirable series. We will need no apology for copying *The Debating Society* entire.

About three and twenty years ago, at the celebrated school in W——n, was formed a Debating Society, composed of young gentlemen between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two. Of the number were two, who, rather from an uncommon volubility, than from any superior gifts or acquirements, which they possessed over their associates, were by common consent, placed at the head of the fraternity.—At least this was true of one of them: the other certainly had higher claims to his distinction. He was a man of the highest order of intellect, who, though he has since been known throughout the Union, as one of the ablest speakers in the country, seems to me to have added but little to his powers in debate, since he passed his twenty-second year. The name of the first, was Longworth; and McDermot was the name of the last. They were congenial spirits, warm friends, and classmates, at the time of which I am speaking.

It was a rule of the Society, that every member should speak upon the subjects chosen for discussion, or pay a fine; and as all the members valued the little stock of change, with which they were furnished, more than they did their reputation for oratory, not a fine had been imposed for a breach of this rule, from the organization of the society to this time.

The subjects for discussion were proposed by the members, and selected by the President, whose prerogative it was also to arrange the speakers on either side, at his pleasure; though in selecting the subjects, he was influenced not a little by the members who gave their opinions freely of those which were offered.

It was just as the time was approaching, when most of the members were to leave the society, some for college, and some for the busy scenes of life, that McDermot went to share his classmate's bed for a night. In the course of the evening's conversation, the society came upon the tapis. "Mac," said Longworth, "wouldn't we have rare sport, if we could impose a subject upon the society, which has no sense in it, and hear the members speak upon it?"

"Zounds," said McDermot, "it would be the finest fun in the world. Let's try it at all events—we can lose nothing by the experiment."

A sheet of foolscap was immediately divided between them, and they industriously commenced the difficult task of framing sentences, which should possess the form of a debateable question, without a particle of the substance.—After an hour's toil, they at length exhibited the fruits of their labor, and after some reflection, and much laughing, they selected, from about thirty subjects proposed, the following, as most likely to be received by the society:

"*Whether at public elections, should the votes of faction predominate by internal suggestions or the bias of jurisprudence?*"

Longworth was to propose it to the society, and McDermot was to advocate its adoption.—As they had every reason to suppose, from the practice of the past, that they would be placed at the

head of the list of disputants, and on opposite sides, it was agreed between them, in case the experiment should succeed, that they would write off, and interchange their speeches, in order that each might quote literally from the other, and thus seem at least, to understand each other.

The day at length came for the triumph or defeat of the project; and several accidental circumstances conspired to crown it with success. The society had entirely exhausted their subjects; the discussion of the day had been protracted to an unusual length, and the horns of the several boarding-houses began to sound, just as it ended. It was at this auspicious moment, that Longworth rose, and proposed his subject. It was caught at with rapture by McDermot, as being decidedly the best that had ever been submitted; and he wondered that none of the members had ever thought of it before.

It was no sooner proposed, than several members exclaimed, that they did not understand it; and demanded an explanation from the mover. Longworth replied, that there was no time then for explanations, but that either himself or Mr. McDermot would explain it, at any other time.

Upon the credit of the *maker* and *endorser*, the subject was accepted; and under pretence of economising time, (but really to avoid a repetition of the question,) Longworth kindly offered to record it, for the Secretary. This labor ended, he announced that he was prepared for the arrangement of the disputants.

"Put yourself," said the President, "on the affirmative, and Mr. McDermot on the negative."

"The subject," said Longworth "cannot well be resolved into an affirmative and negative. It consists more properly, of two conflicting affirmatives: I have therefore drawn out the heads, under which the speakers are to be arranged thus:

Internal Suggestions. *Bias of Jurisprudence.*

Then put yourself *Internal Suggestions*—Mr. McDermot the other side, Mr. Craig on your side—Mr. Pentigall the other side," and so on.

McDermot and Longworth now determined that they would not be seen by any other member of the society during the succeeding week, except at times when explanations could not be asked, or when they were too busy to give them. Consequently, the week passed away, without any explanations; and the members were summoned to dispose of the important subject, with no other lights upon it than those which they could collect from its terms. When they assembled, there was manifest alarm on the countenances of all but two of them.

The Society was opened in due form, and Mr. Longworth was called on to open the debate. He rose and proceeded as follows:

"*Mr. President*—The subject selected for this day's discussion, is one of vast importance, pervading the profound depths of psychology, and embracing within its comprehensive range, all that is interesting in morals, government, law and politics. But, sir, I shall not follow it through all its interesting and diversified ramifications; but endeavor to deduce from it those great and fundamental principles, which have direct bearing, upon the antagonist positions of the disputants; confining myself more immediately to its psychological influence when exerted, especially upon the *votes of faction*: for here is the point upon which the question mainly turns. In the next place, I shall consider the effects of those "suggestions" emphatically termed "*internal*" when applied to the same subject. And in the third place, I shall compare these effects, with "the bias of jurisprudence," considered as the only resort in times of popular excitement—for these are supposed to exist by the very terms of the question.

"The first head of this arrangement, and indeed the whole subject of dispute, has already been disposed of by this society. We have discussed the question, "are there any innate maxims? and with that subject and this, there is such an intimate affinity, that it is impossible to disunite them, without prostrating the vital energies of both, and introducing the wildest disorder and confusion, where, by the very nature of things, there exist the most harmonious coincidences, and the most happy and euphonic congenialities. Here then might I rest, Mr. President, upon the decision of this society, with perfect confidence. But, sir, I am not forced to rely upon the inseparable affinities of the two questions, for success in this dispute, obvious as they must be to every reflecting mind. All history, ancient and modern, furnish examples corroborative of the views which I have taken of this deeply interesting subject. By what means did the renowned poets, philosophers, orators and statesmen of anti-

tiquity, gain their immortality? Whence did Milton, Shakespeare, Newton, Locke, Watts, Paley, Burke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and a host of others whom I might name, pluck their never-fading laurels? I answer boldly, and without the fear of contradiction, that, though they all reached the temple of fame by different routes, they all passed through the broad vista of "*internal suggestions*." The same may be said of Jefferson, Madison, and many other distinguished personages of our own country.

"I challenge the gentlemen on the other side to produce examples like these in support of their cause."

Mr. Longworth pressed these profound and logical views to a length to which our limits will not permit us to follow him, and which the reader's patience would hardly bear, if they would. Perhaps, however, he will bear with us, while we give the conclusion of Mr. Longworth's remarks: as it was here, that he put forth all his strength:

"Mr. President,—Let the bias of jurisprudence predominate, and how is it possible, (considering it merely as extending to those impulses which may with propriety be termed a *bias*,) how is it possible, for a government to exist, whose object is the public good? The marble hearted marauder might seize the throne of civil authority, and hurl into thralldom the votaries of rational liberty. Virtue, justice and all the nobler principles of human nature, would wither away under the pestilential breath of political faction, and an unnerved constitution be left to the sport of demagogue and parasite. Crash after crash would be heard in quick succession, as the strong pillars of the republic give way, and Despotism would shout in hellish triumph amidst the crumbling ruins—Anarchy would wave her bloody sceptre over the devoted land, and the blood-hounds of civil war, would lap the crimson gore of our most worthy citizens. The shrieks of women, and the screams of children, would be drowned amidst the clash of swords, and the cannon's peal: and Liberty, mantling her face from the horrid scene, would spread her golden, tinted pinions, and wing her flight to some far distant land, never again to re-visit our peaceful shores. In vain should we then sigh for the beatific reign of those "*suggestions*" which I am proud to acknowledge as peculiarly and exclusively '*internal*.'"

Mr. McDermot rose promptly at the call of the President, and proceeded as follows:

"Mr. President,—If I listened unmoved to the very labored appeal to the passions, which has just been made, it was not because I am insensible to the powers of eloquence; but because I happen to be blessed with the small measure of sense, which is necessary to distinguish true eloquence from the wild ravings of an unbridled imagination. Grave and solemn appeals, when ill-timed and misplaced, are apt to excite ridicule; hence it was, that I detected myself more than once, in open laughter, during the most pathetic parts of Mr. Longworth's argument, if so it can be called.* In the midst of "*crashing pillars*," "*crumbling ruins*," "*shouting despotism*," "*screaming women*," and "*flying Liberty*," the question was perpetually recurring to me, "*what has all this to do with the subject of dispute?*" I will not follow the example of that gentleman—It shall be my endeavor to clear away the mist which he has thrown around the subject, and to place it before the society, in a clear, intelligible point of view: for I must say, that though his speech "*bears strong marks of the pen*," (sarcastically,) it has but few marks of sober reflection. Some of it, I confess, is very intelligible and very plausible; but most of it, I boldly assert, no man living can comprehend. I mention this, for the edification of that gentleman, (who is usually clear and forcible,) to teach him, that he is most successful when he labors least.

"Mr. President: The gentleman, in opening the debate, stated that the question was one of vast importance; pervading the profound depths of *psychology*, and embracing, within its ample range, the whole circle of arts and sciences. And really, sir, he has verified his statement; for he has extended it over the whole moral and physical world. But, Mr. President, I take leave to differ from the gentleman, at the very threshold of his remarks. The subject is one which is confined within very narrow limits. It extends no further than to the elective franchise, and is not even commensurate with this important privilege; for it stops short at the *vote of faction*. In this point of light, the subject comes within the grasp of the most common intellect; it

is plain, simple, natural and intelligible. Thus viewing it, Mr. President, where does the gentleman find in it, or in all nature besides, the original of the dismal picture which he has presented to the society? It loses all its interest, and becomes supremely ridiculous. Having thus, Mr. President, divested the subject of all obscurity—having reduced it to those few elements, with which we are all familiar; I proceed to make a few deductions from the premises, which seem to me inevitable, and decisive of the question. I lay it down as a self-evident proposition, that faction in all its forms, is hideous; and I maintain, with equal confidence, that it never has been, nor ever will be, restrained by those suggestions, which the gentleman "*emphatically terms internal*." No, sir, nothing short of the bias, and the very strong bias too, of jurisprudence or the potent energies of the sword, can restrain it. But, sir, I shall here, perhaps, be asked, whether there is not a very wide difference between a turbulent, lawless faction, and the *vote of faction*? Most unquestionably there is; and to this distinction I shall presently advert and demonstrably prove that it is a distinction, which makes altogether in our favor."

Thus did Mr. McDermot continue to dissect and expose his adversary's argument, in the most clear, conclusive and masterly manner, at considerable length. But we cannot deal more favorably by him, than we have dealt by Mr. Longworth. We must, therefore, dismiss him, after we shall have given the reader his concluding remarks. They were as follows:

"Let us now suppose Mr. Longworth's principles brought to the test of experiment. Let us suppose his language addressed to all mankind—We close the temples of justice as useless; we burn our codes of laws as worthless; and we substitute in their places, the more valuable restraints of *internal suggestions*. Thieves, invade not your neighbor's property: if you do, you will be arraigned before the august tribunal of *conscience*. Robbers, stay your lawless hand; or you will be visited with the tremendous penalties of *psychology*. Murderers, spare the blood of your fellow creatures; you will be exposed to the excruciating tortures of *innate maxims*—when it shall be discovered that *there are any*. Mr. President, could there be a broader license to crime than this? Could a better plan be devised for dissolving the bands of civil society? It requires not the gift of prophecy, to foresee the consequences of these novel and monstrous principles. The strong would tyrannize over the weak; the poor would plunder the rich; the servant would rise above the master; the drones of society would fatten upon the hard earnings of the industrious. Indeed, sir, industry would soon desert the land; for it would have neither reward nor encouragement. Commerce would cease; the arts and sciences would languish; all the sacred relations would be dissolved, and scenes of havoc, dissolution and death ensue, such as never before visited the world, and such as never will visit it, until mankind learn to repose their destinies upon "*those suggestions, emphatically termed internal*." From all these evils there is a secure retreat behind the brazen wall of the '*bias of jurisprudence*.'"

The gentleman who was next called on to engage in the debate, was John Craig; a gentleman of good hard sense, but who was utterly incompetent to say a word upon a subject which he did not understand. He proceeded thus:

"Mr. President,—When this subject was proposed, I candidly confessed I did not understand it, and I was informed by Mr. Longworth and Mr. McDermot, that either of them would explain it, at any leisure moment. But, sir, they seem to have taken very good care, from that time to this, to have no leisure moment. I have inquired of both of them, repeatedly for an explanation; but they were always too busy to talk about it. Well, sir, as it was proposed by Mr. Longworth, I thought he would certainly explain it in his speech; but I understood no more of his speech than I did of the subject. Well, sir, I thought I should certainly learn something from Mr. McDermot; especially as he promised at the commencement of his speech to clear away the mist that Mr. Longworth had thrown about the subject, and to place it in a clear, intelligible point of light. But, sir, the only difference between his speech and Mr. Longworth's is, that it was not quite as flighty as Mr. Longworth's. I could not understand head nor tail of it. At one time they seemed to argue the question, as if it were this: "*Is it better to have law or no law?*" At another, as though it was, "*should factions be governed by law, or be left to their own consciences?*" But most of the time they argued it, as if it were just what it seems to be—a sentence without sense or meaning. But, sir, I suppose its

* This was extemporaneous, and well conceived; for Mr. McDermot had not played his part with becoming gravity.

obscurity is owing to my dullness of apprehension, for they appeared to argue it with great earnestness and feeling, as if they understood it.

"I shall put my interpretation upon it, Mr. President, and argue it accordingly.

"*Whether at public elections*—that is, for members of Congress, members of the Legislature, &c. 'should the votes of faction'—I don't know what 'faction' has got to do with it; and therefore I shall throw it out. 'Should the votes predominate, by internal suggestions or the bias,' I don't know what the article is put in here for. It seems to me, it ought to be, *be biased by 'jurisprudence' or law*. In short, Mr. President, I understand the question to be, should a man vote as he pleases, or should the law say how he should vote?"

Here Mr. Longworth rose and observed, that though Mr. Craig was on his side, he felt it due to their adversaries, to state, that this was not a true exposition of the subject. This exposition settled the question at once on his side; for nobody would, for a moment contend, that *the law* should declare how men should vote. Unless it be confined to the vote of *faction* and the bias of jurisprudence, it was no subject at all. To all this Mr. McDermot signified his unqualified approbation; and seemed pleased with the candor of his opponent.

"Well," said Mr. Craig, "I thought it was impossible that any one should propose such a question as that to the society; but will Mr. Longworth tell us, if it does not mean that, what does it mean? for I don't see what great change is made in it by his explanation."

Mr. Longworth replied, that if the remarks which he had just made, and his argument, had not fully explained the subject to Mr. Craig, he feared it would be out of his power to explain it.

"Then," said Mr. Craig, "I'll pay my fine, for I don't understand a word of it."

The next one summoned to the debate was Mr. Pentigall. Mr. Pentigall was one of those who would never acknowledge his ignorance of any thing, which any person else understood; and that Longworth and McDermot were both masters of the subject, was clear, both from their fluency and seriousness. He therefore determined to understand it, at all hazards. Consequently he rose at the President's command, with considerable self-confidence. I regret, however, that it is impossible to commit Mr. Pentigall's manner to paper, without which, his remarks lose nearly all their interest. He was a tall, handsome man; a little theatric in his manner, rapid in his delivery, and singular in his pronunciation. He gave to the *e* and *i*, of our language, the sound of *u*—at least his peculiar intonations of voice, seemed to give them that sound; and his rapidity of utterance seemed to change the termination, "*tion*" into "*ah*." With all his peculiarities, however, he was a fine fellow. If he was ambitious, he was not invidious, and he possessed an amicable disposition. He proceeded as follows:

"Mr. President,—This internal suggestion which has been so eloquently discussed by Mr. Longworth, and the bias of jurisprudence which has been so ably advocated by Mr. McDermot—hem! Mr. President, in order to fix the line of demarkation between—ah—the internal suggestion and the bias of jurisprudence—Mr. President, I think, sir, that—ah—the subject must be confined to the *vote of faction*, and the bias of jurisprudence"—

Here Mr. Pentigall clapt his right hand to his forehead, as though he had that moment heard some overpowering news; and after maintaining this position for about the space of ten seconds, he slowly withdrew his hand, gave his head a slight inclination to the right, raised his eyes to the President as if just awakening from a trance, and with a voice of the most hopeless despair, concluded with "I don't understand the subject, Muster Prusident."

The rest of the members on both sides submitted to be fined rather than attempt the knotty subject; but by common consent, the penal rule was dispensed with. Nothing now remained to close the exercises, but the decision of the Chair.

The President, John Noble, was a young man, not unlike Craig in his turn of mind; though he possessed an intellect a little more sprightly than Craig's. His decision was short.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not understand the subject. This," continued he, (pulling out his knife, and pointing to the silvered or *cross* side of it,) "is 'Internal Suggestions.' And this" (pointing to the other, or *pile* side,) "is 'Bias of Jurisprudence.'" so saying, he threw up his knife, and upon its fall,

determined that 'Internal Suggestions' had got it; and ordered the decision to be registered accordingly.

It is worthy of note, that in their zeal to accomplish their purpose, Longworth and McDermot forgot to destroy the lists of subjects, from which they had selected the one so often mentioned; and one of these lists containing the subject discussed, with a number more like it, was picked up by Mr. Craig, who made a public exhibition of it, threatening to arraign the conspirators before the society, for a contempt. But, as the parting hour was at hand, he overlooked it with the rest of the brotherhood, and often laughed heartily at the trick.

"*The Militia Company Drill*," is not by the author of the other pieces but has a strong family resemblance, and is very well executed. Among the innumerable descriptions of Militia musters which are so rife in the land, we have met with nothing at all equal to this in the matter of broad farce.

"*The Turf*" is also capital, and bears with it a kind of dry and sarcastic morality which will recommend it to many readers.

"*An Interesting Interview*" is another specimen of exquisite dramatic talent. It consists of nothing more than a fac-simile of the speech, actions, and *thoughts* of two drunken old men—but its air of truth is perfectly inimitable.

"*The Fox-Hunt*," "*The Wax Works*," and "*A Sage Conversation*," are all good—but neither as good as many other articles in the book.

"*The Shooting Match*," which concludes the volume, may rank with the best of the Tales which precede it. As a portraiture of the manners of our South-Western peasantry, in especial, it is perhaps better than any.

Altogether this very humorous, and very clever book forms an æra in our reading. It has reached us per mail, and without a cover. We will have it bound forthwith, and give it a niche in our library as a sure omen of better days for the literature of the South.

THE TEA PARTY.

Traits of the Tea Party: Published by Harper & Brothers.

This is a neat little duodecimo of 265 pages, including an Appendix, and is full of rich interest over and above what the subject of the volume is capable of exciting. In Boston it is very natural that the veteran Hewes should be regarded with the highest sentiments of veneration and affection. He is too intimately and conspicuously connected with that city's chivalric records not to be esteemed a hero—and such indeed he is—a veritable hero. Of the Tea Party he is the oldest—but not the only survivor. From the book before us we learn the names of nine others, still living, who bore a part in the drama. They are as follows—Henry Purkitt, Peter Slater, Isaac Simpson, Jonathan Hunnewell, John Hooton, William Pierce, — McIntosh, Samuel Sprague, and John Prince.

Reminiscences such as the present cannot be too frequently laid before the public. *More than any thing else* do they illustrate that which can be properly called the History of our Revolution—and in so doing how vastly important do they appear to the entire cause of civil liberty? As the worthies of those great days are sinking, one by one, from among us, the value of what is known about them, and especially of what may be known through their memories, is increasing in a rapidly augmenting ratio. Let us treasure up while we may, the recollections which are so valuable now, and which will be more than invaluable hereafter.